MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

DAREDEVIL®

VOLUME 14

DAREDEVIL Nos. 144-158

JIM SHOOTER, ROGER MCKENZIE,
GIL KANE, GENE COLAN & CARMINE INFANTINO
WITH FRANK MILLER

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

VOLUME 14

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 144-158

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DREAMS
BY ROGER MCKENZIE

On that fateful day back in 1963 when I first met Daredevil I had no idea it would change my life forever. After all, I was just a shy, skinny kid growing up in a small northeastern Kentucky town. What did I know?

And yet, there he was, on the spinner rack at the old Rexall drugstore, in all his yellow, black and red splendor...embodying the magic that was Marvel back then. I was already a Marvel Madman—Spidey and the Fantastic Four were my two favorite comics. And there they were, on the cover of *Daredevil* #1!

As I eagerly read that first issue, I knew without a doubt that I had to do comics. I didn't know how back then. But that didn't matter. I had the bug. Lacking much in the way of drawing ability, I turned to writing. I quickly wheedled my parents into getting me a small Smith-Corona manual typewriter. And I was in business.

Sort of.

Many a summer's day was spent in my room, banging out one dreadful story after another. One awful super hero after another. Absolutely clueless as to how the Marvel Bullpen created such unabashed classics, month after month…issue after issue.

But then I hit the jackpot! I stumbled across a small pamphlet written by Stan (The Man) Lee himself! Explaining how comic books were made! And so, armed and rejuvenated with these new insights, I carried on. And ever so slowly got better. Oh, I still wasn't any good. But I was slowly climbing the rungs of the ladder from dreadful to mediocre…and eyeing all the many steps I still needed to take.

Right around this time, Marvel legend Roy Thomas moved from the pages of his classic fanzine, *Alter Ego*, to mainstream comics! Inspired by his well-deserved success, I quickly submitted my very best super hero idea to Charlton Comics in the hope they would give me a chance, too, just like Marvel had given Roy!

Instead I got my first…but not my last…rejection letter. And the wind left my sails…life and college and making my way in the world beckoned…and my little Smith-Corona, along with my comic book dream, began gathering dust in my closet.

After college I found myself in a 9-to-5 job that I didn't like very much. But it put food on the table and a roof over my head. But I knew, down deep inside, that something was missing. Something wasn't right. And that was when I discovered my old trusty typewriter…and my old dusty dreams.

So why not give comics another try? What did I have to lose? I was a big fan of the old EC horror comics by then and of their modern day counterparts, Warren Publishing's *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella* magazines. They used many different writers, so one weekend in 1975 I sat down and wrote an EC-style script, mailed it off, and went back to my boring "real world" job.

To my surprise, some months later, I got a very nice letter (and a check!) from editor Louise ("Weezie") Jones. Saying they rarely purchased unsolicited scripts…but they wanted to buy mine!

And, she wondered, did I happen to have any more? Did I ever!

Once I had a small body of published work, I summoned all my courage, and called Marvel and DC. And was told the same thing by both. At that time (the mid-1970s) I would have to live in or near New York City to even be considered for work. So I saved what money I could, took the plunge and made my way to the Big Apple. With my horror/sf background, I soon got assignments in DC's mystery books like *Weird War Tales*. And my first series, "Gravedigger," where I learned a lot about comics from then-editor Paul Levitz. For a while I even became DC's proofreader!

And I kept pestering Marvel's editor-in-chief at the time, the amazing and wonderful Archie Goodwin. Until, finally, he gave me a five- or six-page story assignment featuring the X-Man Havok to, I suspect, keep me busy and out of his hair for a while. I wrote the synopsis; it got greenlighted and went off to an artist. When the pencils were done, I had to supply the dialogue. Something I'd never done before, as I had always worked "full script" and not in the Mighty Marvel style. I struggled for quite a few days but finally turned in my very first Marvel story!!!

To my surprise, however, I wasn't done yet. Now I had to do—balloon placement! Archie showed me how to tape a large sheet of vellum paper over the penciled art and do my balloon/caption placement in pencil on the vellum. Ohhhhhkay. I guess I could do that.

I guessed wrong. Many days followed as I struggled with my new assignment and finally turned in the pages. I can still remember the blank look on Archie's face as he looked at the vellum…lifted it…looked at the art…and slowly almost painfully shook his head. Then he finally said, "What is this?" I managed to croak out a sheepish reply, "Balloon placement."

No, he said, this isn't balloon placement. I suppose Archie should've kicked me out of his office then and there. Instead he took almost an hour out of his busy day, sat me down and showed me the ins and outs of balloon placement. He was that sort of guy, and with his guidance, my second attempt proved satisfactory. To my knowledge that first story of mine was never published, which is likely a very good thing!

Not long after that, Archie got in touch with me, wondering if I would be interested in writing *Ghost Rider*…and *Daredevil*! And so my Marvel journey began!

Not only did I get to script *Ghost Rider* and work with the amazing Don Perlin, but I got to script *DD*…and work with other superstars like Gil Kane, Carmine Infantino, Gene Colan, Frank Robbins and, of course, Frank Miller. Frank and I had worked on a story before our *DD* run…a short two-page story, "The Day After Doomsday," in DC's *Weird War Tales* #68. I liked Frank's work. A lot. And since I didn't have a regular artist on *DD*, I lobbied long and hard for Frank…and so, because of my pleadings (and mostly his awesome portfolio) he got the gig.

And the rest, as they say, is history!

We flew under the radar until our first issue or two came out. We'd hash out our ideas, usually over a pitcher of beer at a local dive, kicking ideas back and forth, the way comics got done back then. And it wasn't long before fans and pros alike started taking notice. We newbie upstarts were on to something and pushed DD into uncharted waters. And had a blast doing it before, all too soon, we parted ways.

Following the publication of my very first *Daredevil* comic I was roaming the Marvel offices, basking in the afterglow of my newfound notoriety, when then-editor-in-chief Jim Shooter grabbed

me and asked if I wanted to meet Stan Lee! Did I ever! As we walked down the hallway to Stan's office I kept telling myself "Be cool. Be professional." And about two seconds after meeting Stan, all that went out the window as I melted into the biggest fanboy geek on the face of the planet. Worst part was I knew I was doing it. But I couldn't stop.

Finally Stan asked me, "So, you're writing *Daredevil*, huh? Tell me, is he still dating Pepper Potts?" I was rendered speechless. I racked my brain trying to remember when Matt Murdock had ever dated Pepper. Jim must have seen the deer in the headlights look on my face and laughed, telling Stan: "Pepper's Tony Stark's girlfriend, Stan. Matt is dating Karen Page." They had a good laugh as Stan told me, "I always get those two mixed up."

That's how it was back in those days. Jim ran a tight ship, but there was always something fun… and inspirational…going on at Marvel!

Which, I suppose, pretty much brings us full circle with this *Marvel Masterworks* volume, gathering stories and art together from a bygone and fondly remembered era in comics. I believe I can speak for every talented creator represented in this collection when I tell you we tried our very best to entertain you. To perhaps bring a few minutes of sunshine into an otherwise gloomy day. To be the best we could for our fans. And, for the most part, I think we succeeded.

And what of that shy, skinny kid of a lifetime ago, plunking down his 12 cents for that very first issue of *Daredevil*? Well, I can tell you that, without a doubt, his dreams came true…a thousand times over!

So until we meet again—Excelsior, True Believer, and keep the faith!

– Ramblin' Roger McKenzie
2019

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

THIS ISSUE: THE MERCILESS MAN-BULL BREAKS OUT!

YOU SAID THE ONLY WAY I'D LEAVE THIS PRISON WAS OVER YOUR DEAD BODY..

--AN' YOU WERE RIGHT!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

WRITER JIM SHOOTER / ARTIST LEE ELIAS / INKER DAN GREEN / LETTERER B. PATTERSON / COLORIST G. ROUSSOS / PLOTTER G. CONWAY / EDITOR ARCHIE GOODWIN

MAN-BULL MEANS MAYHEM

WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH ME TODAY? I SHOULD HAVE CLEARED THE HORSE BY THREE FEET!

WONDER IF I HAVE A TOUCH OF THE **FLU?**

DAWN IS JUST BREAKING OVER MANHATTAN. THE **AVERAGE** SUCCESSFUL ATTORNEY IS STILL SNUG IN HIS BED. **MATTHEW MURDOCK, ESQUIRE,** IS NOT. IT IS **ALSO SOMEWHAT** NOTABLE THAT HE IS **BLIND,** AND HAPPENS TO SECRETLY BE A FAMILIAR RED-CLAD SUPER-HERO.

IF IT **IS** THE FLU-- WELL, THAT'S **ALL** I NEED!

BEING **DAREDEVIL** ISN'T THE SAME AS BEING **THOR** OR EVEN **SPIDER-MAN!**

ON THEIR **WORST** DAYS THEY'RE STILL SUPER-STRONG!

THEY CAN **MUSCLE** THEIR WAY OUT OF TOUGH SPOTS IF THEY HAVE TO--

--BUT IF SOMETHING TAKES THE **EDGE** OFF MY **SPEED** OR **TIMING**--

--I MAY BE **DEAD** VERY QUICKLY!

SOON...

I DID A **LITTLE** BETTER TOWARD THE END OF THE WORKOUT. I'M PROBABLY OKAY!

COULD BE I'M JUST A LITTLE **TIRED!** I'VE BEEN PRETTY **BUSY** LATELY!

--RIOT **CONTINUES** AT RYKER'S ISLAND PRISON!

HMM!

POLICE SPOKESMAN DECLINED FURTHER COMMENT, BUT **HEAVY RIOT EQUIPMENT** HAS BEEN DISPATCHED--

SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINALS ARE LOCKED UP AT **RYKER'S ISLAND!**

THE PRISON GUARDS JUST **MIGHT** NEED ME!

OF COURSE, THEY'D PROBABLY **RATHER** HAVE THE **AVENGERS!**

TOUGH!

SHORTLY...

NO **TIME** TO WASTE HITCHING A **RIDE** ON A CAR-TOP. THIS ROUTE'S **FASTER**--

--AND A **LOT** MORE **EFFORT!** THIS **WOULD** HAVE TO COME UP **AFTER** MY WORKOUT!

I'M NOT EVEN **THERE** YET AND I'M READY TO TAKE FIVE!

OH, WELL. IT **MAY** BE ALL **OVER** NOW ANYWAY!

BUT--

RRARRGH!

WHAP

UHH-H!

UFFF!

HE--HE'S LIKE A **STEAMROLLER!** WE CAN'T

UHH!

GAA-A!

I WANT **OUT!**

I'LL KILL EVERY MAN THAT STANDS IN MY WAY!

WHERE DOES THE **LINE** FORM, ACE?

WHA--? **DAREDEVIL!**

APPARENTLY, IT'S THE **MAN-BULL'S** OWN **PERSONAL** RIOT! NO OTHER **PARTICIPANTS!** BUT HE'S A **HANDFUL** ALL BY HIMSELF!

NO WAY MY **RADAR SENSE** CAN MISS PICKING OUT **HIS** IMAGE!

RRARRGH!

HE'S ALREADY **TURNED**-- BEGINNING HIS **CHARGE!**

AND HIS **HEARTBEAT** SOUNDS LIKE A **TRIPHAMMER** TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS!

OBVIOUSLY, HE'S **ENRAGED!** NOTHING **NEW** FOR HIM!

WHAK

SO INTENTLY ARE DAREDEVIL'S SUPER-SENSES FOCUSED ON THE DANGER **FACING** HIM...

...HE DOES NOT **NOTICE** THE SOUND OF WHIRLING BLADES ABOVE HERALDING THE ARRIVAL OF A **NEW** DANGER...

DAREDEVIL'S HERE! WE BETTER MOVE IN **QUICK** BEFORE HE **CORRALS** THAT FREAK OR THE BOSS'LL HAVE OUR HEADS!

NO! JUST HOLD OFF THE COPS AN' LET 'EM **FIGHT!** IF THE MAN-BULL CAN'T TAKE D.D., THE BOSS WOULDN'T WANT HIM **ANYWAY!**

NICE TRY, TINKERBELLE!

I'M GONNA **SMASH** YOU! YOU'RE GONNA **DIE** FOR COMIN' HERE!

C'MON, BE **REASONABLE!** I COULD **UNDERSTAND** MULTIPLE **CONTUSIONS** MAYBE--

--BUT ISN'T **DEATH** A LITTLE **EXTREME?**

I'M JUST **DOING** MY SUPER-HERO **DUTY!**

WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME **ALONE!?**

LAST TIME WE MET I **DID** LEAVE YOU ALONE--

--RIGHT AFTER I PREVENTED YOU FROM STEALING SEVERAL TONS OF SOLID **GOLD!***

*D.D.#129 -- ARCH.

I FIGURED YOU HAD **ENOUGH** PROBLEMS! I **LET** YOU GET AWAY--

--HOPING YOU'D MAKE IT SOME PLACE WHERE YOU COULD FIND **PEACE!**

I'M REALLY SORRY IT DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY!

YOU EXPECT ME TO **BELIEVE** THAT?

AAARRH!

SUIT YOURSELF.

YOU **KNEW** THE POLICE WOULD **FIND** ME--AMBUSH ME WITH HEAVY WEAPONS!

I WAS CAPTURED IN **DAYS!**

AND YOU WANT TO TRY RUNNING **AGAIN?**

USE YOUR **HEAD!** THE ONLY **REAL** WAY OUT IS **PAROLE!**

OH-OH-- NOT **HIGH** ENOUGH!

AH! YOU PULLED THAT **ONCE TOO OFTEN!**

BLAST! TOO **TIRED**-- TOO **SLOW**--AND IT MAY COST ME MY **LIFE!**

I DON'T **CARE** IF I GET CAUGHT AGAIN! I'M GONNA GET **OUT** AN' **TEAR** THIS TOWN **APART!**

THE WORLD'S GONNA **PAY** FOR WHAT THEY DONE TO ME-- STARTIN' WITH **YOU!**

GOT TO **TWIST**-- ABSORB IMPA--

UHH!

FORGET THE **MAN-BULL!** **DAREDEVIL'S HURT!**

HE'S **DEAD**, FRANK! HE'S **GOT** TO BE! NOBODY COULD SURVIVE THAT!

BUT MINUTES LATER...

OH-H--WHA-- LT. ROSE!

STILL ALIVE, HUH, HORNHEAD?

WHILE YOU WERE NAPPING, THE OWL'S MEN GOT THE MAN-BULL OUTTA HERE!

JUST BEFORE WE ARRIVED WITH SPECIAL WEAPONS!

NICE GOIN', HOTSHOT!

NEVER HAPPY, ARE YOU?

HAPPY? WITH A HOT-DOG GLORY-SEEKING VIGILANTE WHO'S INCOMPETENT TO BOOT?

DO ME A FAVOR, ROSE! GO SLIDE DOWN A BARB-WIRE FENCE!

I OUGHTTA GET A WARRANT ON THAT CLOWN! HE'S PROBABLY IN ON THIS WITH--

CALL FOR YOU LIEUTENANT! THE COMMISSIONER!

ROSE...I JUST HEARD FROM DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER-- YOUR FINANCES ARE BEING INVESTIGATED. I...THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

TH-THEY THINK I'M ON THE TAKE? B-BUT--

CAN YA BEAT THAT? HARASSING GOOD HARDWORKIN' COPS WHILE SCAVENGERS LIKE DAREDEVIL GRAB HEADLINES AND DO AS THEY PLEASE!

WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

MEANWHILE, AN ODDLY-SHAPED HELICOPTER SWOOPS DANGEROUSLY LOW OVER WALL STREET...

BUT BEFORE DENIZENS OF MANHATTAN'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT HAVE HAD TIME TO NOTICE--

--THE SINISTER CRAFT ALIGHTS ON A CERTAIN ROOFTOP--

--AND VANISHES FROM SIGHT...

SOON...

YOU MADE IT! EXCELLENT! WELCOME TO MY AERIE. I AM--

--AN IDIOT IF YOU THINK YOU GOT ME IN YOUR DEBT NOW, OWL!

I DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP!

ACADEMIC, MY FRIEND. FOR I--

I AIN'T GOT NO FRIENDS! I DON'T TRUST NOBODY!

THEN WE SHOULD GET ALONG JUST FINE!

SO WHAT'S YOUR GAME, BIRD-MAN? YOUR MEN SAID THEY WAS ON THEIR WAY TO SPRING ME, BUT I WAS ALREADY--

BANG

HUH?

GUNNIES FROM ANOTHER GANG! MUST BE A **GANG WAR!**

HIT EM'!

REMEMBER--DA BOSS'LL PAY A **HUNNERT GRAND** TO THE MAN THAT KILLS THE OWL!

RATATAT

HEY! IT'S DA **MAN-BULL!** HE MUST BE WOIKIN' FOR DA **OWL! NAIL HIM!**

THEY TOOK US COMPLETELY BY **SURPRISE!** GOT TO GET MY PROTECTIVE **SCREEN** IN PLACE!

UFFF!

YOU **KILLED** THE GUYS THAT HELPED ME BREAK **JAIL!** YOU'RE GONNA **PAY** FOR THAT!

UHH!

GAAA!

SECONDS LATER...

YOUR TROOPS GOT HERE **TOO LATE** TO **HELP!** IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, THEY'D BE SCRAPIN' **YOU** UP!

EXACTLY WHY I WANT YOU FOR A **BODY-GUARD!**

BUT...WHY DIDN'T YOU **RUN** FOR IT WHEN THEY STARTED SHOOTIN'?

BECAUSE... I CAN NO LONGER EVEN **WALK!**

AS THE MAN-BULL PONDERS THE ONCE-MIGHTY **OWL'S** AFFLICTION, FAR UPTOWN, A TIRED AND SORE **MATT MURDOCK** HAS BEGUN HIS **WORKDAY**..

LEGAL SERVICES

STOREFRO
LEGA
SERVI S

HELPING MANY WHOSE TROUBLES ARE **LEGAL** IN NATURE...

I'M SORRY, MR. NELSON ISN'T IN YET--BUT MR. MURDOCK WILL TRY TO FIT YOU IN!

--SO WE CAN FILE SUIT AGAINST THE USED CAR DEALER WHO DEFRAUDED YOU!

HERE'S THE **BRAILLE** COPY OF HIS AFFIDAVIT, MATT!

SOON... I WISH **FOGGY** WOULD GET HERE! WHAT A HECTIC DAY!

CAN'T FOOL **ME**, LOVER! YOU **LOVE** HAVING THIS **WORK** UP TO YOUR EARS!

"**ADMIT** IT, MAMA HEN, YOU'RE JUST **WORRIED** ABOUT YOUR **PARTNER!**"

"TRUE ENOUGH," MATT THINKS. "ESPECIALLY SINCE MY RADAR SENSE TELLS ME HE JUST CAME **IN**-- **STAGGERING!**"

I DON'T NEED SUPER-SHARP SENSES TO SMELL THE **LIQUOR** ON HIS BREATH!

FOGGY! WHERE HAVE YOU--?

OH.

HERE, **DRINK** THIS!

THANKSH... I... BEEN UP ALL NIGHT... WORRYIN'... 'BOUT DEBBIE. SHE'S STILL GONE... STILL KIDNAPPED... STILL-- AW, MATT, WHAT'M I GONNA DO?

SUDDENLY...

LEGAL SERVICES

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

OH, LORD!

THIS IS **OUR** TURF, BIRD-MEN! YOU COME **HERE**, YOU **DIE!**

THE **OWL** OWNS THIS WHOLE **TOWN**, JERK!

UHH!

MEANWHILE, A FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE **ALLEY** BEHIND THE LAW OFFICE.

THE **GANG WAR** ON OUR DOORSTEP REQUIRES MY **IMMEDIATE** ATTENTION--

--BUT THEN I'VE **GOT** TO DEVOTE **FULL TIME** TO THE DEBBIE HARRIS KIDNAPPING CASE!

THERE **MUST** BE AN **ANSWER**, AND IF I DON'T FIND IT **SOON**--

--THE WAITING AND WORRYING WILL FINALLY **DESTROY** FOGGY!

SECONDS LATER...

HEY! LOOK!

IT'S DA **DAREDEVIL!**

LISTEN TO THEM **IDIOTS!**

DO THEY EXPECT US TO **FALL** FOR THAT CORN?

OF **COURSE** YOU'LL FALL!

AND I BEG YOUR **PARDON**, BUT I'VE **NEVER** BEEN KNOWN AS "THAT CORN"!

IT'S "DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR"! NICE **RING** TO IT, HUH?

TSK! YOU **MISSED** HALF MY LECTURE!

OKAY, I'LL GO TALK TO OUR FRIENDS!

OH, NO!

N-NAIL HIM! H-HE'S ONLY **ONE GUY!**

YEAH, B-BUT HE'S MOVIN' TOO--

FA-AAA!

RADAR SENSE **TOLD** ME THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS WERE MOMENTARILY **FROZEN** IN **PANIC!**

GUHHGH!

MAN! LOOK AT D.D. GO!

YOU LOOK AT HIM! I'M GETTING **OUT** OF HERE!

DRIVE, LOUIE!

POLICE!

MOVE IT! HE'LL BE **ON** US IN **SECONDS!**

IMAGES--**RISING!** THE OWL'S MEN--LITERALLY **TAKING OFF!**

JET PACKS!

AND THE LAST OF THE OTHER THUGS ARE SPLITTING BY MORE **CONVENTIONAL** MEANS!

OH, WELL! NOT A BAD DAY'S CATCH! THE POLICE SHOULD--

HMM! WHAT'S THIS?

A PLAIN, SMOOTH, PIECE OF **METAL** THE SIZE OF A **CREDIT CARD**--BUT THERE'S NO **ENGRAVING** OR **MARKINGS** ON IT!

NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT IT THAT MY RADAR-SENSE CAN DETECT--

--BUT I'VE GOT A **FEELING** THIS THING'S IMPORTANT! TOO GOOD A CLUE TO PASS UP!

LATER, AT THE EAST SIDE MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER...

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S KERWIN!

CRASH

RRARR!

OH, MY--

PERFESSOR KERWIN, YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME -- TO SEE THE OWL!

OH, MY--

THE OWL'S LEGS ARE WASTIN' AWAY, DOC! HE NEEDS YOU!

ME? BUT ALL MY RESEARCH DEALS WITH ANIMAL SERUMS INTENDED TO IMPROVE HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY!

I'M NO HEALER!

YEAH... BUT FOR YEARS THE OWL'S BEEN TAKIN' A SERUM LIKE THE ONES YOU'RE WORKIN' ON, TO GIVE HISSELF THE POWER TO FLY!

BUT IT HAD A SIDE EFFECT THAT MESSED UP HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM! HE CAN'T EVEN WALK NOW!

OH, MY--

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, DOC -- THIS WAS ALL JUST FER SHOW! I AIN'T GONNA LET THE OWL GET HIS HANDS ON YOU.

NO?

NAH! I GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU, DOC!

HA, HA! YEAH... OTHER PLANS!

OH, MY--

MEANWHILE...

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S DAREDEVIL!

I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT I WANT HERE!

PLEASE FORGIVE THE UNORTHODOX ENTRY! I'M LOOKING FOR SOME INFORMATION--

--ABOUT THIS!

THAT CARD? SURELY!

IT'S A MAGNETIC **KEY,** USED TO IDENTIFY ITS BEARER TO A COMPUTERIZED **SECURITY SYSTEM** IN A MODERN BUILDING!

I **SUSPECTED** THAT! CAN YOU DETERMINE WHAT **BUILDING** THIS KEY IS FOR?

CERTAINLY!

THAT DATA IS CODED **INTO** THE KEY WITH MAGNETIC PARTICLES WHICH OUR COMPUTER CAN DECIPHER--

--AND **THERE'S** THE ADDRESS AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE!

UH--YES. ARE YOU SURE THERE **IS** SUCH AN ADDRESS?

13 WALL ST

THIRTEEN WALL ST.? OF **COURSE!**

THANKS!

SOON...

WONDER WHAT THAT TECHNICIAN WOULD THINK IF HE KNEW DAREDEVIL WAS **BLIND** AND **COULDN'T** "PLAINLY SEE" ANYTHING!?

AND, THAT SAME BLIND GUY WAS OFF TO RAID A NEST OF **SUPER-VILLAINS--**

"--AT THIRTEEN WALL STREET!"

HEY! MAN-BULL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO GET OUT TILL THE COPTER'S LOWERED OUTTA SIGHT-- OWL'S ORDERS!

IZZAT SO? WELL I GIVE MY OWN ORDERS--

--AND NOW THAT I GOT THE PERFESSER--

UHH!

WHAM

UFF!

--I DON'T NEED THE OWL OR ANYBODY ELSE ANYMORE!

WHAK

THE OWL CAN--UHH!

BITE YOUR TONGUE, MANNY!

DAREDEVIL! I THOUGHT I KILLED--

ME? NO... BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE MADE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT!

OH, YEAH? WELL THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY MISTAKE!

GOOD! I HATE SLOPPY WORKMANSHIP--

WHUFF!

--LIKE THAT!

YOU HAVE TO **HIT** ME TO **HURT** ME, 'BULL!

WHAM

YOU'RE **FAST**, CLOWN, BUT YOU **CAN'T** HURT ME--

--AND SOONER OR LATER I'LL CONNECT--

UHH!

--LIKE **THAT!**

LUCKY PUNCH! RADAR SENSE...BARELY WARNED ME TO **ROLL** IN **TIME!** IT ALMOST BROKE MY **NECK!**

HE'S **RIGHT!** I CAN'T DODGE FOR LONG! **GOT** TO THINK OF A **PLAN!**

AARRH!

AT THAT MOMENT, SEVERAL FLOORS BELOW...

IN MINUTES, IT SEEMS, DAREDEVIL WILL BE **DEAD**--BUT IT REALLY DOESN'T **MATTER** WHICH ONE WINS!

THE MAN-BULL HAS **BETRAYED** ME!

ONCE, THE OMNIPOTENT OWL WOULD HAVE **SWOOPED** OVER THE ROOFTOP AND STOLEN KERWIN FROM UNDER THEIR NOSES!

NOW, I CAN ONLY HOBBLE **AWAY**-- **ESCAPE** AND PLAN **AGAIN!**

THE **OWL**-- SLIPPING AWAY!

IT'S NOT **LIKE** HIM TO RUN WITHOUT A FIGHT--

--BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW!

CAN'T **TAKE** MUCH MORE BATTERING! GOT TO **END** THIS!

THAT'S IT! STAND **STILL!** LET ME GET **ONE CLEAN HIT--**

--AND **SMASH YOUR SKULL!**

GOT TO **ROLL** WITH-- **UHHH!**

TIMED IT...RIGHT! WE **BOTH** WENT OVER!

DIZZY... BUT... **GOT** TO HOOK BILLY-CLUB WIRE ...ON **LEDGE!**

DID IT!

WE'RE FALLIN'!

THAT'S IT... BULLHEAD! **HOLD ON!**

WE'RE IN **MY** ELEMENT NOW! UP ON A **ROOF-TOP** THERE'S NO WAY I CAN **STOP** YOU--

--BUT **THIS** OUGHTTA MAKE AN IMPRESSION!

THAT DID IT! HE'S OUT COLD! THE **POLICE** CAN PICK HIM UP IN THERE!

SOON...

SO...FROM WHAT THE **MAN-BULL** SAID, THE OWL IS VIRTUALLY **CRIPPLED!?**

YES. THE **OWL** APPARENTLY WANTED ME TO **RESTORE** HIS HEALTH AND POWER--

--BUT THE **MAN-BULL** INTENDED TO FORCE ME TO **REMOVE** HIS POWER-- MAKE HIM **HUMAN** AGAIN!

YOU KNOW, I'D **LIKE** TO HELP THEM **BOTH!** A-ALL THEY HAD TO **DO** WAS... **ASK!**

THE END

NEXT **DANGER RIDES THE BITTER WIND!**

DAREDEVIL

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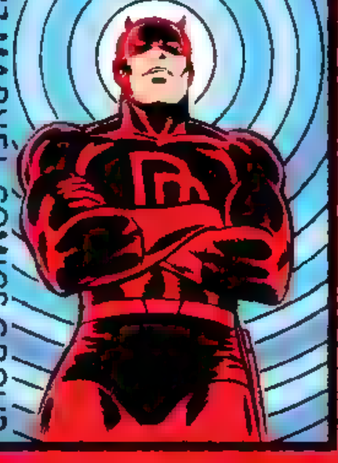

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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DAREDEVIL®

THE M[illegible] WITHOUT FE[illegible]!

DEADLY IS THE OWL BY NIGHT!

MILGROM / COCKRUM

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

DANGER RIDES the BITTER WIND!

IT'S NO USE! I'LL NEVER FIND HIM THIS WAY!

THIS THICK BLANKET OF SNOW MUFFLES THE SOUNDS FROM INSIDE THE BUILDINGS--

--SO IT'S NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING TO PICK OUT THE OWL'S DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEAT OR VOICE!

JIM SHOOTER
WRITER
GEORGE TUSKA
JIM MOONEY
ARTISTS
GERRY CONWAY
PLOT
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
JANICE COHEN
COLORIST
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

MIGHT AS WELL PACK IT IN!

THE OWL *MAY* NOT EVEN BE IN TOWN ANYMORE, SINCE I RAIDED HIS WALL ST. H.Q.*

BESIDES, I'M FREEZING MY *HORNS* OFF!

*LAST ISH. --A.G.

BUT I'VE *GOT* TO FIND HIM SOMEHOW-- AND *SOON*!

SIDE EFFECTS FROM THE SERUM WHICH GAVE HIM HIS FLYING POWER HAVE RUINED HIS *NERVOUS SYSTEM* --SO HE'S BECOME A VIRTUAL *CRIPPLE*--

BUT THAT'S ONLY MADE HIM *MORE* DANGEROUS! HE'S *DESPERATE* NOW... NEARLY *INSANE*!

HE'LL STOP AT *NOTHING* TO--

WHAT'S THAT? PEOPLE *SHOUTING*-- THE HISS OF *TIRES* SKIDDING ACROSS SLICK PAVEMENT!

"THERE'S A CAR OUT OF CONTROL ON THE STREET BELOW!"

HELP! HELP ME!

FRED! *HURRY UP!* GET OUT OF THE *WAY*!

LOOK OUT!

I-I SLIPPED! OH, *NO*!

FROM THE *PITCH* OF THE DRIVER'S *SCREAM*-- IT'S A YOUNG WOMAN!

SHE'S GOT HER BRAKES *LOCKED* AND SHE'S *FROZEN* AT THE WHEEL IN *PANIC*! SHE'S GOING TO PLOW RIGHT THROUGH THOSE *PEDESTRIANS*!

ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR *DIVES* FROM THE ROOFTOP *FIFTEEN STORIES HIGH*.

THREE STORIES ABOVE THE STREET HIS UNIQUE BILLY CLUB LINE BREAKS HIS FALL AND ARCS HIM TOWARD HIS TARGET...

MADE IT!

GET OFF THE BRAKES... NOW!

ONLY A SECOND TO TURN!

PLEASE... PLEASE HELP ME!

THE TIRES GROAN AS DAREDEVIL'S SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS STEER THEM TO THE UTMOST LIMITS OF THEIR TRACTION, UNTIL...

CLANG!

UHH! DID IT! HIT... THE FENCE!

HE--HE STOPPED IT! HE SAVED OUR LIVES!

SECONDS LATER...

EASY MISS. IT'S OVER NOW!

I-I'M SO SORRY! I WAS GOING TOO FAST! I GOT SCARED! TH-THANK-YOU!

BLAST! IF I'D SPOTTED HIM SOONER, I COULD HAVE CALLED IN A JET-PACK ATTACK SQUAD!

TOO LATE! HE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT IN SECONDS!

EPHONE

NO WAY I CAN FOLLOW HIM! BETTER CHECK IN WITH THE OWL!

AND SO, MILES AWAY, IN THE OWL'S NEWEST HIDDEN LAIR...

IDIOT! CALL ALL AERIAL ATTACK SQUADS TO THE AREA *IMMEDIATELY.*

PERHAPS *THEY* CAN SPOT HIM FROM THE *AIR!*

I WANT HIM *DEAD!* DO YOU *HEAR?* **DEAD!**

FUMBLING LACKEYS! ONCE I WOULD HAVE TAKEN TO THE *SKIES* AND *PERSONALLY* HUNTED DOWN THAT MEDDLING HERO-- AND *RELISHED* IT!

BUT... THEN I WAS THE *OWL!*

INSTEAD OF A HELPLESS *CRIPPLE* WHO *CRINGES* AT THE VERY *NAME* OF *DAREDEVIL!*

AND SO I *HIDE* HERE-- DESPERATELY HURLING *PAWNS* AT MY ENEMY!

YES... I *FEAR* HIM--

--EVEN MORE SINCE HE LEARNED OF MY WEAKNESS--

--WHEN HE FOILED MY KIDNAPPING OF DR. KERWIN.* THE ONLY MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE MADE A SERUM TO CURE ME!

*LAST ISSUE --ARCH.

KERWIN IS BEING GUARDED CONSTANTLY NOW! THERE IS NO MORE CHANCE OF SEIZING HIM!

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY--

--A WAY THAT REQUIRES ME TO ABANDON THE SAFETY OF MY REFUGE--

--AND RISK CONFRONTING MY RED-CLAD NEMESIS! THOUGH I TREMBLE AT THAT THOUGHT

--I FEAR REMAINING CRIPPLED FAR MORE!

SILENTLY, THE OWL STABS A BUTTON AND A MASSIVE DOOR SWINGS WIDE.

--AND WITH AN AWESOME ROAR HIS OMINOUS ROCKET CRAFT HURTLES FROM THE HEART OF THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES AND SOARS IN STARK MAGNIFICENCE INTO THE DARKENING SKY...

MEANWHILE...

HOPE MY CLOTHES ARE STILL WHERE I LEFT THEM!

THEY WERE! GOOD! IT WOULDN'T DO FOR MATT MURDOCK, FIGHTING ATTORNEY--

--TO WALK INTO COURT IN FORM-FITTING RED TIGHTS!

BETTER HURRY! THE ICE ON THE LEDGES AND FLAG-POLES SLOWED ME DOWN SWINGING ACROSS TOWN.' I'M RUNNING BEHIND.

AND INSIDE...

BUT WHAT IF SEÑOR MURDOCK NO COME?

RELAX, MR. SANTIAGO! THERE HE IS NOW!

FOGGY? IS THAT YOU? SORRY I'M LATE. IT'S KIND OF SLOW GOING FOR ME IN THIS WEATHER.

PLEASE TO FORGIVE ME, SEÑOR MURDOCK! SO WRAPPED UP IN MY TROUBLE AM I, I FORGET YOURS!

WE ALL HAVE SOME PROBLEM, MR. SANTIAGO. I'VE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH BEING BLIND! AND AS FOR THE CHARGES YOU FACE--

--I'M CERTAIN THEY'LL BE DROPPED! OUR DEFENSE--

HUH?

MURDOCK! BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

AND ERNEST W. ROCKWORTH DOESN'T WAIT FOR MANY MEN!

I TAKE IT MY SECRETARY DIDN'T REACH YOU WITH MY OFFER--

YOUR OFFER?

OH, YES! I TAKE IT YOUR SECRETARY DIDN'T REACH YOU WITH MY ANSWER! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A CA--

WHAT? YOU CAN'T REFUSE THAT KIND OF MONEY!

HOLD ON, MURDOCK! NOBODY TURNS HIS BACK ON ME!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, ROCKWORTH!

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE BUSINESS PRACTICES THAT GOT YOU YOUR WEALTH AND POWER--AND NOW THAT YOU'RE FINALLY GETTING BURNED, I WOULDN'T DEFEND YOU AT ANY PRICE!

I DON'T NEED YOUR MONEY ROCKWORTH!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MURDOCK. WE'LL SEE.

TROUBLE, BOSS?

JUST A MINOR DELAY, CRESPI.

YOU WANT ME TO LEAN ON MURDOCK?

NO, YOU IDIOT! THAT WOULD ONLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE AT THIS POINT!

I'LL HANDLE MURDOCK!

AND I GUARANTEE YOU, CRESPI--SOON I'LL HAVE HIM IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!

MURDOCK'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS DAY--AND AFTER I'M DONE WITH HIM--

I GETCHA, BOSS! THEN I'LL FIX HIM GOOD!

HOURS LATER, AS THREE TIRED BUT HAPPY FIGURES TRUDGE THROUGH MANHATTAN'S WINTRY DARKNESS!

HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN! THERE'SH THE OL' STOREFRONT!

THAT WAS ANOTHER BRILLIANT DEFENSH, MATTHEW! THISH BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE ISH DEDICATED TO YOU!

AN' HEATHER, YOUR INSPIRASHUN!

OH, FOGGY!

DON'T FORGET YOURSELF, PARTNER. I NEEDED YOU BEHIND ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY!

UH, FOGGY, MAYBE WE SHOULD SAVE THAT BOTTLE FOR THE NEXT CELEBRATION!

NONSENSH! WE GOTTA MAKE A TOASHT!

I'LL GET SOME GLASHES!

BUT...

HERE WE GO, MATT... HEATHER...

OH.

JUST ABOUT FORGOT THAT MY DEBBIE'S STILL GONE-- MAYBE DEAD! MAYBE STILL IN THE HANDS OF THE KIDNAPPERS!

DEAR GOD! WHY'D YOU HAVE TO REMIND ME, MATT? WHY?

AT THAT MOMENT, DOZENS OF MILES AWAY, A SINISTER CRAFT SWOOPS LOW...

EME GENCY

GLORY BE! A-A ROCKET SHIP LANDING RIGHT HERE AT TH' HOSPITAL!

GOT TO GET TO THE GUARD STATION AN' CALL TH' PO--

UHHHN!

SO MUCH FOR HIM! IF HE HAD BETRAYED MY ARRIVAL, THE DOCTOR I SEEK MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED--

--NOW MY TAKEOVER WILL BE SWIFT AND COMPLETE!

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE...

OH, MY--!

THE UPSTATE MEDICAL CENTER NOW BELONGS TO THE OWL!

OUT OF MY WAY! I WANT DR. PETROVIC!

YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE! THE OWL HAS USE OF YOU, DOCTOR!

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU AND YOUR STAFF WILL MEND MY RUINED LEGS--AND RESTORE MY POWER--OR SUFFER PAIN FAR WORSE THAN MINE!

OPERATOR, QUICK! GET ME THE POLICE!

NEXT MORNING, AT THE MANHATTAN TOWNHOUSE HOME OF MATTHEW MURDOCK...

...NEWS OF AN ONGOING NIGHTMARE FAR UPSTATE, FINALLY REACHES THE SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

GOT TO HUSTLE!

--HOSPITAL UNDER VIRTUAL SIEGE BY POLICE!

IF THAT NEWSFLASH IS TRUE THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO WASTE!

AND I THOUGHT RELAXING IN BED, LISTENING TO THE RADIO WOULD BE A GREAT WAY TO SPEND THE MORNING!

NEXT TIME I'LL PUT A STACK OF RECORDS ON INSTEAD.

WHUMP!

RY B.WAY

HEY! SOMETHING JUST LANDED ON THE ROOF! MAYBE IT'S SPIDER-MAN!

THIS CABBIE'S GOING MY WAY! HE WON'T MIND AN EXTRA FARE!

HECK! IT WAS ONLY DAREDEVIL, FOLKS!

SOON...

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, PAL!

IF YOU EVER NEED *LEGAL ADVICE* OR *ACROBATIC LESSONS*--

LOOK! IT'S THE *DAREDEVIL!* *HOLY COW!*

44

THE TRAIN WILL BE ALONG ANY *MINUTE* NOW! I CAN ALREADY FEEL THE SLIGHT *VIBRATIONS* IN THE GROUND!

WELL, I'LL BE A--

THERE IT IS! GOT TO GAUGE ITS VELOCITY *CAREFULLY* WITH MY *RADAR SENSE!*

IF I *TIME* THIS WRONG, I COULD DISLOCATE MY *ARMS!*

THERE! HOOKED IT WITH MY *BILLY-CLUB* LINE--

HHHGH! DID IT! JUMPED AT JUST THE RIGHT INSTANT! NOW TO *PULL MYSELF UP!*

MADE IT! THIS ISN'T THE *EASIEST* WAY TO BOARD A TRAIN--BUT IT MUST BE THE *FASTEST!*

SOMETIME LATER BACK AT THE UPSTATE MEDICAL CENTER.

IF DR. PETROVIC IS OPERATING ON THE OWL, WHY DON'T WE *TAKE* HIM WHILE HE'S UNDER THE ANESTHESIA?

UPSTATE MEDICAL CENTER POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

STATE POLICE NEW YORK

UCHESS COUNTY

NYSP

CAN'T! THE DOC'S USING A *LOCAL* 'CAUSE THE OWL HID A *BOMB* IN THE BUILDING THAT'S ATTUNED HIS *BRAIN-WAVES!* IT'LL *BLOW* IF HE BLACKS OUT!

AND IF WE *RUSH* HIM, HE'LL JUST *SET IT OFF* KILLING THE DOC'S STAFF!

MEANWHILE, UNSEEN IN THE THE TREES OVERHEAD...

NOT MUCH ANYONE CAN DO.

I GUESS IT'S THE *OWL'S* MOVE!

SOON...

HEAR ME, FOOLS! IT IS *DONE!* CLEAR MY PATH TO *ESCAPE* AND I SHALL *DE-ACTIVATE* THE *BOMB!*

THAT'S *IT!* THAT'S MY CLUE TO *CLOSE* IN!

THE POLICE *WILL* BACK OFF--AND IF THE OWL KEEPS *HIS* PART OF THE BARGAIN--

HE'S GOING TO BE *RUDELY* SURPRISED BY A FACTOR HE HADN'T *COUNTED* ON--*ME!*

TENSE, SILENT MOMENTS LATER...

THE POLICE ARE ALMOST OUT OF *SIGHT!*

FOOLED ME TOO, OWLSY!

LIKE THE *DOCTOR,* THEY ACTUALLY *BELIEVE* THE BOMB EXISTS! *HAH!!*

BUT THEN, I SNEAKED UP ON YOU, SO I GUESS WE'RE EVEN!

WHA-- DARE-DEVIL!

YOU BETCHA!

HE LEAPED ON ME... LIKE A SHOT! DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO MOVE SO FAST!

OVERCONFIDENT FOOL!

I AM NO LONGER A TOTTERING INVALID, TO BE AFRAID OF SUCH AS YOU!

I AM THE OWL REBORN!

I CAN FLY!

AND I'M BETTER-- STRONGER THAN BEFORE!

UHHN!

DR. PETROVIC! WHAT CAN WE DO?

STAY BACK, MISS MARKS--

--AND HOPE THAT DAREDEVIL CAN COPE WITH THE MENACE I HELPED CREATE.

AARRGH!

WHAM!

GOT TO GET HIM OFF ME--

GET SOME BREATHING-SPACE.

HIS PULSE-RATE IS *INCREASING!* HE'S DIVING AT ME *AGAIN!*

OFF *BALANCE!* CAN'T *DOD--*

OOFF!

HA! I'M TOO FAST, TOO *STRONG!*

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE MY VENGE-- *WHA--?*

SURE I CAN! BUT WHY BOTHER? YOU'LL FIND A WAY TO BLOW IT!

HE DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO ROLL WITH HIS ATTACK AND CRASH US THROUGH THE *WINDOW!* AND *NOW--*

HEY, *LOOK!*

LOOKS LIKE D.D.'S IN *TROUBLE!* OPEN *FIRE!* TRY TO PICK OFF THE OWL!

BLAM!

THE *POLICE!* I *FORGOT* THEM!

YEAH, ME TOO!

BAH! YOUR DEATH CAN *WAIT!* I SEEK THE SKY, AND *FREEDOM!*

BUT I HAVE TO DROP OFF BEFORE A STRAY BULLET *TAGS* ME!

THE OWL'S NEARLY OUT OF RANGE OF MY RADAR SENSE ALREADY! HE'S FLYING MUCH FASTER! THAN HE EVER DID BEFORE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! HE'S GONE!

DAREDEVIL! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

I'M DR. PETROVIC! I OPERATED ON THE OWL! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!

I'LL SAY YOU DO!

I HAD TO DO WHAT HE SAID! I WAS AFRAID FOR MY STAFF! I EMPLOYED THE LATEST EXPERIMENTAL TECHNIQUES.

--AND SOME OF HIS OWN TECHNOLOGY AS WELL!

THE OWL NOW WEARS A POWERFUL EXO-SKELETON OVER HIS DAMAGED LIMBS-- AND A FLYING DEVICE, SURGICALLY ATTACHED TO HIS SPINE, THAT I MUST WARN YOU ABOUT--

HEY! D.D.'S TAKING OFF!

WHATEVER THE DOC TOLD HIM, IT MUST HAVE HIM GOOD AND WORRIED!

HE'S MOVIN' LIKE A SCARED RABBIT!

WKIP

HOW ABOUT ONE MORE PASS OVER LOWER MANHATTAN PILOT? THAT'S THE AREA WHERE HE HAS HAD HIS LAST HEADQUARTERS.

SURE, D.D.! MY RADIO STATION SAID I COULD FLY YOU AROUND DOWN HERE--AND BACK UPSTATE IF YOU WANT! BUT WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU HOPING TO SEE?

SINCE I *CAN'T* SEE, I WAS HOPING TO PICK OUT THE *OWL* IN *FLIGHT* WITH MY *RADAR SENSE*-- BUT *INSTEAD* I THINK MY SUPER-*EARS* JUST CAME THROUGH!

I HEAR THE UNIQUE ENGINE NOISES OF THE *OWL'S CHOPPER*, BELOW!

TAKE HER *DOWN* PILOT!

SECONDS LATER...

THERE HE IS! LOOKS LIKE I *INTERRUPTED* THE *SLAYING* OF ONE OF HIS *GANGSTER RIVALS!*

GOT YOUR OLD *CONFIDENCE* BACK *AGAIN*, HUH, OWL?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL OF CRIME IN THIS TOWN AGAIN, REAL QUICK!

BLAST YOU! YOU'LL *DIE* FOR THIS!

HIS *PULSE* JUST JUMPED! HE'S *SEEN* ME!

--BUT OUR BATTLE SHALL BE ON *MY* TERMS -- WHEN *I* CHOOSE!

FOR *NOW*, I SIMPLY ACTIVATE MY REMOTE CONTROL COPTER--

--AND *SOAR* UP TO MEET IT IN *MID-AIR*, AS ONLY THE *OWL*...

WHA--!

SURPRISED? DOES THAT MEAN I'M FOLLOWING YOU TOO CLOSELY?

TSK! I'M A *TAILGATER!*

IDIOT! YOU *DARE* FOLLOW ME INTO THE *OPEN SKY*? I CAN *FLY*, FOOL! I'LL SHAKE YOU OFF AND YOU'LL PLUMMET TO--

OWL-- *NO!* DON'T LET GO OF THE *'COPTER!*

THE DOCTOR SABOTAGED YOUR FLYING DEVICE! IT'LL FAIL ANY MIN--

WHA-- I-I'M FALLING!

NO BUILDINGS AROUND! NOTHING TO SNAG WITH MY CABLE-- UNLESS THE 'COPTER'S STILL IN RANGE!

C'MON, BABY!

GOT IT! JUST BARELY!

GOT TO REACH OUT --GRAB THE OWL!

AIE-EE-EE! HELP ME!

DAREDEVIL! PLEASE! HELP ME-EEEE!

CAN'T--REACH CAN'T CATCH HIM!

HE--HE CRASHED THROUGH THE ICE INTO THE RIVER!

HE COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THAT FALL! HE'S GONE... FOREVER.

NEXT ISSUE: THE DEADLIEST DUEL OF ALL TIME!

BEWARE BULLSEYE!

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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WATCH CAREFULLY, HOME-VIEWERS! LIVE FROM NEW YORK, IT'S DAREDEVIL'S DEATH--!

--BROUGHT TO YOU IN GLORIOUS LIVING COLOR BY BULLSEYE!

GK + DEC

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind,* his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

DUEL!

CAN'T BE SURE FROM THIS HIGH UP--TOO MANY *PEOPLE*, TOO MUCH *NOISE*, OVERLOADING MY SUPER-HEARING! CAN'T CLEARLY *FOCUS* ON JUST ONE *VOICE* OR *HEARTBEAT*!

BUT I COULD HAVE *SWORN* I HEARD *BULLSEYE* MUTTERING TO HIMSELF DOWN IN THAT CROWD!

JIM SHOOTER
WRITER
GIL KANE
ARTIST
JIM MOONEY
INKER
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
DON WARFIELD
COLORIST
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

I WAS RIGHT! THERE HE IS!

I HEAR THE RUSTLE OF LOOSE-FITTING CLOTHES AS HE WALKS--

--HE'S IN CIVVIES, WHICH EXPLAINS WHY NOBODY SEEMS TO BE NOTICING HIM!

NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE NOTICED ME, YET EITHER!

GOOD! HOPEFULLY I CAN GET OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE SOME KID SPOTS ME--

--AND YELLS "THERE'S THE DAREDEVIL" AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS--

--WHICH MIGHT MAKE BULLSEYE NERVOUS ENOUGH TO SPLIT IN A HURRY, THEN I'D HAVE TO ATTACK HIM NOW--

--INSTEAD OF CAPITALIZING ON THIS CHANCE TO FOLLOW HIM INCONSPICUOUSLY!

MATT MURDOCK IS A BIT HARDER TO SPOT IN A CROWD THAN D.D.

SECONDS LATER, A BLIND LAWYER SETS OUT TO STALK THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS KILLER-FOR-HIRE...

BULLSEYE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT AFTER HIS ATTEMPTED MURDERS OF FOGGY AND ME--*

*D.D. #141--ARCH.

--WHILE WE WERE DIGGING FOR CLUES TO THE IDENTITY OF THE KIDNAPPER OF FOGGY'S FIANCE DEBORAH HARRIS!

GUNS

IF HE WAS WORKING FOR THE KIDNAPPER THEN, MAYBE HE STILL IS, AND HE'LL LEAD ME TO--

HE'S GOING INTO THAT STORE! IT MAY BE A CONTACT POINT! I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM IN!

--EVEN THOUGH THERE IS A CHANCE HE'LL RECOGNIZE ME AS A FORMER MARK!

HMM! SMELLS OF CORDITE AND BLUING! A GUN SHOP!

--THE SALZBURG MODEL?

CERTAINLY SIR! UH... ONE MOMENT PLEASE!

PARDON ME, MISTER! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE?

THIS IS A GUN SHOP!

UH... YES! I'M HERE FOR... A GIFT!

BULLSEYE'S UP TO SOMETHING! I HEAR HIS PULSE QUICKENING.

I SEE-- ER, I MEAN I UNDERSTAND! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN ONE MOMENT!

HE'S IGNORING ME! AND WHY NOT? A BLIND MAN IS NO THREAT!

REACHING IN HIS POCKET--?

HE'S PULLING OUT A SMALL, ROUND, HARD OBJECT.

MY RADAR SENSE CAN "SEE" ITS SHAPE RIGHT THROUGH THE CLOTH... BUT WHAT--

A GOLF BALL!

HE'S GOING TO BEAN THE PROPRIETOR AND ROB THE PLACE!

NO!!

WHA--?

I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! A BLIND MAN IS MUGGING ONE OF MY CUSTOMERS.

SECONDS LATER...

WELL, I'LL BE--

I OUGHT TO BREAK THAT CANE OVER YOUR HEAD!

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT, BREAK IT UP!

HE ATTACKED ME, OFFICER.

THIS MAN WAS ABOUT TO ROB THE STORE!

FORGIVE ME, PAL, BUT IF YOU'RE BLIND, HOW DID YOU KNOW BEFORE THE PROPRIETOR DID?

HE'S CRAZY!

UH...HIS...UH, VOICE...SOUNDED ...THREATENING!

BLAST IT! BULLSEYE IS ONE OF THE MOST WANTED MEN IN THE COUNTRY! WHY DOESN'T THE OFFICER RECOGNIZE HIM!

B-BUT--

HMM! YOUR I.D. SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER, MR. PONDEXTER! YOU CAN GO IF YOU WISH!

THANKS.

YOU BE QUIET! THERE AIN'T NO LAW AGAINST CARRYING A CONCEALED GOLF BALL!

I OUGHTTA RUN YOU IN FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE-- BUT SINCE YOU'RE BLIND--!

HE BELIEVED THAT PHONEY I.D. --AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN TELL HIM WHO'S SLIPPING THROUGH HIS FINGERS WITHOUT SPILLING MY SECRET!

ONE BRIEF LECTURE LATER...

GONE! NO SIGN OF HIM!

I THINK HE WENT THIS WAY-- BUT IT'D BE A MINOR MIRACLE TO PICK OUT HIS HEARTBEAT AMID ALL THIS STREET-LEVEL RACKET!

I'D HAVE A BETTER SHOT SWINGING ABOVE THE CROWD AS DAREDEVIL!

--BUT BY THE TIME I CHANGE HE COULD BE IN QUEENS!

GREAT! JUST GREAT! MY BIG CHANCE AND I FLUB IT-- WITH SOME HELP FROM A COP WHO DOESN'T LOOK AT WANTED POSTERS!

MIGHT AS WELL GO TO WORK AND--

BULLSEYE'S PROBABLY ON A CROSSTOWN BUS RIGHT NOW, LAUGHING HIS HEAD OFF!

WHAP!

GNNH!

OHH--H!

AN HOUR LATER, IN A COMFORTABLE EAST SIDE APARTMENT LEASED TO ONE BENJAMIN PONDEXTER...

BAH! A SCHEME OF THE FEARSOME MAN CALLED BULLSEYE FOILED BY A BLIND MAN!

I REMEMBER HIS FACE NOW--AND IT IS A BITTER IRONY THAT A MAN I ONCE FAILED TO ASSASSINATE SHOULD OBSTRUCT ME NOW!

A BLIND MAN! I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HOW HE KNEW!

IT WASN'T AN IMPORTANT CRIME! I JUST INTENDED TO STEAL A PARTICULAR RARE PISTOL FOR MY COLLECTION.

I'M LIVING PRETTY WELL OFF OF LOOT I STASHED A LONG TIME AGO.

--BUT I'M TIRED OF LAYING LOW WAITING FOR A BIG MONEY CONTRACT THAT'LL NEVER COME.

SINCE I BLEW MY LAST JOB, AND THEN LET DAREDEVIL ESCAPE ME WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE TO KILL HIM,* MY REP IS GONE.

BUT I'M GOING TO GET IT BACK-- IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE EVERYBODY IN THIS TOWN TREMBLE AT THE NAME BULLSEYE!

*D.D. #142. --A.G.

LATER THAT DAY AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

FOGGY? HEATHER?

MATT! WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I COULDN'T SEE WHAT HIT M-- OWW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS DARN CHAIR WAS IN MY WAY?

BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE--AND YOU HAVE THE OFFICE MEMORIZED.

NO, I DON'T-- BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD TO COUNT STEPS AND MEMORIZE LIKE A NORMAL BLIND MAN!

I'VE ALWAYS HAD MY RADAR SENSE TO GUIDE ME--

--TILL NOW.

I-I'M A LITTLE CONFUSED GUYS! I TOOK A PRETTY BAD RAP ON THE SKULL!

IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO? UH--WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN--AND I'LL GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER.

OR MAYBE I SHOULD CALL A DOCTOR?!

NO! LOOK, UH, IT'S NO BIG DEAL. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

OH, MATT! IF YOU'RE HURT, IT IS A BIG DEAL...TO ME!

PLEASE DON'T DRAW AWAY FROM ME WHEN YOU NEED HELP! I LOVE YOU! I WANT TO BE THE ONE YOU TURN TO.

SHE MEANS IT...

...BUT MY RADAR SENSE COULD BE GONE FOR GOOD. AND MY OTHER SUPER-SENSES DON'T BEGIN TO MAKE UP FOR MY BLINDNESS BY THEMSELVES.

I CAN'T... I WON'T LET HEATHER WASTE HER LIFE PITYING ME!

I...THINK I'LL JUST GO HOME!

OH, NO! DON'T GO OUT ALONE PLEASE!

WHY? WHAT'S TO BE--

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THAT LUNATIC WHO TRIED TO KILL US--BULLSEYE--HAS TAKEN OVER A T.V. STUDIO! HE'S DEMANDING DAREDEVIL COME AND FIGHT HIM, OR HE'LL WIPE OUT HIS HOSTAGES!

AS LONG AS HE'S LOOSE, YOU MAY BE IN DANGER, MATT!

OH.

HEY, MATT! IT'S NOT THAT BAD! YOU LOOK LIKE A CONDEMNED MAN ON HIS WAY TO THE GALLOWS!

I'M SURE DAREDEVIL WILL TAKE CARE OF BULLSEYE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO WORRY...YOU...

...MATT?

SOON, IN AN UPTOWN TELEVISION STUDIO...

--COUNTDOWN HAS BEGUN I WILL WAIT ONLY SO LONG...

ON THE AIR

...FOR A COWARD!

"THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!" BAH! WHERE IS THIS HERO?

I HAVE OFFERED HIM A CHALLENGE --A DUEL TO THE DEATH TO PROVE MY TOTAL SUPERIORITY!

BY NOW HE MUST BE AWARE OF THE PRICE OF HIS COWARDICE--

--THESE THREE PEOPLE WILL DIE WHEN I RELEASE THESE WEIGHTED KNIVES--

"--IN SEVEN MINUTES!"

WE'RE READY TO RUSH HIM SIR, IF--

YEAH. I CAN'T FIGURE IT, THOUGH. WHY IS D.D. CHICKENING OUT?

BULLSEYE CLAIMS HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A GUN!

--HAVE NO WEAPONS! I AM UNARMED! AND STILL DAREDEVIL IS AFRAID TO FACE ME!

THE DEAD-LINE IS COMING FAST!

SEND ALL UNITS IN AT THE ONE MINUTE MARK! STILL NO SIGN OF... OUR "HERO"?

NO, SIR! BUT IF I KNEW WHERE THAT YELLOW CLOWN WAS, I'D DRAG HIM TO THAT STATION.

IT'S NO *WONDER* THAT DAREDEVIL IS *HIDING* IN TERROR SOMEWHERE! HE BARELY ESCAPED OUR *LAST* ENCOUNTER WITH HIS--

WHA--?

WELL, WELL...

YOU SHOULD *KNOW* THAT YOUR *SACRIFICE* IS NOT IN *VAIN*, FOOL.

I WOULD HAVE KILLED THESE PEOPLE--

--BUT I WILL *ENJOY* KILLING *YOU* MUCH MORE!

SO *QUIET*, DAREDEVIL! THAT'S NOT *LIKE* YOU!

BUT IT *IS* LIKE A MAN WHO KNOWS HE'S GOING TO *DIE*!!

UFF!

GNNGH!

WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU? *FIGHT BACK*, BLAST IT!

THEN...
I-I DID IT! I FOUND THE RANGE--
--FROM THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE ALONE!
BUT IT TOOK TOTAL CONCENTRATION! HOW LONG CAN I KEEP IT UP?
AH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I WAS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT YOU WERE A PHONEY!
THAT PUNCH CONVINCED ME-- BUT IT ALSO PUT TEN WEAPONS WITHIN MY REACH.
BULLSEYE'S AIM IS INFALLIBLE-- IN HIS HAND ANYTHING IS A DEADLY WEAPON--
GOT TO FIND COVER! CAN'T ANTICIPATE HIS THROWS WITHOUT RADAR SENSE-- AND BY THE TIME I HEAR THE WHOOSH-- AS THEY--
WHA-- TRIPPED!
SOMETHING MUFFLING BULLSEYE'S HEARTBEAT! THERE'S SOME FURNITURE BETWEEN US! GOOD!
BUT...
WHAM
IDIOT! EVEN THE TALK SHOW SET PROVIDES ME WITH WEAPONS!
UH!

HE'S... ALREADY GOT ME ON THE ROPES! NEVER... LETS GO... NEVER RUNS OUT OF WEAPONS.

THERE... MUST BE DOZENS OF WAYS HE COULD KILL ME... RIGHT NOW...

...BUT HE'S TOYING WITH ME... HOPING I'LL CRAWL...

AND THAT'S HIS MISTAKE!

GOT TO HOME IN ON HIS BREATHING -- HIT HIM!

WHA-- UHH!!

GOT TO CHARGE RIGHT THROUGH WHATEVER HE THROWS AT ME --ATTACK RECKLESSLY AGAIN AND AGAIN!

HE'S COUNTING ON FEAR TO HOLD ME BACK, KEEP ME CRINGING AND HIDING!

NO! I AM THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR--AND BY GOD I'LL PROVE IT!

WHAM!

UHNN!

THAT TINGLING--! MY--MY RADAR SENSE--! IT'S COMING BACK! I CAN FEEL IT!

I'M BEGINNING TO PICK UP RADAR IMAGES-- SILHOUETTES OF OBJECTS AROUND ME--

--BUT THEY'RE BLURRED, HAZY! MAYBE IF I CONCENTRATE!

BUT AS DAREDEVIL WAGES HIS INNER STRUGGLE--

--THE GREATER CONFLICT OVERTAKES HIM...

THAT WAS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL EVER HIT ME, FOOL!

UHH!

THERE IS NO TIME TO CONCENTRATE... NO TIME AT ALL BETWEEN WHITE FLASHES OF PAIN AS BULLSEYE PRESSES HIS ATTACK.

THE MASTER OF ALL WEAPONS MISSES NOT ONCE-- AND DAREDEVIL REELS UNDER A HAIL OF MUNDANE MISSILES!

HE FEELS HIMSELF BEING BATTERED AND PIERCED BY BOOKS AND PENCILS FROM THE JR. HIGH QUIZ SHOW SET--

--AND THEN THE BLOWS BECOME LESS DISTINCT, MERGING INTO A STEADY STREAM OF AGONY...

FINALLY THROUGH HIS GREY, SEMI-CONSCIOUS HAZE, HE REALIZES THE PUMMELING HAS ENDED... A MOMENT AFTER IT ENDS!

A SOUND FILTERS THROUGH THE BUZZING IN HIS HEAD--

--FOOTSTEPS FAINT... AS IF FAR AWAY.

STILL YOU STAND?!

BULLSEYE'S WORDS SOMEHOW REACH DAREDEVIL...YES, HE STILL STANDS, BUT NOW TRULY BLIND. PAIN AND DIZZINESS HAVE OVERWHELMED ALL HIS SENSES.

WHAT HE DOES PERCEIVE HE CANNOT TRUST. HE KNOWS BULLSEYE IS CLOSER THAN THE DISTANT DISBELIEVING VOICE SEEMED.

HE STRIKES AT THE NOTHINGNESS HOPING FOR--

WHA--UFF!

WHAM!

--CONTACT!

NO! YOU CAN'T-- UHHNNH!

I CAN! NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE TO SWING!

MY WHOLE BODY HURTS-- BUT I BOUGHT THE SECONDS I NEED TO RECOVER MY SENSES!

ALREADY...I CAN SENSE...ROPES... AND I CAN SMELL ROSINED CANVAS. I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE STUDIO WRESTLING RING!

THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU TO USE AS A WEAPON, BULLS! IT'S JUST YOU AND ME!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! YOU MUST BE HALF DEAD FROM THE POUNDING I GAVE YOU! I'LL FINISH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.

AGH-HH!

KRAK

MAYBE I AM HALF DEAD--

URRGH!

--MAYBE I *SHOULD* HAVE LAID DOWN AND DIED A LONG *TIME* AGO--

UFF!

RAK

--BUT I *DIDN'T!* AND I *WON'T--!*

--EVER!

NNNGH!

GUHHN!

WHOK!

REMEMBER THIS, BULLSEYE! REMEMBER THAT *DAREDEVIL* HAD THE GUTS TO GO ON AND *BEAT* YOU AFTER HE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN UP AND *DIED!*

--BECAUSE THAT'S WHY DAREDEVIL WILL *ALWAYS* BEAT YOU!

N-NO! TH-THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO COME OUT LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE CRAZY!

GOT TO KILL... NOW!

HE'S PULLING SOMETHING METALLIC FROM HIS BOOT!

A GUN!

HE NEVER MISSES-- NEVER FAILS! I'M DEAD UNLESS--

--MY RADAR SENSE CAN DETECT THE SLIGHT INITIAL MOVEMENT OF HIS TRIGGER FINGER--

--AND I CAN TIME MY LEAP TO AVOID-- WHA--

OH, NO! IT'S FADING! AGAIN! BLURRING! I--I CAN'T FOCUS! CAN'T SENSE HIS AIM!

GOT TO LEAP SUDDENLY-- BLINDLY AND HOPE TH--

ARRHH!

BLAM

STILL ALIVE?!

NO-O.! I SHOT YOU POINT BLANK! NOBODY CAN DOD-- UHH.!

KRAAK!

EEYARRHH!

RADAR SENSE FOCUSING AGAIN. THE FADE-OUT WAS JUST FOR A MOMENT!

THE WRONG MOMENT!

C-CAN'T STOP H-HIM... CAN'T KILL HIM. ONLY O-ONE THING... LEFT...TO DO!

HE'S GOING FOR THE GUN AGAIN--!

--BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO FIRE AT ME!

--THE HOSTAGES! HIS SHOT SEVERED A THREAD--!

GOT IT!

CAN'T LET HIM FIRE AGAIN! NO TIME TO DRAW MY BILLY CLUB!

NO!

OHH-HN!

SH-SHOULD HAVE FIRED AT HER! WHY--WHY DID I... SHOOT THE THREAD?

HE MEANT TO KILL ONE HOSTAGE AND THREATEN THE OTHERS SO I'D STOP SHORT AND LET HIM ESCAPE--

--BUT HIS OWN SHOWMANSHIP FOULED HIM UP!

AND NOW--WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL NELSON AND MURDOCK, CREEP? TALK!

SOON...

WHAT'S HE BABBLIN' ABOUT, SARGE?

WHO KNOWS? SOUNDS LIKE A NAME-- SOMEBODY "GLENN"!

WHO CARES?

EVERYTHIN'S JUST FINE, NOW--

--RIGHT-- DAREDEVIL?

NEXT ISSUE: KILLGRAVE!

DAREDEVIL®

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DAREDEVIL®

ON THE WILDEST RAMPAGE OF HIS CAREER!

WE CAN'T *HIT* HIM IN THIS DARKNESS! HOW DOES *HE* KEEP NAILING *US*?!

BREAKING POINT!

K+S

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee presents: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

BREAKING POINT!

LET THE MAN THROUGH, BLAST IT! CAN'T YOU FOLKS SEE HE'S WOUNDED?

EVERYBODY SAW YOU BEAT THAT RAT BULLSEYE ON T.V., DAREDEVIL! THAT'S WHY THIS CRAZY CROWD WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE!

BY THE WAY, MY KIDS'LL KILL ME UNLESS I GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH!

UH... SURE!

COMING THE GH RI

JIM SHOOTER
WRITER
GIL KANE
ARTIST
KLAUS JANSON
INKER/COLORIST
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

TOO MANY PEOPLE, TOO MUCH CONFUSION HERE--OVERLOADING MY RADAR SENSE! BUT... IT SOUNDS LIKE THE CROWD'S CLOSING IN!

UH-OH!

DAREDEVIL! YOU WERE GREAT, MAN!

GET A PIECE OF HIS COSTUME!

I JUST WANNA TOUCH 'IM! OR SHAKE HIS HAND!

HEY, PAL! DAT WAS SOME FIGHT!

WILL YOU SIGN MY BOOK?

LOOK, I--I CAN'T--PLEASE! WATCH MY SHOULDER, IT'S--

DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE MY FAVORITE!

UH-H-H!

UFF!

THAT DID IT! GET AWAY FROM ME!

HEY!

LOOK OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, YOU HORN-HEADED CLOWN! SAVE THE ROUGH STUFF FOR THE BAD GUYS!

WHO DA HECK D'YA TINK YA ARE, WISE GUY--? PUSHIN' AROUND REG-ULAH CITIZENS?!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BEFORE I LOSE MY COOL AND HURT ONE OF THESE JERKS!

HE'S DANGEROUS! OUTTA MY WAY!

LOUSY UNGRATEFUL--! WE WAS JUST *CONGRATULATIN'* YA!

HEY!

WHERE'D HE GO?

HE--HE'S *ABOVE* US! BUT *NOTHIN'* CAN MOVE THAT FAST!

UHHH-H-H!

M-MADE IT! JUST B-BARELY!

ALMOST... *BLACKED OUT*... IN MID-AIR! SHOULDER'S... *KILLING* ME! CAN'T BEAR ...THIS KIND OF *STRAIN!*

BUT... AT LAST... FOR NOW... I'M--

--SAFE!

WEAK FROM LOSS OF *BLOOD*... AND THE *BEATING* BULLSEYE GAVE ME BEFORE I TURNED THINGS AROUND!

MUSTN'T WASTE *TIME* THOUGH! I GOT INFORMATION... FROM BULLSEYE ABOUT DEBBIE HARRIS' *KIDNAPPERS!* EVERY SECOND THEY HOLD HER... HER *LIFE* IS IN DANGER!

DIZZY... OH, GOD! I--I CAN'T GO... ON NOW. CAN'T... GOT TO SIT DOWN... REST FOR A MINUTE!

HMMPH! FUNNY-- A HALF-DEAD BLIND MAN, TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF A TWENTY-STORY DROP, FEELING *SAFE!*

GUESS IT'S... RELATIVE!

SO TIRED. IT WOULD BE SO EASY... TO JUST CLOSE MY EYES... GIVE IN!

NOBODY COULD BLAME ME. NOBODY... WOULD EVEN *KNOW*... I FOLDED...

...NOBODY BUT... ME!

SECONDS LATER...

FIRST, I BETTER FIND A *POLICE SURGEON* WHO'LL PATCH THIS SHOULDER.

IT WON'T DO DEBBIE ANY GOOD IF I *BLEED* TO DEATH TRYING TO FIND HER.

AN HOUR LATER, ACROSS TOWN, A LONELY MAN DILIGENTLY DISCHARGES HIS DUTIES AS PRESIDENT OF GLENN INDUSTRIES, LONG AFTER OTHER DENIZENS OF THE CORPORATE BEEHIVE HAVE GONE HOME.

MAXWELL GLENN HAS SELDOM LEFT HIS PRESTIGIOUS OFFICE IN RECENT MONTHS, AND IN THAT TIME, FEW OTHERS HAVE ENTERED. HIS PRIVACY, SO JEALOUSLY GUARDED BY HIS STAFF--

--IS SUDDENLY, UTTERLY SHATTERED...

CRASH!

GOOD LORD--! DAREDEVIL! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOUR HIT MAN, BULLSEYE, CONFESSED--AND IMPLICATED YOU IN ALL THE CORRUPTION TIED TO GLENN INDUSTRIES--

--INCLUDING THE DEBORAH HARRIS KIDNAPPING! NOW... WHERE IS SHE BEING HELD, GLENN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--

YOU'RE LYING--! AND FORGET ABOUT GOING FOR THE GUN IN THE DRAWER!

UHH!

H-HOW DID YOU KNOW? HOW COULD--?

WHAK!

OH-H... WHAT'S THE USE? I KNEW IT WOULD END... SOON!

I... ADMIT IT! I AM GUILTY!

THE SLUM TENEMENT FRAUDS...THE KIDNAPPING ..."LAUNDERING" PROFITS FROM THE RACKETS THROUGH COMPANY ACCOUNTS...

...EVEN THE ATTEMPTED MURDERS--ALL MY DOING! I-- I WAS DESPERATE, YOU SEE! I HAD TO--

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE, GLENN... LATER! FOR NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO REPEAT YOUR CONFESSION TO THE POLICE!

SOON...

THE POLICE WILL BE HERE IN *MINUTES*, GLENN! NO USE TRYING TO SLIP AWAY!

HIS HEARTBEAT IS STEADY... *NORMAL*! AS IF HE WERE TOTALLY RELAXED ... OR *ASLEEP*!

ODD! FOR A MAN WHOSE *LIFE* IS COLLAPSING AROUND HIM, GLENN IS AMAZINGLY *CALM*!

HE MUST HAVE *ICE-WATER* IN HIS VEINS!

THE POLISHED MAHOGANY DOOR *SLAMS SHUT* BEHIND DAREDEVIL. MAXWELL GLENN DOES NOT LOOK UP.

A MOMENT PASSES, AND THEN *ANOTHER* DOOR BEGINS TO QUIETLY SLIDE OPEN--

--REVEALING A *BIZARRE* AND *STRIKING* FIGURE.

... MAXWELL GLENN *REMAINS* MOTIONLESS, *OBLIVIOUS*, AS IF HE WERE IN A *TRANCE*.

INDEED.

WELL DONE, PUPPET!

AMAZING, THAT IT TOOK SO *LONG* FOR THAT RED BUFFOON TO *CONFRONT* YOU! YOUR "GUILT" WAS SO *OBVIOUS*!

LOGICALLY YOU *HAD* TO BE BEHIND THE CRIMES HE NAMED--

--BUT OF COURSE, THERE'S *NO WAY* HE COULD SUSPECT THAT *I* AM BEHIND *YOU*!

LISTEN *CLOSELY*, GLENN! YOU WILL *FORGET* ME... AND DENY THAT YOU EVER *SAW KILL-GRAVE*, THE *PURPLE MAN*!

AND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO TAKE *FULL BLAME* FOR THE CRIMES YOU COMMITED UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MY *IRRESISTABLE WILL*!

GOODBYE, FOOL!

LATER, NEAR THE HEART OF THE WELL-TO-DO LONG ISLAND COMMUNITY CALLED KING'S POINT --

--AT A MANSION THAT IS RATHER ORDINARY BY LOCAL STANDARDS--

--EXCEPT, PERHAPS, FOR ITS ONLY TWO OCCUPANTS IN RECENT MONTHS: A KIDNAPPER AND HIS VICTIM...

THIS BACK ROOM ISN'T AS NICE AS THE OTHER ONE I KEPT YOU IN, BUT IT IS A CHANGE OF SCENERY!

HONESTLY, DEBBIE, I'M TRYING TO BE AS GOOD TO YOU AS I'M ALLOWED!

I--I KNOW, MORT! YOU EXPLAINED HOW IT'S YOUR JOB TO KEEP ME HERE, BUT--

OH, BY THE WAY-- THIS ROOM'S BOOBY TRAPPED TOO! YOU SHOULD KNOW.

HEY, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME THELMA AND I THOUGHT OUR SON'S PLANE CRASHED IN RUSSIA?

OH, PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME GO! I--I BEG YOU!

PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

COME ON, DEB--!

--YOU USED TO HAVE SO MUCH SPIRIT! WHERE DID IT--

LET ME GO! PLEASE, MORT! OR JUST KILL ME... AND END THIS!

DON'T TIE ME UP AGAIN... PLEASE!

SORRY... MISS HARRIS! I MUST OBEY ORDERS!

I HAVE NO CHOICE!

SUDDENLY...

CRASH!

GREAT SCOTT!

DAREDEVIL!

THAT NOISE--! PANELS IN THE WALLS SLIDING OPEN! A TRAP!

SOME KIND OF RAY GIZMOS--

--LASERS, FROM THE HEAT I FEEL!

THAT ONE WILL NAIL ME ON ITS NEXT SWEEP... UNLESS--

--BINGO! BOUGHT MYSELF A SECOND OR TWO BEFORE THE OTHER GUNS HOME IN--

--TIME FOR ONE THROW! I WISH IT COULD BE RIGHT-HANDED!

THESE THINGS MUST DRAW A LOT OF CURRENT! I HOPE THAT BIG FUSE BOX I SENSE ON THE WALL OVER THERE--

--IS THE ONE THAT CARRIES IT!

I HIT IT!

THE LASERS--! HE CUT OFF THE POWER WITH THAT BLASTED BILLY CLUB OF HIS! GOT TO SHOOT HIM, BUT--

--I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYBODY COULD HAVE SEEN THOSE BLASTERS IN TIME TO DUCK!

I NEVER SAW THEM AT ALL--

WHA--UFF!

--BUT HE PROBABLY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT, EITHER!

OR RADAR SENSE, FOR THAT MATTER!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS HARRIS?

IS--IS THIS REAL? PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE A DREAM!

OH, I HOPE MORT ISN'T HURT BAD!

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

--AND WHEN THE POLICE CAME, DAREDEVIL DISAPPEARED!

I--I'M TIRED OF TALKING! CAN'T I PLEASE GO HOME NOW, FOGGY?

WELL... SURE, LOVE! I GUESS...

...BUT I-I FIGURED... SINCE IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN YOU.

PLEASE, FOGGY! I'D LIKE TO SEE MY FATHER!

THAT'S JUST IT, DARLING! HIS BUTLER SAID HE WAS OUT FOR THE EVENING... SO I-I THOUGHT WE COULD... BE ALONE AWHILE... MAYBE.

...EXCEPT, UH, FOR HEATHER, OF COURSE! RIGHT, HEATHER?

FOGGY, I--

OH! IT'S DADDY!

KEEP MOVING, GLENN!

OH, DADDY! WHY? WHY!

MAXWELL GLENN'S ONLY REPLY IS PUZZLED SILENCE...

...SILENCE ECHOED BY A FIGURE FAR ABOVE. A MAN WHO CAN ONLY VISUALIZE THE DRAMA BELOW IN HIS MIND'S EYE FROM VAGUE RADAR-IMAGE SILHOUETTES HE SENSES, AND THE INTRICATE LANDSCAPE OF SOUNDS HE HEARS...

I WAS AFRAID THEY MIGHT TRANSFER GLENN HERE BEFORE HEATHER AND FOGGY LEFT WITH DEB!

HEATHER'S HEART IS POUNDING SHE'S TAKING IT... HARD!

HEATHER, I... JUST DON'T REMEMBER.

WAIT--! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

DADDY-- EVEN BEFORE THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE ARRESTED, DEEP DOWN, I KNEW YOU WERE... IN TROUBLE! BUT I... JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

SILENCE AGAIN... AND THE POLICE LEAD MAXWELL GLENN AWAY.

DAREDEVIL HEARS HEATHER'S SOBBING WHISPER, "OH, MATT... I NEED YOU HERE WITH ME!"

I'D GIVE ALMOST ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO COMFORT HEATHER AS MATT MURDOCK NOW...

...BUT THE WORLD SAW DAREDEVIL GET SHOT ON T.V. THIS AFTERNOON--

--AND I COULDN'T APPEAR AS MATT, NURSING THE SAME WOUND, WITHOUT HEATHER CATCHING ON!

I WOULDN'T EVEN CARE... EXCEPT THAT SHE'S SUFFERED ENOUGH SHOCKS FOR ONE DAY!

THERE'S ALSO SOMETHING EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN HER FEELINGS AT STAKE--

--THE TRUTH ABOUT HER FATHER!

GLENN SEEMED LIKE A COOL CUSTOMER AT HIS OFFICE--

--BUT A MINUTE AGO HE WAS LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN--! HE WAS SUD-DENLY... CONCERNED --BREATHING SHALLOW, PULSE RAPID...

...AND HIS PULSE DIDN'T JUMP WHEN HE CLAIMED HE DIDN'T REMEMBER!

IN SHORT, HE WASN'T LYING!

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO ADMIT WHAT I SUSPECT--

--BUT IF IT'S TRUE MAYBE I CAN FIND CLUES HERE--

--IN MAXWELL GLENN'S OFFICE!

HEATHER TOLD ME HER FATHER VIRTUALLY *LIVED* HERE LATELY!

IT *COULD* BE THAT HE WAS BEING *HELD* HERE!

IT'S *POSSIBLE* GLENN WAS *DRUGGED* OR SOMEHOW *HYPNOTIZED*... WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HE CAN'T RE-MEMBER!

WHOEVER IT WAS *HAD* TO HAVE *SOME* WAY--

--TO KEEP TABS ON GLENN IN THIS ROOM! A *MONITOR* MAYBE, OR--

--A SECRET ROOM *ADJOINING* THIS--

AH! A *SLIDING PANEL*--! SO WELL MADE, A *NORMAL* PERSON COULD NEVER *SEE* OR *FEEL* THE JOINT!

NOTHING BUT THE *BEST* FOR MAX-WELL GLENN!

IT'S HEAVILY SOUNDPROOFED, BUT NOW THAT I'M THIS CLOSE--

"--I HEAR *VOICES* INSIDE!"

--AND MOST OF YOU WERE *EASILY* MANIPULATED BY MEANS OF *FINANCIAL PRESSURES* EXERTED THROUGH GLENN INDUSTRIES! MR. HARRIS, YOU WERE *STUBBORN*--

YES, SIR, I WAS--

--UNTIL I ORDERED GLENN TO HAVE YOUR DAUGHTER *KIDNAPPED.*

--BUT NOW THE *GROUNDWORK* IS *FINISHED!* GLENN HAS OUT-LIVED HIS *USE-FULLNESS!* HE'LL GO TO JAIL FOR THE CRIMES ALREADY COMMITTED--

--WHILE *I*, AS OF NOW, TAKE *DIRECT* CONTROL OF YOU FINE GENTLEMEN... AND ALL YOUR *WEALTH* AND *INFLUENCE*--

"--WHICH I WILL USE TO CARVE OUT AN *EMPIRE OF CORRUPTION* THAT WILL *GROW* AND *GROW*, UNTIL--

CRASH!

UNTIL I *STOP* YOU, KILLGRAVE! *NOW!*

DAREDEVIL!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU *FOUND* THE PLACE, BUT--

MAKE IT A *GOOD* THREAT, PURPLE-PUSS! I HAVEN'T HAD A LAUGH *ALL DAY*

AND IT'S BEEN A *LONG* DAY!

VERY *AMUSING!* YOU JOKE BECAUSE YOU ARE *CONFIDENT* YOU CAN *RESIST* MY WILL, AS YOU HAVE IN THE PAST!

BUT MY POWER HAS *GROWN* SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER!

YOU *FEEL* IT NOW, DON'T YOU--? EATING AT YOUR *MIND*, DRAINING YOUR *SELF-WILL*...

...MAKING YOU MY HELPLESS *PUPPET* JUST LIKE THESE *OTHER* FOOLS! *NO ONE* CAN ENTER MY PRESENCE WITHOUT SUCCUMBING TO *ABSOLUTE DOMINATION!*

YOU ARE MY *SLAVE*, DAREDEVIL! *OBEY ME!*

NO-O-O-O-!

FEEL MY WILL *CONQUERING* YOURS! *HEAR MY VOICE*..., LOOK AT MY *EYES!*

LOOK AT *ME*, SLAVE!

LOOK--?
BUT...I CANT... S--
N-NO! NO!
GOT TO... FIGHT IT! BLINDNESS... HELPS ME CONCENTRATE... FOCUS MY WILL!
UNCANNY! HOW--? HOW CAN YOU RESIST?
NO MATTER! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD--
--WHILE I HAVE OTHERS IN THRALL!
"ALL OF YOU--! KILL DARE-DEVIL! HE IS YOUR ENEMY!"
SURE THING, KILLGRAVE, SIR! IT'S TWELVE AGAINST ONE!
AND HIS SHOULDER IS WOUNDED!
IT'LL BE EASY!
NOPE! IT'LL BE HARD, FELLA--
--AND I'M GOING TO MAKE IT EVEN HARDER! WATCH!
"THE LIGHTS HE SMASHED THE LIGHTS!"
CAN'T SEE--UHH!
AHHHGH!

HEY! HE'S OVER HERE, GUYS--

I'M COMING FOR YOU, KILLGRAVE! DO YOU HEAR ME?

GHHHH!

URGGG!!

ALL THE FAT-CAT STOOGES IN THE WORLD WON'T STOP ME--!

--AND WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR ALL THE GRIEF-- ALL THE PAIN--!

HOW CAN HE SEE US--?

ARRHH!

ARE YOU LISTENING, KILLGRAVE?

GAAA!

UHH!

OOF!

THESE ARE THE LAST INNOCENT MEN WHO WILL SUFFER BECAUSE OF YOUR GREED!

AN ATTACKER *BEHIND* ME-- RUSHING AT THE SOUND OF MY VOICE!

HE'S COMING *QUIETLY*--AND WITH ALL THE SHOUTING I DIDN'T *HEAR* HIM--

--BUT YOU CAN'T *SNEAK UP* ON A MAN WITH *RADAR SENSE*!

UHH!

HE--HE MUST HAVE *INFRA-RED LENSES* IN HIS MASK, OR--

OOF!

KILLGRAVE'S *TAKING OFF!* HE KNOWS HIS GOONS ARE ABOUT FINISHED!

EVERYTHING IS *RUINED!* GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE!

I'LL CATCH HIM EASILY! HE'S STUMBLING THROUGH THE DARK--

--BUT IT NEVER GETS ANY LIGHTER FOR ME!

GOT TO CONCENTRATE, FOCUS ON KILLGRAVE!

ONCE I TUNE IN ALL MY SENSES TO HIM, THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN SHAKE ME!

BLAST! CAN'T SEE, BUT I'LL KEEP SWINGING TILL I--

--HIT!

ARRRRGH!!

MY... SHOULDER!

PAIN OBLITERATES THE CONCENTRATION THAT HAD BLINDED DAREDEVIL TO THE PURPLE MAN'S LAST REMAINING MIND SLAVE--

--AND SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE SEA OF AGONY ENGULFING THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR, HIS DEADLY FOE ESCAPES!

MOMENTS PASS, AND WITH INCREASING DISTANCE, THE PURPLE MAN'S CONTROL FADES...

D-DID I DO GOOD? DID...I...

GOT...TO=UHH= GO...AFTER... KILLGRAVE!

WHAT...DID I DO?

W-WHERE AM I?

CAN'T=UHH= STOP... SO...CLOSE!

SECONDS LATER...

GONE!

I HAD HIM--! AND I LET HIM SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS! BUT I SWEAR I'LL FIND HIM AGAIN AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE! I HAVE TO--

--OR ELSE HEATHER'S FATHER MAY SPEND A LIFETIME PAYING FOR CRIMES HE DIDN'T COMMIT!

THE END

NEXT ISSUE

A SHOCKING, TWO-PRONGED CRISIS IN THE LIFE OF MATT MURDOCK! AND THE LONG-AWAITED RETURN OF...

DEATH-STALKER

DAREDEVIL®

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DAREDEVIL®

THE WITHOUT FEAR!

YOUR WEAPON IS *USELESS*... NOTHING CAN *TOUCH* ME!

BUT IF I TOUCH *YOU*... YOU *DIE!*

DANGER IS THE DEATH-STALKER!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MANHUNT!

THE NIGHTMARE SHOULD HAVE **ENDED** WITH THE NIGHT--BUT MOMENTS AGO, IN THE SURREAL GREYNESS THAT HERALDS THE DAWN, **KILLGRAVE**, THE INSIDIOUS PURPLE MAN, **ELUDED** DARE-DEVIL. THE SUN IS **RISING** NOW, A MOCKING **SYMBOL** OF THE NIGHTMARE'S NEW BEGINNING...

I'LL FIND YOU, KILLGRAVE-- I SWEAR IT! YOU'LL PAY FOR THE PAIN AND GRIEF YOU'VE CAUSED!

CO-PLOTTED by
JIM SHOOTER AND GIL KANE
WRITER PENCILER
KLAUS JANSON DENISE WOHL
INKER/COLORIST LETTERER
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

I HAD HIM **COLD!** HOW COULD I LET HIM SLIP AWAY?

BECAUSE I WAS **CARELESS--**

--**MAXWELL GLENN** MAY SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN **PRISON,** PAYING FOR CRIMES KILLGRAVE **FORCED** HIM TO COMMIT WITH HIS UNCANNY **MIND-CONTROL** POWER!

ONLY **I** KNOW GLENN IS INNOCENT! HOW CAN I **PROVE** IT... WITHOUT **KILLGRAVE?!**

SECONDS LATER, AS DAREDEVIL RETURNS TO MAXWELL GLENN'S OFFICE, WHERE EARLIER HE CONFRONTED KILLGRAVE AND BATTLED A DOZEN OF HIS MIND-SLAVES*...

MAYBE... JUST MAYBE ONE OF THE PAWNS KILLGRAVE USED AGAINST ME WILL **REMEMBER** BEING CONTROLLED!

IT ISN'T **LIKELY!** KILLGRAVE'S POWER OVER HIS VICTIMS IS **INCREDIBLE!** IF HE ORDERED THEM TO **FORGET,** THEY'D **SWEAR** THEY NEVER **SAW** A PURPLE MAN!

SOON...

JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET ALL THEIR NAMES, STERN!

I ALREADY **KNOW** MOST OF 'EM, MR. TOWER! THIS LIST IS GONNA READ LIKE **WHO'S WHO IN NEW YORK!**

OKAY, YOU **HEARD** THE D.A. GENTLEMEN! SHOW THE OFFICER IN THE HALL SOME I.D., AND THEN YOU CAN CALL YOUR **CHAUFFERS** TO PICK YOU UP!

DO YOU REALIZE IT'S **6:30** A.M.?

I WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED YOU IF IT WASN'T IMPORTANT!

TELL ME, TOWER, WHY DO **YOU** THINK ALL THOSE **RICH, POWERFUL MEN** WERE GATHERED HERE LAST NIGHT?

A POKER GAME--?

MAYBE! WHO KNOWS? **THEY** ALL CLAIM THEY CAN'T RECALL **ANY-THING** ABOUT LAST NIGHT, INCLU-DING WHO ROUGHED THEM UP!

IF THEY EVER **DO...** WELL, I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD LAWYER!

THE BEST!

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THE PURPLE MAN WAS ALIVE?

MAXWELL GLENN ACTUALLY BELIEVES HE IS **GUILTY**--BECAUSE THE PURPLE MAN AP-PARENTLY **TOLD** HIM HE WAS!

*LAST ISSUE --ARCH.

I'D SAY YOU'RE **NUTS!** EYEWITNESSES SAW HIM **DIE** IN A PLANE CRASH!

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT THE **LATE** MR. KILLGRAVE GOT ALL THOSE BIGWIGS AND HIGH-ROLLERS TOGETHER HERE FOR SOME EVIL, POSTHUMOUS **PLOT** OF HIS--?

I THINK HE **WALKED AWAY** FROM THAT CRASH, TOWER--AND **TOLD** YOUR "EYEWITNESSES" TO **BELIEVE** THEY SAW HIM DIE!

HE WAS **HERE** LAST NIGHT! I **FOUGHT** HIM!

IT MIGHT ALSO INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT HE **FRAMED** MAXWELL GLENN!

GLENN? BUT... HE **CONFESSED!** AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM IS **OVERWHELMING!** I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE YOU... BUT TO CONVINCE A **JURY** THAT HE WAS FRAMED, YOU'D HAVE TO **PRODUCE** THE **PURPLE MAN**--

--OR AN ABSOLUTELY **UNIMPEACHABLE WITNESS!**

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!

I WISH YOU **LUCK**-- BUT AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IT'S MY **JOB** TO PROSECUTE GLENN, AND NAIL HIM TO THE **WALL** IF I CAN!

NO OFFENSE, BUT I'M **STILL** GOING TO CHECK AROUND THIS ROOM FOR A **DECK** AND SOME CHIPS!

HUH?

SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE I'VE **REALLY** DONE IT TO MYSELF THIS TIME!

SO TIRED! HAVE TO GET HOME BEFORE I COLLAPSE!

SOON, AT MATT MURDOCK'S EAST SIDE BROWNSTONE...

I'M THE **ONLY MAN** WHO EVER **RESISTED** KILLGRAVE'S POWER... THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS HE'S ALIVE!

I WONDER IF A JURY WOULD CONSIDER A **MASKED MAN**-- A "SUPER-HERO" CALLED **DAREDEVIL**-- TO BE AN "UNIMPEACHABLE WITNESS"?

SOMEHOW I **DOUBT** IT! ON THE OTHER HAND, A JURY **MIGHT** TAKE THE WORD OF AN **UPSTANDING CITIZEN**--A CERTAIN BLIND LAWYER CALLED **MATT MURDOCK!**

OF COURSE, THE COURT WOULD DEMAND A FULL EXPLANATION OF **HOW** MATT MURDOCK KNOWS ABOUT THE PURPLE MAN'S ACTIVITIES -- AND THAT WOULD INVOLVE REVEALING THAT I'M **DAREDEVIL.**

THEY'D ALSO WANT TO KNOW HOW **I** CAN RESIST KILLGRAVE'S POWER ...

... **AND** HOW I'M DEAD SURE GLENN IS * INNOCENT!

THE WORLD WOULD FINALLY LEARN THAT D.D. CAN'T **SEE,** BUT HAS OTHER SUPER SENSES!

*D.D. FOUND OUT LAST ISH. --A.G.

I'VE GOT A LOT OF ENEMIES WHO'D FIND THAT INFO VER-RY HELPFUL! AND THEY'D HAVE NO TROUBLE **FINDING** ME WITH MY TRUE IDENTITY EXPOSED!

HMMPH! I MAY **ALREADY** HAVE BLOWN IT! I WAS SO LOST IN **THOUGHT,** I FORGOT TO COME IN THROUGH MY SECRET SKYLIGHT ENTRANCE.

MAYBE NOBODY SAW ME! IT'S STILL EARLY, AND THIS IS SATURDAY!

THAT REMINDS ME --I HAVEN'T **SLEPT** FOR TWO DAYS!

IT **SEEMS** LIKE A **WEEK,** SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED!

NO WONDER I'M ... EX... HAUST...

THE DAY WEARS INTO LATE AFTERNOON BEFORE MATT MURDOCK AWAKENS, HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER AND DOZENS OF BRUISES ACHING. HE **FORCES** HIMSELF TO RISE--

--THOUGH IT SEEMS HE HAS NEVER **DONE** ANYTHING SO DIFFICULT. WEARILY, HE SHOWERS, DRESSES AND MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD A CERTAIN POSH APARTMENT BUILDING --

--THE HOME OF ONE **FRANKLIN NELSON, ESQ....**

RATS! IF ONLY I COULD **TALK** TO DEBBIE --! BUT IT'S NO USE, SHE WON'T COME TO THE PHONE!

AND HER FATHER'LL **KILL** ME IF I TRY CALLING AGAIN!

--BEST DEALS IN TOWN AT **RALPH'S USED CAR CITY!** WE RETURN YOU NOW, TO "BLAZING SIX GUNS"!

AND I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD BE JUST *FINE* AFTER DARE-DEVIL FREED HER FROM HER KID-NAPPERS!

HAH! WHAT A JOKE!

RIDE, YOU OWLHOOTS! WE CAN HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE *PASS*!

RITZ

JUST THEN...

HMM! FOGGY'S *HOME*, ALL RIGHT!

RAP! RAP!

I CAN HEAR HIM MUNCHING HIS USUAL *T.V. SNACKS*--

--EVEN OVER THE NOISE OF THAT CORNY B-WESTERN HE'S WATCHING!

MATT! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?

WELL, I--I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK!

ANYTHING, PAL! BUT FIRST, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, HUH?

UH, SURE, FOGGY! BY THE WAY, HOW'S DEB?

TERRIBLE! THANKS TO THAT LOUSY *SNAKE*, MAXWELL GLENN!

I SWEAR, IF I COULD GET MY *HANDS* ON THAT--

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DEBBIE?

EVERYTHING, MATT!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN *AWFUL* FOR HER, BEING HELD CAPTIVE SO LONG BY GLENN'S FILTHY THUG! IT WAS... *TRAUMATIC*, I GUESS!

ANYWAY, MATT, SHE'S *DIFFERENT*, NOW-- *SCARED*! ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS STAY LOCKED IN HER ROOM, HIDING FROM THE WORLD!

I... SEE!

OUR ENGAGEMENT'S **OFF**, OF COURSE! SHE WON'T EVEN **TALK** TO ME... OR ANYBODY **ELSE**, FOR THAT MATTER!

MAXWELL GLENN MAY HAVE RUINED HER WHOLE **LIFE**... AND MINE TOO!

FOGGY...THIS MAY BE HARD FOR YOU TO **ACCEPT**, NOW... BUT I BELIEVE GLENN IS **INNOCENT**!

I CAME HERE TO ASK YOU TO **DEFEND** HIM!

SO... HEATHER **GOT** TO YOU, HUH?

MAXWELL GLENN IS THE LOWEST **SCUM** THIS CITY'S EVER SEEN! THERE ISN'T A REPUTABLE LAWYER IN THE **COUNTRY** WHO'LL TAKE HIS CASE--

--BUT BECAUSE HE'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S **FATHER**, YOU WANT TO WEASEL HIM OUT OF THE **PIT** HE DUG HIMSELF! AND YOU HAVE THE **NERVE** TO ASK **ME** FOR HELP?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE **BETTER** THAN THIS, MATT!

YOU'D BETTER **LEAVE**, NOW... BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!

BUT... FOGGY... I--I--

I DON'T WANT TO **HEAR** IT, MATT! **YOU** WANT GLENN DEFENDED, **YOU** DEFEND HIM!

I **NEED** YOUR HELP, FOGGY... BUT IF I HAVE TO GO IT ALONE... I **WILL**!

FOGGY'S VOICE DROPS TO A **WHISPER** AS HE CLOSES THE DOOR ON HIS LONG-TIME PARTNER AND FRIEND. EVEN SO, HIS WORDS **REACH** MATT MURDOCK'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS...

IF YOU GO THROUGH WITH THIS, MATTHEW, OLD BUDDY --IT'S THE **END** FOR NELSON AND MURDOCK!

I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME FOGGY FOR FEELING THE WAY HE DOES! I... WAS A FOOL TO **ASK** HIM--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--!

I FIGURED I'D **TRY** TESTIFYING ON THE WITNESS STAND AS **DAREDEVIL**, HOPING THE JURY WOULD BUY IT... AND SPILL MY SECRET ONLY AS A LAST RESORT!

BUT THAT REQUIRES THAT SOMEONE **ELSE** BE GLENN'S COUNSEL... AND FOGGY'S **RIGHT**-- WHO BUT MATT MURDOCK WOULD GO TO COURT WITH A PLEA OF **NOT GUILTY** FOR MAXWELL GLENN ?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY AROUND ALL THIS -- I'VE GOT TO **FIND** KILLGRAVE!

SOON, BACK AT MATT'S HOME...

HMM... THE HOOK-AND-CABLE SECTION OF MY CANE CHECKS OUT OKAY! THE **THROWING** HALF IS GETTING PRETTY NICKED UP, THOUGH!

AS OFTEN AS MY **LIFE** DEPENDS ON MY HANDY-DANDY BILLY CLUB-CANE, I OUGHT TO TAKE THE TIME TO **FIX** IT--

--BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THE DELAY!

SOON...

WITH EVERY SECOND I LOSE, KILLGRAVE COULD BE **DEEPER** IN HIDING--

--OR FARTHER AWAY!

SOMEHOW I DOUBT HE'D LEAVE THE CITY, THOUGH-- HE'S TOO **ARROGANT**!

IF HE **IS** STILL HERE, I'LL **FIND** HIM!

THE FIRST PLACES TO TRY ARE THE BEST *HOTELS* IN TOWN!

KILLGRAVE WOULD GO INTO HIDING IN *STYLE*! IT'D BE JUST LIKE HIM TO WALTZ INTO THE *PLAZA* AND DEMAND A SUITE!

NO ONE WOULD *QUESTION* HIM-- NO ONE COULD *REFUSE* HIM!

THAT'S A PRETTY NIFTY TALENT OL' PURPLE PUSS HAS!

I CAN THINK OF TIMES THAT I COULD HAVE *USED* A HANDY LITTLE POWER LIKE HIS!

NOT THAT I DON'T DO PRETTY WELL *WITHOUT* CONTROLLING FOLKS WILLS-- AND BESIDES, PURPLE SKIN WOULD CLASH WITH MY RED DUDS!

FUNNY--I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PICK KILLGRAVE OUT OF A CROWD BY HIS *HEARTBEAT* OR *VOICE*--

--OR BY HIS DISTINCTIVE RADAR-IMAGE *SILHOUETTE*--

--OR EVEN BY THE *SCENT* OF HIS UNUSUAL HAIR TONIC--

--BUT THAT WHOLE *CROWD* DOWN THERE COULD BE PURPLE PEOPLE FOR ALL *I* CAN TELL!

THERE'S NO WAY I CAN *SENSE* SKIN COLOR! IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME!

SOME TIME LATER, AT AN EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE APARTMENT TOWER...

CRASH!

'EVENING CREW! NO REFRESH-MENTS FOR ME, I CAN'T STAY LONG!

WHA--? DAREDEVIL!

H-HOW'D HE *FOIND* US HEAH?

ACTUALLY, JOISEY JOE, I SENSED YOU ON THE STREET AND *FOLLOWED* YOU "HEAH"; BUT THAT'S *MY* SECRET!

IF KILLGRAVE HAS ANY UNDERWORLD CONTACTS, YOU AND YOUR CRIMELORD CRONIES WOULD KNOW ABOUT IT!

HEY, I'D *LIKE* TO HAVE A LONG "RAP SESSION" WITH YOU GUYS--

--BUT YOU CAN *SAVE* YOURSELVES THE WEAR 'N' TEAR BY TELLING ME WHERE TO FIND THE *PURPLE MAN!*

YOU'RE *CRAZY!* HE'S *DEAD!*

UHH!

HE MUST *BELIEVE* THAT! I DIDN'T HEAR HIS PULSE JUMP WHEN HE SAID IT!

DUMMY! WHY GET YOUR *TOYS* OUT--?

--I *TOLD* YOU I CAN'T STAY AND PLAY!

KARASH!

HAVE TO KEEP *MOVING!* THERE'S NOTHING WORTHWHILE I CAN PIN ON THOSE BOZOS ANYWAY!

HE--HE *SPLIT* THROUGH THE *OTHER* WINDOW! HE'S *NUTS,* SURE!

NAH! DAT BULL ABOUT DA POIPLE MAN WAS A *SCREEN,* JOIK! HE'S *ONTA* US! WE BETTER *FOLD* DA JOINT DRUG-SMUGGLIN' OPERATION BEFORE HE *BOINS* US!

AS THE NIGHT GROWS DEEPER, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR PRESSES HIS SEARCH RELENTLESSLY--

--BUILDING BY BUILDING, BLOCK AFTER BLOCK. HOURS PASS, AND THE CITY STREETS GROW QUIETER AND LONELIER--

--UNTIL THE SHADOWED CANYONS OF MANHATTAN ARE ALL BUT ABANDONED TO MEN OF SINISTER PURPOSE... AND THEIR PREY.

PLEASE! I NEED MY MONEY! MY WIFE, SHE IS SICK!

SURE, SURE! FORK IT OVER!

YOU GUYS ARE IN LUCK!

I'M PRESSED FOR TIME--

FWAK!

--SO YOU ONLY GET ONE WHACK APIECE INSTEAD OF THE DOZEN OR SO YOU DESERVE!

GNNGH!

GO GET A COP, OLD MAN --AND HURRY! I CAN'T STICK AROUND AND WAIT!

Y-YES, SIR! YES, SIR! I HURRY! I RUN!

HMM... THESE CHEAP HOODS GIVE ME AN IDEA!

KILLGRAVE MUST REALIZE I'M OUT LOOKING FOR HIM-- AND HE JUST MIGHT TRY TO GATHER A BUNCH OF THUGS TO SERVE AS BODY-GUARDS AGAINST ME!

IF HE IS RECRUITING MUSCLE, THAT MAY MAKE FINDING HIM EASIER! NEXT STOP--

"--HELL'S KITCHEN!"

THE PIGEON I WANT TO TALK TO IS DOWN IN THAT CROWD!

I'D RECOGNIZE THAT NASAL WHINE ANYWHERE!

--IT ALL ANYWAY! OF ALL YER CRUMMY LUCK--! DAT STUPID NAG JUS' DIED IN TH' STRETCH! WHY ME? IT'S ALWAYS--

WELL, WELL-- "NOSE" NORTON! LONG TIME NO SEE, NORTIE!

HEY-- FORGET THE HORSES! LET'S TAKE A RIDE! OKAY!?

UR-RK!

HERE'S A NICE SPOT TO STOP AND *TALK* A WHILE, NOSE!

LET'S *GOSSIP!* YOU GO FIRST!

WHUFF!

I-I DON' KNOW NUTHIN'! WHATTAYA WAN'?

WHAT'S THE *BUZZ* TONIGHT, NOSE? THERE'S SOMETHING *COOKING*, ISN'T THERE?

N-NO! NUTHIN'S UP! HONEST!

HMM! HE'S VERY *AFRAID* OF SOMEBODY--

--SO I HAVE TO MAKE HIM *MORE* AFRAID OF *ME!*

OH... *NO!* I'M *SCARED* OF HEIGHTS!

PLEASE--!

THE WAY HIS *PULSE* IS RACING, HE OUGHT TO BE READY TO SPILL EVERYTHING HE KNOWS ...RIGHT... ABOUT... N--

I'LL TALK!

THE WORD IS OUT-- S-SOMEBODY *BIG* IS GATHERIN' MEN ON PIER SIXTEEN!

GOOD MAN, NORTON! NOW... IF YOU WANT TO KEEP *HEALTHY*, YOU JUST STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU *ARE* TILL *DAWN!*

B-BUT--! OH... MY... GOD!

WHAT'LL I *DO?* I--I-- OH, AM I IN *TROUBLE!*

SOON...

AHA! THAT *WAREHOUSE* MUST BE THE PLACE! I HEAR LOTS OF *VOICES* FROM INSIDE!

HMM! THE PURPLE MAN ISN'T HERE... YET! I THINK I'LL TAKE A GRANDSTAND SEAT IN THE RAFTERS AND WAIT AWHILE!

INSIDE...

WHAT A NOISY BUNCH! THEY--

HEY! THE BACK DOOR'S OPENING! SOMEBODY'S PLAYING A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!

ODD--! I CAN'T HEAR HIS HEART-BEAT CLEARLY... AND THE RADAR SENSE SILHOUETTE IMAGE I'M PICKING UP IS SOMEHOW... VAGUE, UNDEFINED!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

DO NOT BE ALARMED BY MY... UNUSUAL VOICE AND APPEARANCE!

I ASSURE YOU OUR ASSOCIATION WILL BE MUTUALLY PROFITABLE--

--AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR... IF YOU OBEY ME!

IN A FEW HOURS, WE ARE GOING TO MAKE A THEFT THAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR MONTHS. IT IS... VERY IMPORTANT TO ME! WE MUST NOT FAIL --

--AND WE CANNOT FAIL, FOR I AM--

DEATH-STALKER!

DAREDEVIL, HE --UH, FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS MEETING! HE'S COMING HERE! I KNOW IT!

WHAT?!

AND, ABOVE...

SO NORTON DECIDED TO BLOW THE WHISTLE ON ME--! I CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM FOR BEING AFRAID OF THE **STALKER**, THOUGH!

ANY OTHER TIME, I'D JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO NAIL THE STALKER--BUT I CAN'T LET **ANYTHING** INTERFERE WITH FINDING THE PURPLE MAN! I'LL CALL THE **F.F.** OR THE **AVENGERS**--MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF--

OH, NO! I SENSE... **MOVEMENT** BEHIND ME--! A FIGURE! MY RADAR SENSE IS PICKING UP THE IMAGE NOW--

GOTCHA!

SURE! I COULDN'T VERY WELL STEP OUT OF THE WAY AND LET YOU **SPLATTER** YOURSELF ON THE FLOOR, DUMMY!

GOT TO **ABSORB** ENOUGH OF THE IMPACT TO KEEP BOZO, HERE, FROM BREAKING HIS **NECK**!!

AND TRY NOT TO BREAK MY **SKULL** WHILE I'M--

UHH!!

DAREDEVIL! **KILL** HIM AT ONCE! HE MUST NOT INTERFERE WITH MY PLAN!

HURRY, FOOLS! TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!

--SOME NUT IS TRYING TO **SNEAK UP** ON ME! HE'S **TENSING**--GETTING READY TO **SPRING**!

GREAT!

TELL YOU WHAT, STALKER--**I'M** IN A HURRY, TOO! WHY DON'T WE DO THIS NEXT WEEK?

UH, STALKER--?

UHH!

ALL RIGHT, THEN! WE'LL DO IT YOUR WAY!

WHAM!

GUGHH!

THESE CLOWNS WON'T STOP ME, STALKER!

AHHRGH!

GUFF!

IN A FEW MINUTES, IT'S GOING TO BE JUST YOU AND ME!

WELL I KNOW YOUR WRETCHED SKILL, FOOL! IN OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER LONG AGO, IT COST ME VICTORY... AND MADE ME WHAT I AM--

--BUT IT WILL NOT SAVE YOU THIS TIME, FOR AFTER THEY TIRE AND WEAKEN YOU, YOU WILL FEEL MY TOUCH OF DEATH!

LEMME OUTTA HERE! THAT GUY'S A HOLY TERR-- WHA--? TRIPPED!

OH-H-H!

IDIOT! YOU STUMBLED AGAINST MY HAND!

HIS HEART STOPPED! HE'S DEAD!

HE--HE JUST TOUCHED SAMMY, AND HE KEELED OVER! DIDJA SEE?

I AIN'T WORKIN' FOR HIM! NOSSIR! HE AIN'T HUMAN!

LOOKS LIKE YOU SCARED YOUR OWN MEN OFF, D.S.!

ACTUALLY, I'D LIKE TO LEAVE NOW, TOO--

--BUT IT'D BE BAD FOR THE OLD MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR IMAGE, YOU KNOW!

ON THE OTHER HAND, IT SEEMS FOOLISH TO JUST STAND AROUND AND LET YOU TOUCH ME!

OH, NO! MY BILLY CLUB'S BOUNCING AWAY INSTEAD OF BACK TOWARD ME--

IT MUST BE OUT OF BALANCE!

--AND THE FALLING CRATES DIDN'T FAZE HIM AT ALL!

I DON'T LIKE THE FEEL OF THIS--!

HE'S TOO QUIET --TOTALLY OBSESSED WITH KILLING ME!

--AND NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE MY ONE WEAPON AT HAND!

SUDDENLY...

BAH! I CANNOT WASTE TIME DEALING WITH YOU NOW--BUT YOU WILL PAY FOR RUINING MY PLANS!

HE'S VANISHING! AM I GLAD HE'S IN A HURRY--! I GUESS HE'S GOT A QUEST GOING TOO!

SO... I RUINED DEATH STALKER'S BIG, MYSTERIOUS PLAN--! GUESS I OUGHT TO BE THRILLED!

HMMPH! BETTER CALL THE POLICE.

MINUTES LATER...

A WHOLE NIGHT SHOT--

--AND I'M NO CLOSER TO FINDING KILLGRAVE!

NO CLOSER TO UNTANGLING THE WEB OF GRIEF THAT MY LIFE--AND ALL MY FRIENDS' LIVES, ARE CAUGHT IN!

I'M DEAD TIRED-- BUT MATT MURDOCK IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW UP AT THE STOREFRONT TO-DAY, TO REVIEW A CASE WE'RE PLEAD-ING MONDAY MORN-ING!

IT'D BE SO MUCH EASIER TO FACE HEATHER IF I KNEW THE PURPLE MAN WAS BEHIND BARS... AND THAT HER FATHER WOULD SOON BE EXONERATED!

ONCE AGAIN, THE SUN IS RISING AS DAREDEVIL ARRIVES AT HOME, THIS TIME REMEMBERING TO USE HIS HIDDEN ENTRANCE--

--THOUGH HE IS ALL BUT LOST IN THOUGHTS OF HEATHER GLENN. IT IS A RATHER ODD TIME, PERHAPS, TO REALIZE THAT HE TRULY LOVES HER.

IT IS ALSO IRONIC, FOR, AT THE STOREFRONT--

--AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

Foggy, Please read this to Matt.
Dear Matt,
I know this will come as a shock to you, but even a scatterbrain like me has feelings- too many, I guess, but my life is falling apart, and you don't seem to care.
I quit matt... and good-bye. forever!
Heather

THE END

NEXT: the SMASHER STRIKES!

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

I'VE BEEN SENT TO *DESTROY* YOU, CLOWN--AND THE *SMASHER* NEVER FAILS!

DREAM ON, MISTER! THIS IS WHERE *DAREDEVIL* STRIKES BACK!

THE DEEP

BROADWAY

CATSPAW!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

IT IS MID-MORNING. THE STORM THAT HAS BEEN BUILDING SINCE DAWN VENTS ITS FURY ON A STILL SLEEPY NEW YORK CITY--

--AND ESPECIALLY ON THE GRIM, CRIMSON-CLAD FIGURE RACING ACROSS A **GUYWIRE** HIGH ABOVE THE STREET WHILE THE WIND, RAIN, AND THUNDER MAKE THAT ALREADY **DIFFICULT** FEAT NEARLY **IMPOSSIBLE.**

HE IS, HOWEVER, THE **MAN WITHOUT FEAR.** THIS MORNING, HE IS ALSO **DESPERATE.**

CATSPAW!

JIM SHOOTER
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KLAUS JANSON
INKER, COLORIST
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
ARCH GOODWIN
EDITOR
and introducing--

CARMINE INFANTINO
GUEST PENCILER

OH-OH! LOSING MY **FOOTING**! AND IT'S A **LONG WAY DOWN**!

THIS BLASTED RAIN IS PLAYING **HAVOC** WITH MY **RADAR SENSE**! I CAN'T TELL **EXACTLY** HOW FAR I AM FROM THE LEDGE!

FROM THE SOUND OF THE **WIND** HISSING AROUND THE BUILDING IT **CAN'T** BE MORE THAN FIFTEEN FEET! MY MOMENTUM SHOULD CARRY ME THAT FAR!

MADE IT! JUST BARELY!

:UHH: EVERY TIME I **MOVE**, THE SHOULDER WOUND I GOT FIGHTING **BULLSEYE*** HURTS!

THIS WEATHER ISN'T HELPING IT!

*ISSUE#146--ARCH.

BUT... THAT'S THE **LEAST** OF MY TROUBLES NOW!

MIGHT AS WELL CHANGE TO MATT MURDOCK ON THE RUN! NOBODY'S LIKELY TO NOTICE ON A MORNING LIKE THIS!

THERE'S HEATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING! I JUST HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

IF SHE'S ALREADY **GONE**, I'LL--

I... DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

I HEAR A **CAR** COMING! THE RADAR IMAGE I'M PICKING UP IS TOO FUZZY TO TELL WHETHER IT'S A FORD OR A CHEVY--

--BUT CLEAR ENOUGH FOR ME TO KNOW I'LL MAKE IT ACROSS THE STREET IF I RUN!

CRIPES! A **BLIND** GUY DASHIN' OUT IN FRONT 'A ME!

SECONDS LATER...

OH! MATT! I... DIDN'T THINK YOU'D FIND MY NOTE YET! P-PLEASE GO AWAY! PLEASE!

AND LET YOU LEAVE ME FOREVER... JUST LIKE THAT?

HEATHER, YOU'VE SENTENCED ME WITHOUT A TRIAL...

...PLEASE DON'T DENY ME AN APPEAL!

A-ALL RIGHT MATT! I... GUESS I'M NOT REALLY BEING FAIR! I'M... SORRY! THE DOOR IS OPEN!

OH... NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT MY RADAR SENSE IS "SEEING" INSIDE--

--SUITCASES... AND BOXES, ALL BUT PACKED! SHE'S REALLY PLANNING TO LEAVE!

CAN'T SHOW ANY REACTION! CAN'T LET ON THAT I KNOW! I--I WISH... I DIDN'T!

THERE'S, UH... SOMETHING ON THE COUCH, MATT, BUT I'LL MOVE IT IF YOU'D LIKE TO SIT DOWN!

HANDLE WITH CARE

NO, THANKS! I'M ALL WET FROM THE RAIN!

TH-THAT'S OKAY, MATT... REALLY!

HEATHER, DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH YOU MEAN TO ME?

I CAN UNDERSTAND IT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE ME ANYMORE... BUT WHY A FAREWELL NOTE? WHY NOT TELL ME IN PERSON?

I COULDN'T... MATT! I--I WAS SO HURT!

I LOVE MY DADDY SO MUCH, MATT! THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN HE WAS ARRESTED... IT WAS SO HARD FOR ME TO FACE IT ALONE! I NEEDED YOU WITH ME SO BADLY!

WHY--WHY WEREN'T YOU THERE? TELL ME MATT! PLEASE!

WH-WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVEN CALLED SINCE?

WHAT CAN I SAY? HOW CAN I TELL HER THAT I WASN'T THERE BECAUSE I AM **DAREDEVIL** -- THE MAN WHO ARRESTED MAXWELL GLENN! *

SOON AFTERWARDS, I FOUND OUT THAT HER FATHER WAS **FRAMED** BY **KILLGRAVE**, THE **PURPLE MAN** -- AND I'VE SPENT VIRTUALLY EVERY MOMENT SINCE **HUNTING** FOR KILLGRAVE SO I CAN PROVE GLENN'S INNOCENCE!

MATT--?

*ISSUE #147 --ARCH.

LOOK, HEATHER--I FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S CASE! I'M THINK HE'S **INNOCENT**! I'M TRYING TO HELP HIM --

--BUT I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT JUST YET! OKAY?

OH, MATT! YOU MEAN--YOU'RE GOING TO **DEFEND** DADDY?

UH... NO, I--I **CAN'T**!

BECAUSE I MAY HAVE TO APPEAR ON THE **WITNESS STAND** AS D.D.!

I CAN'T **BELIEVE** THIS! YOU THINK MY DADDY'S **INNOCENT**... BUT YOU WON'T SAY WHY... AND YOU **AREN'T** GOING TO DEFEND HIM?

WAIT A MINUTE! WE **GET** IT! WE **UNDERSTAND** NOW, DON'T WE, TEDDY?

MATT IS JUST **TEASING** US!

HEATHER --DON'T!

HOW **SILLY** WE ARE! ISN'T IT **FUNNY**, TEDDY-POOH? IT'S ALL A BIG JOKE ON US!

WELL, MR. MURDOCK! NOW THAT YOU **HAD** YOUR WIDDLE FUNNY ON MY TEDDY AND ME, YOU CAN JUST **LEAVE**!

WHO NEEDS YOU ANYWAY?

PLEASE, HEATHER!

OUT! GET **OUT**!

HEY, PAL, DID YOU SEE--?

HUH--?

OH... YOU'RE BLIND!

FORGET IT!

HE WAS SPOTTED IN THIS AREA NOT TEN MINUTES AGO! HE'S GOT TO BE AROUND!

BIG GUY! I WONDER WHO HE'S--

AND, IN MOMENTS...

WHAT A RELIEF! I FEEL A LOT BETTER, JUST BEING IN COSTUME AGAIN!

HMMP! WHO CARES? I'VE GOT MY OWN TROUBLES!

NO SENSE WALKING ACROSS TOWN! SINCE THE RAIN RUINED THIS SUIT ANYWAY, MIGHT AS WELL TRASH IT AND TRAVEL OVER THE ROOFTOPS!

I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE AS D.D. I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY PROBLEMS!

EVENTUALLY I'LL FIND THE PURPLE MAN AND CLEAR HEATHER'S FATHER!

HMM... THE RAIN'S LETTING UP A BIT!

MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW...

AH! I KNEW HE HAD TO BE CLOSE BY!

WHAT ON EARTH--?

THERE HE IS! DAREDEVIL--THE MAN THE SMASHER IS SWORN TO KILL!

I'M **COMING** FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL! YOU AREN'T SAFE FROM **ME** UPON THE BUILDING TOPS!

WHAM!

THERE'S **NOWHERE** YOU CAN HIDE FROM THE **SMASHER!**

WHAT?! YOU'RE **WAITING** FOR ME? YOU DIDN'T EVEN **TRY** TO RUN?

I HEARD YOU WERE **FEARLESS**-- NOT **STUPID!**

THAT **VOICE!** OF **COURSE!** HE'S THE GUY WHO STOPPED MATT MURDOCK ON THE STREET!

I WAS SO **PREOCCUPIED** I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED HE WASN'T AN AVERAGE CITIZEN!

HIS **HEARTBEAT** IS LIKE A BASS DRUM TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS--AND HE ISN'T EVEN **BREATHING** HARD AFTER SCALING THAT WALL! HE'S A **REAL POWERHOUSE!**

SUDDENLY...

BRRAKK!

THE JUMP IN HIS PULSE TELEGRAPHED THAT LUNGE, AND **STILL** HE ALMOST NAILED ME! HE'S **FAST!**

BLAST IT! MISSED!

YOU CALL YOURSELF THE **SMASHER,** HUH?

THE LAST MUSCLE-BOUND OAF BY THAT DUMB NAME WHO ATTACKED ME WAS WORKING FOR **DEATH-STALKER!*** WHAT'S **YOUR** EXCUSE?

*D.D. #138 --A.G.

UH-OH! STILL OFF-BALANCE, AND HE'S--

WHAM!

WHUFF!

YOU'RE REAL SHARP, JERK! I WORK FOR THE STALKER, TOO! I WAS **NOTHING** --A **NOBODY** TILL HE GAVE ME THIS **POWER**--

--AND ALL I GOTTA DO TO PAY HIM BACK IS *KILL* YOU!

=HUH-H= *WIND*... KNOCKED OUT OF ME! NEED A SECOND... TO CATCH... MY BREATH!

BILLY CLUB... ONLY CHANCE!

WHAT? YOU THINK THAT STUPID *STICK* OF YOURS CAN HURT ME, HORNHEAD?

RADAR SENSE... PINPOINTING THE RANGE! GOOD THING IT STOPPED *RAINING*!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR--*HUHN!?*

OBSERVE, BOZO, THAT MY "STUPID STICK" DOESN'T HAVE TO *HURT* YOU!

ALL IT HAS TO DO IS *TRIP* YOU!

HE FELL *HARD*, RIGHT ON HIS FACE, AND IT BARELY STUNNED HIM! BETTER KEEP *HITTING*--

OWW! MY HAND!

WOK!

THAT WAS DUMB! HIS CHIN IS *NOT* THE PLACE TO HIT!

THAT'S IT, LITTLE MAN! STAY IN RANGE FOR JUST A *SECOND*--

--'CAUSE I ONLY HAVE TO BELT YOU *ONCE*!

BROK!

OH-H!

HE TUMBLED OVER THE EDGE! I DID IT! I KILLED HIM! NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY SURVIVE THAT...

...FALL!

HEY! WHERE--WHERE DID HE GO? WHY ISN'T HIS BODY LYING ON THE STREET DOWN THERE?

BECAUSE I ROLLED WITH THAT SHOT...

...AND SWUNG AROUND BEHIND YOU AFTER I WAS OVER THE LEDGE, OUT OF SIGHT!

AND NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO GET A BIG SURPRISE!

I'LL JUST HOOK MY BILLY CLUB CABLE ONTO THAT HIGHER ROOF LEDGE ACROSS THE STREET...

YOO-HOO! SMASHER!

HUH? BEHIND ME--?!

YOU BET!

PRETTY TRICKY, HUH?

KRAK!

GNNGH!

WHA-BAM!

SO... YOU CAN BE HURT!

NOW... SHALL WE TALK?

ABOUT... WHAT? YOU... MESSED UP... DEATH-STALKER'S PLANS*--HE WANTS YOU... **DEAD!** HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME... TO HUNT YOU DOWN HIMSELF, SO HE MADE **ME!** I'M NOT GOING TO **FAIL** HIM!

SOON AS MY **HEAD** STOPS BUZZING... I'LL **KILL** YOU!

*LAST ISSUE--ARCH.

AND **THEN** WHAT? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT AS SOON AS DEATH-STALKER HAS NO MORE USE FOR YOU, HE'LL **DESTROY** YOU LIKE HE DESTROYED THE **LAST** SUCKER HE MADE INTO A "SMASHER"!*

I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE TOWN, **FAST!** VISIT SCENIC **BORNEO** OR **TIERRA DEL FUEGO**... AND **HIDE!**

NO! AFTER I CRUSH YOU THE STALKER WILL **REWARD** ME!

*GHOST RIDER #20 --A.G.

DREAM ON, SMASHER!

THINK THINGS OVER--BUT PARDON ME IF I DON'T HANG AROUND WHILE YOU DO!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T **LEAVE--!**

WHY **NOT?** YOU'RE NOT ROBBING ANY BANKS OR HURTING ANYBODY! YOU JUST WANT TO KILL **ME!**

IT SEEMS **STUPID** TO STAY TILL YOU GET TIRED OF TRYING--

--AND I'M JUST LIKE YOU **HEARD** I WAS--"FEARLESS, NOT STUPID"!

BLAST IT! I CAN'T DUPLICATE A STUNT LIKE **THAT!**

HE'LL BE OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE I REACH THE STREET!

BUT SOONER OR LATER, I'LL **GET** HIM!

SOON, SEVERAL MILES UPTOWN, AT THE **STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE**...

FOGGY'S SUPPOSED TO MEET MATT MURDOCK HERE IN A WHILE TO REVIEW A CASE WE'RE TRYING TOMORROW MORNING!

FOR TWO CENTS, I'D CALL HIM UP AND TELL HIM TO **FORGET** IT--BUT OUR CLIENTS ARE **DEPENDING** ON US!

BESIDES, I'M **BUSHED** FROM THAT FIGHT! I NEED A BREAK BEFORE I GO HUNTING KILLGRAVE AGAIN!

INSIDE...

IT'S A GOOD THING I KEEP A SPARE SUIT HERE IN THE STOREROOM FOR TIMES LIKE THIS!

THAT **SOUND**--! A KEY, TURNING IN THE LOCK... SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!

I'D RECOGNIZE THAT DUMPY RADAR IMAGE SILHOUETTE ANYWHERE--

--FOGGY'S **EARLY**! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM.'

HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M HERE! I GUESS I FORGOT TO TURN THE **LIGHTS** ON!

HMM! SOMETHING'S... **WRONG**! HE **SEEMS** CALM--HIS PULSE AND BREATHING SOUND NORMAL--AND YET...

THAT **PACKAGE** HE'S CARRYING--

MATT'S SUPER SENSES DISCERN THE **CONTENTS** OF FOGGY'S BUNDLE BEFORE IT IS **OPENED**.

YET HE REFUSES TO **BELIEVE**--

--UNTIL THE UNOBSCURED RADAR-IMAGE OF THE PISTOL **CONFIRMS** WHAT THE ACRID SCENTS OF GUN OIL AND CORDITE HAD SUGGESTED.

FOGGY THOUGHTFULLY WEIGHS THE WEAPON IN HAND, AS IF CALMLY CONTEMPLATING **MURDER**, AND MATT SENSES NOTHING TO **BELIE** THAT.

FOR A MOMENT FROZEN IN TIME, THE OMINOUS, BITTER STILLNESS IS **UNBROKEN**. THEN, RESTING THE GUN ON THE DESK BEFORE HIM, FOGGY DIALS THE **PHONE**, AND HIS PULSE BETRAYS RISING **ANXIETY**...

MR. HARRIS? THIS IS FRANKLIN NELSON!

HOW IS DEBBIE?

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO CHANCE, FOGGY! I'VE TALKED TO SEVERAL DOCTORS, OF COURSE! THEY ALL TELL ME DEBBIE'S STILL IN **SHOCK**--

--AND IT'S NO **WONDER**, SINCE SHE WAS HELD PRISONER SO **LONG** BY THAT DISGUSTING KIDNAPPER WHO WAS DOING MAXWELL GLENN'S DIRTY WORK!

"I KNOW THIS IS **HARD** ON YOU, SINCE YOU TWO WERE **ENGAGED**, BUT SHE REFUSES TO SEE OR TALK TO ANYONE! SHE... JUST SITS IN HER ROOM!

"SHE EVEN ASKED ME TO HIRE AN ARMED **SECURITY GUARD** TO STAND WATCH OUTSIDE HER DOOR --AND, WELL... SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL! NATURALLY, I'D DO **ANYTHING** TO MAKE HER FEEL SAFE!"

I... SEE! WELL, UH, GIVE HER MY **BEST**, SIR!

PARDON--? OH, NO, SIR--GLENN IS STILL IN JAIL! HE DIDN'T ACCEPT **BAIL**!

MAXWELL GLENN WILL **PAY**, ALL RIGHT... BUT NOT THE WAY EVERYONE **THINKS**!

I'LL FIND A WAY TO **GET** TO HIM, SOONER OR LATER, AND THEN...

IS THAT YOU, FOGGY?

HUH?! YOU!

YES, I'M **CERTAIN** HE'LL PAY FOR HIS CRIME! RIGHT... YOU, TOO, SIR... GOOD DAY!

JUST WHY WERE YOU **HIDING** IN THAT DARK ROOM?

I DIDN'T **KNOW** IT WAS DARK! I WAS READING SOME BRAILLE TRANSCRIPTS! I--I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN!

OH! OF... COURSE! I, UH...

I--I'M SORRY MATT!

WHAT'S THE **TROUBLE**, PARTNER? ANYTHING I CAN DO?

NO! NO, UH, NOTHING IS WRONG... EXCEPT THAT I'M PRETTY WORRIED ABOUT DEB!

I KNOW IT'S **SERIOUS**, FOGGY --BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T OVER-REACT! GIVE THINGS A CHANCE TO WORK THEMSELVES OUT!

SHE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME, MATT! I **KNOW** IT! SHE'S WALLING HERSELF OFF FROM THE WORLD... AND FROM ME!

ALL BECAUSE THAT **WORM**, MAXWELL GLENN, **USED** HER TO FORCE HER DAD INTO ILLEGAL BUSINESS DEALS!

ALL BECAUSE HE MADE HER SUFFER THROUGH AN ENDLESS, LIVING **HELL**! IF I HAD MY **HANDS** ON HIM--!

THE FACTS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY **SEEM**, FOGGY! BUT... I KNOW **EXACTLY** HOW YOU FEEL!

AW, COME **OFF** IT, MATT! THE ONLY WOMAN I'VE EVER REALLY BEEN CLOSE TO HAS LEFT ME... PROBABLY **FOREVER**!

MY WHOLE LIFE IS RUINED! HOW COULD **YOU** KNOW HOW I FEEL?

HOW COULD I--?

WHY, YOU LITTLE--! WHO THE **HELL** DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

UMMPH!

B-BUT-- BUT, MATT--!

MY LIFE HAS BEEN A **NIGHTMARE** SINCE ALL THIS STARTED! I DON'T **NEED** MORE GRIEF FROM YOU-- OR **ANYONE ELSE**!

I'M DOING ALL I **CAN**!

MINUTES LATER, ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP...

I SHOULDN'T HAVE LOST MY TEMPER! I UNDERSTAND HOW FOGGY FEELS! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE TRUTH!

HE'S AN INNOCENT VICTIM--A PAWN WHO'S BEEN SWEPT UP IN A GAME HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S BEEN DRIVEN TO THE BRINK--

--AND IT'S MY FAULT!

I SHOULD HAVE FOUND DEBBIE WEEKS EARLIER, BUT I KEPT LETTING OTHER MATTERS INTERFERE!

AND I'M THE ONE WHO LET THE PURPLE MAN SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS*, LEAVING MAXWELL GLENN NEATLY FRAMED--

*ISSUE #147--A.G.

--AND POOR HEATHER GRIEF-STRICKEN OVER HER FATHER'S "GUILT"!

ALL MY FRIENDS' LIVES ARE IN TURMOIL BECAUSE I FAILED THEM!

KILLGRAVE IS THE KEY TO ENDING ALL THIS GRIEF--

--AND I'M GOING TO GET HIM... OR DIE TRYING!

BUT AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR RENEWS HIS HUNT FOR THE PURPLE MAN, HE TOO IS BEING STALKED...

--SIGHTED TARGET HEADING SOUTH... 56th AND SEVENTH...

GOOD, GOOD! I'M ON MY WAY!

SECONDS LATER...

HMM... THAT CAB SEEMS TO BE IN AN AWFUL BIG HURRY! I WONDER WHY?

SQUEEEEEEE

THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY, YOU SCARLET CLOWN!

RR-RIP!

EEYOW! MY--MY CAB!

HIM AGAIN! I FORGOT ABOUT CHUCKLES!

HE MAKES HIMSELF HARD TO IGNORE!

COME DOWN HERE! GET DOWN OFF THAT MARQUEE AND FIGHT!

I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG!

YOU HAVE THE WRONG HERO, PAL! I'M NOT SPIDER-MA--

UHH!

MY ANKLE! I LANDED WRONG-- DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET MY BALANCE!

HE'S ATTACKING AGAIN... NOT LETTING UP FOR A SECOND!

WHOOSH!

GOT TO DUCK IN HERE!

=UFF= BARELY MADE IT! MY ANKLE'S SLOWING ME DOWN!

TAKE A LOOK AROUND, JERK! YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF REAL GOOD!

A BLIND ALLEY--NO WAY OUT!

SMASHER, IN A WAY YOU REMIND ME OF A PUDGY LITTLE LAWYER I KNOW--YOU'RE **ALSO** A PAWN IN A GAME YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU... BUT YOU'RE PUSHING ME **TOO FAR!**

YOU... WARNING **ME?**

WHAT A **JOKE!**

BLAAM!

HAH! YOU **BARELY** DUCKED THAT!

YOU'RE MOVING LIKE **MOLASSES,** HORNHEAD!

I **THOUGHT** I SAW YOU LIMPING, COMING IN HERE! YOU MUST HAVE HURT YOUR **LEG** JUMPING OFF THAT MARQUEE!

TOUGH!

KA-BOOM!

I'M GIVING YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO **THINK,** SMASHER! WHY IS IT YOU **TRUST** A SNAKE LIKE **DEATH-STALKER?**

FORGET IT, D.D.! YOU CAN'T **BLUFF** YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS!

YOU KNOW, TODAY WAS THE **WRONG DAY** TO ATTACK ME, CLOWN! I'VE PRETTY MUCH **USED UP** ALL MY PATIENCE ALREADY!

YOU'RE REALLY **NUTS!**

AHA! I **KNEW** YOU'D TRY TO FLIP THAT WAY!

MY **BELT--!** HE SNAGGED MY BILLY CLUB HOLSTER AND TORE IT OFF!

OWWW! MY ANKLE! THAT DOES IT--I CAN'T KEEP UP THE AROBATICS MUCH LONGER!

THIS IS IT!

YOU'RE DISARMED-- AND HELP-LESS!

ONE GOOD PUNCH WILL--

MISS BY A GNAT'S EYELASH-- BUT THAT'S ALL IT TAKES!

MY TURN!

THAM!

ARRH!

YOU--YOU HIT MY ELBOW--AND IT HURT!

I'LL GET YOU FOR--

NOPE! YOU'LL GET ANOTHER THUMP--

GUHH!

RRAK!

-- RIGHT SMACK WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST HARM!

HIS PULSE IS SO STRONG I CAN "READ" THE PRESSURE POINTS ON HIS BODY WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

KA-BRAK

NOBODY HURTS ME! I'M THE SMASHER! I'M INVINCIBLE! THE STALKER SAID SO!

CAN'T LEAP-- MY ANKLE--!

UHH!

THUD!

WHAP!

AMAZING! YOU DUCKED IN TIME-- BUT THE FRAGMENTS GOT YOU ON THE REBOUND!

IT'S OVER, JERK!

IMAGINE THE HEADLINES TOMORROW-- "DAREDEVIL FOUND CRUSHED TO DEATH BY GARBAGE BIN!" HAH!

DON'T COUNT YOUR DAREDEVILS TILL THEY'RE SMASHED, MISTER!

WHAT! PLAYING POSS--UHH!

WOK!

RIGHT! AND I JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU HAVE A SOFT SPOT UNDER YOUR CHIN!

AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!

HIS HEART IS LIKE A BIG, THUNDERING FOGHORN, GUIDING MY FIST TO THE EXACT POINT I WANT TO HIT--

WHUFF!

THUD!

-- A CRITICAL SPOT OVER HIS SOLAR PLEXUS-- ONE OF THE FEW PLACES THAT TANK-LIKE BODY OF HIS IS VULNERABLE!

N-NO! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN! H-HOW--?

DUM-DUM! HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU THINK I HAVE TO FIGHT SUPER-GOONS LIKE YOU BEFORE I FIGURE OUT HOW TO BEAT YOU?!

WHAK!

GNNGH!

IF THE STALKER WANTS ME DEAD, HE BETTER FIND SMARTER HIT-MEN!

BLANG!

HE WAS OUT ON HIS FEET-- BUT DROPPING THE DUMPSTER ON HIS OWN HEAD PUT HIM AWAY FOR SURE!

SOON...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE CAN'T HOLD HIM?

THERE'S NO JAIL ON EARTH THAT CAN KEEP DEATH-STALKER FROM GETTING TO HIM-- AND HIS PENALTY FOR FAILURE IS DEATH!

WELL, UNLESS YOU PRESS ASSAULT CHARGES, WE CAN'T HOLD HIM LONG ANY-WAY-- BUT WHAT IF HE COMES AFTER YOU AGAIN?

THERE'S A PENALTY FOR THAT, TOO!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH GRIEF FOR THE MOMENT! FOR HIS SAKE-- KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME!

NEXT: DAREDEVIL'S LANDMARK 150TH ISSUE, INTRODUCING THE POWER OF PALADIN AND POSSIBLY THE MOST SHATTERING SHOCK ENDING EVER!

DAREDEVIL®

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

SOME CALL HIM HERO--
SOME CALL HIM VILLAIN--
HE'S PALADIN
THE MAN-STALKER WITHOUT EQUAL! AND DAREDEVIL IS HIS PREY!

LANDMARK 150th ISSUE!

THE SHOCK YOU WON'T FORGET! THE TRAIL OF THE PURPLE MAN LEADS TO TRAGEDY AS DEATH STRIKES THOSE CLOSEST TO DAREDEVIL!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

CATASTROPHE!

IT IS MONDAY MORNING. FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AGO, THE **PURPLE MAN** SLIPPED THROUGH DAREDEVIL'S FINGERS, LEAVING IN HIS WAKE **CHAOS**, WHICH HAS ENGULFED THE LIVES OF THOSE **CLOSEST** TO THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER.

SINCE, THEN, HE HAS SEARCHED **RELENTLESSLY**, ALMOST WITHOUT PAUSE, FOR HIS MOST HATED ENEMY AND AN END TO HIS LOVED ONE'S GRIEF.

BUT MOMENTS AGO, PASSING BY THIS UPPER MANHATTAN HIGH SCHOOL, HIS KEEN SENSES ALERTED HIM TO **ANOTHER** TENSE DRAMA UNFOLDING INSIDE— AND DESPITE HIS OWN PRESSING CONCERNS, HE COULD NOT TURN AWAY.

COME BACK, D.D.! YOU'LL NEVER **MAKE** IT!

THAT SNIPER'S GOT A .**44 MAGNUM**! WHAT GOOD IS A **BILLY CLUB** AGAINST **THAT**?

JIM SHOOTER
WRITER
CARMINE INFANTINO
PENCILER
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INKER/COLORIST
DENISE WOHL
LETTERER
ARCHIE GOODWIN
EDITOR

WELL, OFFICER, MY BILLY CLUB MAY BE NO GOOD AT ALL AGAINST A .44...

...BUT I CAN TELL FROM OUR SNIPER'S HEARTBEAT AND SHALLOW BREATHING THAT HE'S JUST A KID-- HARDLY MORE THAN A LITTLE BOY!

HE'S OBVIOUSLY A BIT CONFUSED, HALF-CRAZY WITH FEAR-- AND THOUGH HE'S PLENTY DANGEROUS WHILE HE'S PACKING THAT GUN--

--HE'S WAY TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN A HAIL OF POLICE BULLETS!

AH! I'M PICKING UP HIS RADAR-IMAGE SILHOUETTE! HMM! SCRAWNY LITTLE GUY!

H-HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, DAREDEVIL!

WHY?

B-BECAUSE I WANT THEM TO KILL ME! GO AWAY!

HE'S FIRING!

POW!

NO NEED TO DODGE! FROM THE ANGLE OF THE GUN-BARREL HE'S AIMING WIDE... SO FAR!

THAT COULD MEAN HE CAN STILL BE REASONED WITH!

LOOK, SON, NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU WHILE I'M HERE! I CAN REMEMBER LOTS OF TIMES WHEN I WAS SCARED JUST LIKE YOU ARE!

YOU? SCARED?

NO... YOU'RE JUST SAYIN' THAT!

NOPE! I KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SOMETIMES I'VE WISHED IT WAS ALL OVER TOO!

HE'S SHOWING HIMSELF! QUICK! DUCK, DAREDEVIL!

FIRE, MEN! NAIL THAT SNIPER!

WHAT!? NO! DON'T!

HUH?

BUT WHEN I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE I LEARNED THAT THAT'S WHEN YOU HAVE TO DIG DOWN DEEP AND START AGAIN... AND TRY HARDER NO MATTER HOW BAD THINGS SEEM!

YOU--YOU WERE TRYING TO TRICK ME! YOU HATE ME JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!

I'LL KILL YOU!

AT THE FIRST MINUTE CLICK OF THE TRIGGER BEING PULLED, DAREDEVIL REACTS--

PTAK!

--SWINGING HIS BILLY CLUB WITH PERFECT TIMING AND FLAWLESS AIM BORN OF INSTINCT, HIS RADAR SENSE AND NO SMALL AMOUNT OF LUCK...

GOT IT! IT... WOULD HAVE DRILLED ME RIGHT BETWEEN MY EYES!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE--HE BATTED THE BULLET OUT OF THE AIR!

THEN...

CAN'T LET HIM SHOOT AGAIN!

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PULL THAT STUNT TWICE!

HAND WITH CARE

NO! NO! LET ME GO!

BLAM!

LET ME KILL MYSELF! I DON'T WANNA GO BACK HOME!

MOMMA SAYS THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MONEY TO FEED ALL OF US! SHE HATES ME! EVERYBODY HATES ME! LET ME KILL--

ENOUGH! NOW CALM DOWN AND LISTEN!

UHH!

WHAP!

FIRST, I DON'T HATE YOU... BELIEVE ME! AND THINGS ARE NEVER AS BAD AS THEY SEEM!

Y-YES!

YOU'VE JUST GOT TO KEEP TRYING! NEVER, EVER GIVE UP LIKE THAT AGAIN! HEAR?

YOU'RE CRAZY, D.D.! THEN AGAIN, I GUESS GRAND-STANDING IS YOUR IDEA OF FUN!

AT LEAST YOU GOT THE LITTLE DELINQUENT!

ALL RIGHT! GET HIM OUT OF HERE SO WE CAN OPEN THIS SCHOOL AGAIN!

HMMPH! THE JUDGE'LL PROBABLY TURN HIM OVER TO SOME MAMBY-PAMBY CASEWORKER--

--AND HE'LL BE BACK HERE IN A WEEK WHEN HE SHOULD BE SLAPPED IN A CAGE LIKE ANY OTHER GUN-HAPPY SCUM!

THAT DOES IT! I'VE HEARD ABOUT ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, MISTER! THE KID WAS ABOUT TO GIVE HIMSELF UP WHEN YOU SHOT OFF YOUR MOUTH AND ALMOST GOT ME KILLED!

H-HEY!

SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE THE GUN-HAPPY SCUM HERE! MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO BE CAGED!

I--I WAS JUST DOING MY JOB! HE COULD HAVE KILLED ONE OF MY MEN!

SECONDS LATER...

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER NIGHT SHOT, AND I'M NO CLOSER TO FINDING THE PURPLE MAN!

I'M A GOOD BIT CLOSER TO EXHAUSTION, THOUGH!

I GAVE THAT KID A GREAT SPEECH ABOUT NOT GIVING UP-- BUT I'M READY TO MYSELF!

SOON, AT MATT MURDOCK'S EAST-SIDE TOWNHOUSE...

I GUESS IT'S FOOLISH TO COME IN THE FRONT DOOR AS D.D.--BUT I DIDN'T SENSE ANY ONE ON THE STREET AND I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO BOTHER WITH MY SECRET SKYLIGHT ENTRANCE.

GOT TO TAKE A FEW MINUTES TO REST... THOUGH I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET FOGGY IN COURT IN AN HOUR!

TOO BAD I COULDN'T TELL THAT KID BACK THERE WHY I'M SO SURE I KNOW HOW HE FEELS! I WONDER IF HE'D BELIEVE THAT DAREDEVIL'S WHOLE LIFE WAS COLLAPSING--AND IT WAS HIS OWN FAULT!

I'M THE ONE WHO LET THE PURPLE MAN **ESCAPE** AFTER HE USED HIS **MIND-CONTROL** POWERS ON HEATHER GLENN'S FATHER, **FORCING** HIM TO KIDNAP **DEBBIE HARRIS** AND COMMIT OTHER CRIMES!

TALK ABOUT A NEAT **FRAME UP--!** EVEN GLENN **HIMSELF** THINKS HE'S **GUILTY** BECAUSE OF THE PURPLE MAN'S POWER OF SUGGESTION!

BECAUSE OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL **TORMENT** DEBBIE HARRIS SUFFERED WHILE SHE WAS HELD HOSTAGE, SHE'S BECOME A TOTAL **RECLUSE** AND CANCELLED HER ENGAGEMENT TO **FOGGY--**

--AND THAT'S TURNED MY BEST **FRIEND** INTO A HATE-FILLED **SHELL** OF A MAN WHO'D **MURDER** MAXWELL GLENN FOR **REVENGE** IF HE COULD!

AND HEATHER'S TEARING HERSELF **APART** OVER HER DAD'S "GUILT"!

GUESS I... SHOULD HAVE GONE TO ALL OF THEM AS **D.D.** -- TOLD THEM ENOUGH TO EASE THEIR MINDS! BUT... I THOUGHT I COULD FIND THE PURPLE MAN **QUICKLY,** SOLVE EVERYTHING!

AND I GUESS... I'M ALWAYS WORRIED THAT FOGGY WILL **FINALLY** SEE THROUGH MY DISGUISE... OR **HEATHER** WOULD RECOGNIZE ME--

--AND MAYBE **LEAVE** ME LIKE **KAREN PAGE** DID!

HMMPH! IT MAY NOT MATTER ANYWAY... IF I DON'T FIND... THE PURPLE MAN... BEFORE...

"...THE TRIAL OF MAXWELL GLENN."

GO ON, MORT!

SURE, I'M THE ACTUAL KIDNAPPER, BUT **HE'S** THE ONE WHO MADE ME **DO** IT-- **MAXWELL GLENN!**

GUILTY! GUILTY!

AND IN HER MIND, DEBBIE'S **STILL** AS TRAPPED AS **EVER,** RIGHT, MR. HARRIS?

YES, SHE EVEN ASKED ME TO HIRE **YOU--** AN ARMED **SECURITY AGENT** TO GUARD HER IN HER ROOM SO NO ONE CAN GET NEAR HER!

SHE'S **STILL** BEING HELD IN ISOLATION, IN A WAY!

YOUR HONOR, I MUST **PROTEST!** THE JURY IS MADE UP OF A DOZEN **FOGGY NELSONS!** AND THEY'RE **PREJUDICED!**

WORSE, ANOTHER FOGGY IS **ADVISING** DISTRICT ATTORNEY **TOWER!** IT-- IT ISN'T **FAIR!**

TRA-LA-LA! OH, MATT-- ISN'T THIS **SILLY?**

TOUGH BEANS, COUNSELOR! NOW IF THE JURY WILL SHUT UP, I'LL PASS SENTENCE!

WAIT! PLEASE! ALLOW ME ONE MORE WITNESS!

WHY? I'M GUILTY!

OH, WHAT THE HECK! I COULD USE A LAUGH!

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR!

THE DEFENSE CALLS TO THE STAND--

HMMPH! HIM!

YES! DAREDEVIL!

I DON'T *LIKE* HIM! BESIDES HE'S WEARING A *MASK*!

PLEASE... HEAR HIM OUT, YOUR HONOR!

D.D., DO YOU KNOW WHO IS *REALLY* BEHIND GLENN'S ALLEGED CRIMES?

SURE DO!

IT WAS THE *PURPLE MAN*! GLENN IS *INNOCENT*! THE PURPLE MAN WAS CONTROLLING HIS *MIND*!

PREPOSTEROUS!

NOT SO, MR. HARRIS! HE CONTROLLED YOU *TOO*! AT FIRST, INDIRECTLY, BY HAVING GLENN KIDNAP *DEBBIE*--

--AND LATER, AFTER YOUR DAUGHTER WAS RESCUED AND GLENN WAS *JAILED*, HE CONTROLLED YOUR MIND *PERSONALLY*!

B-BUT I DON'T REMEMBER BEING CONTROLLED, OR EVEN *SEEING* A PURPLE MAN!

HARRIS HAS A POINT! WHY DON'T HE AND GLENN REMEMBER?

C'MON, TOWER! OBVIOUSLY, THE PURPLE MAN ORDERED THEM TO FORGET!

HMM! CLEVER GUY, THAT PURPLE MAN!

I'LL SHUT THAT SCARLET CLOWN UP!

BUT YOU REMEMBER HIM, HUH?

SURE, I REMEMBER!

WHAK

I FOUGHT HIM! I CAN RESIST HIS WILL!

H-HEY! I--I WAS JUST DOING MY JOB.

OKAY!

WHY WAIT FOR THE SENTENCE? I WANT IT TO END NOW!

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU ALONE CAN RESIST THE PURPLE MAN'S POWER?

BECAUSE IT'S ABSURD! HOW COULD YOU DO WHAT NO ONE ELSE COULD?

WHY NOT? IT'S THE TRUTH!

WHY CAN'T YOU TAKE MY WORD?

BESIDES, YOU COULD BE ANYBODY UNDER THAT MASK! WHY SHOULD THE COURT TRUST YOU IF WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL REVEAL WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW--

--THOUGH IT WILL GIVE MY ENEMIES A HUGE ADVANTAGE OVER ME FROM NOW ON!

THE FACT IS-- I AM BLIND!

THOUGH I HAVE OTHER SENSES THAT GUIDE ME, I CAN'T SEE--AND THAT HAS HELPED ME CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO RESIST THE PURPLE MAN!

AND AS FOR WHO I AM--

--I'M MATT MURDOCK--THE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE!

I'M AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN--A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER! DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?

YOU--YOU MUST! I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!

DAREDEVIL! NOBODY CARES! THEY'RE ALL LEAVING!

TRA-LA-LA!

I--I DID MY BEST!

WHY--? WHY WOULDN'T THEY LISTEN TO US, MATT?

STUPID! WHY SHOULD THEY LISTEN TO YOU--?

--WHEN, OF COURSE, THEY WERE ALL LISTENING TO ME!

THE PURPLE MAN!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T--

WHA--? I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP. IT WAS ONLY... A DREAM!

RING! RING! RING!

HUH? THE PHONE!

THIS IS FOGGY! WHY THE HELL WEREN'T YOU IN COURT? I HAD TO BEG THE JUDGE FOR A POST-PONEMENT!

I, UH... I'M SORRY. I WAS--

SAVE THE EXCUSE! I DON'T CARE! I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU LATELY, MATT! CLICK

MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN IN A SHABBY HOTEL ROOM...

MORT, YOU'RE $50,000 SHORT!

I--I'M SORRY! IT'S ALL I COULD RAISE!

I SOLD MY HOUSE... MY CAR... EVERYTHING! PLEASE...

ALL RIGHT! I SHOULDN'T DO THIS, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR $450,000! THIS CASE INTRIGUES ME! I NEVER WORKED FOR AN INDICTED KIDNAPPER BEFORE!

THANKS...

...I THINK! THAT'S EVERYTHING I OWN. I HOPE HE CAN DO THE JOB!

LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS...

THAT UNSCHEDULED SLEEP I GOT TODAY DID ME A WORLD OF GOOD!

EVEN THOUGH FOGGY'S ANGRY AT ME NOW, MY MIND FEELS CLEAR FOR A CHANGE--

--AND I REALIZED WHAT A JERK I'VE BEEN!

I DON'T HAVE TO JEOPARDIZE MY PRECIOUS SECRET TO TELL HEATHER, FOGGY AND MAXWELL GLENN THE TRUTH!

IF I DON'T FIND THE PURPLE MAN TONIGHT I'LL SIMPLY GO TO THEM AS MATT TOMORROW--

--AND SAY DAREDEVIL TOLD ME GLENN'S BEING FRAMED!

AT LEAST THAT WAY I CAN PUT THEIR MINDS AT EASE WHILE I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR--EH?

I'M PICKING UP THE SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE BEHIND ME!

GOOD OLD, EVER-ALERT, OMNI DIRECTIONAL RADAR-SENSE... PATENT PENDING!

HMM! HE DUCKED AROUND THIS CORNER AND NOW HE'S GONE!

CAN HE KNOW I'M FOLLOWING HIM?

HE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN ME-- UNLESS HE HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

THEN AGAIN, IF THE ENEMY ISN'T IN FRONT OF YOU, CHANCES ARE--

WHA--? MISSED! HE LEAPED ASIDE AT THE LAST INSTANT!

SO! HE DID DOUBLE BACK! HE'S NO AMATEUR! GOOD THING I DECIDED TO MOVE JUST THEN!

ALL RIGHT, CLOWN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SNEAKING UP ON ME?

ARE YOU ANOTHER ONE OF DEATH-STALKER'S ASSASSINS?*

MY EMPLOYER'S IDENTITY IS CONFIDENTIAL, OF COURSE

*D.D. BATTLED SUCH AN ASSASSIN, THE SMASHER, LAST ISSUE--ARCH.

I... AM PALADIN!

I BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE SOME INFORMATION I'LL FIND USEFUL!

I'D PREFER TO HAVE A PLEASANT CHAT OVER DRINKS AT THE PLAZA-- BUT I CAN SEE YOU INTEND TO BE DIFFICULT--

--FOR A FEW SECONDS!

PALADIN... I'VE HEARD OF HIM! HE'S A MERCENARY --A PRIVATE IN-VESTIGATOR AND GUN-FOR-HIRE ONLY TO THE VERY RICH!

YEEOW! A--A BLAST RAY! IT MISSED BY A HAIR!

BRAK!

HE'S OBVIOUSLY A CRACK SHOT-- AND HE MUST HAVE REFLEXES LIKE A MONGOOSE!

OF COURSE I'M NOT EXACTLY A MUG-WUMP EITHER!

UHHF!

NOT BAD, HORNHEAD-- BUT I SAW IT COMING IN TIME TO ROLL WITH IT!

HE'S COMING UP FIRING! GOT TO SEPARATE HIM FROM THAT GUN!

HAH! THAT'LL MISS BY A MILE!

COME ON... GIVE ME SOME CREDIT! I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR A WHILE, YOU KNOW!

WHA--?

WOK!

NOW... BEFORE HE CAN OUTMANEUVER ME WITH THAT UNCANNY QUICKNESS--

THUD!

THIS COSTUME IS PADDED AND PARTIALLY ARMORED TO DEFLECT BULLETS! DO YOU THINK YOUR FISTS CAN HURT ME?

MAYBE NOT... BUT A BACKWARD TRIP DOWN THIS STAIRWELL JUST MIGHT!

SECONDS LATER...

--NEVER CRIED SO MUCH AS I DID AT "SAME TIME NEXT YEAR". I WISH "A CHORUS LINE" WASN'T STILL SOLD... OUT...

OH!

WHAK!

CRASH!

--FOOL TO TRY SLUGGING IT OUT WITH ME! I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF THREE MEN!

I ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS, DAREDEVIL, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE TO SURRENDER!

YOU'LL WAKE UP LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF MY GUN ...AND THEN YOU'LL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!

I--I'D RATHER NOT...

UHHH!

...SO I THINK I'LL TAP DANCE ON YOUR CHIN, INSTEAD, OKAY?

WHEW! HE'S TOUGH--

--BUT, AT LEAST I'M ON MY FEET AGAIN! IF ONLY MY SHOULDER WASN'T STILL SORE FROM THAT BULLET WOUND LAST WEEK!*

THAT DID IT, YOU SCARLET CL--

WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE WE?

GOOD GRIEF! I THINK WE'RE IN... THE YWCA?

*D.D.#146--ARCH.

HELLO, LADIES! I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS INTRUSION!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE OUT-OF-TOWN VISITORS. WELCOME TO *NEW YORK!* ARE YOU ENJOYING YOUR STAY SO FAR?

Y-YES!

TERRIFIC! WHILE YOU'RE HERE, BE SURE TO TRY THE ESCALLOPINE VEAL AT *21!* BY THE WAY, WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

INDIANAPOLIS!

I... DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

INDIANAPOLIS! WHY, I WAS THERE ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO! I HAD DINNER AT THE *BEEF BARON ROOM!*

WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? I'M *PALADIN!*

I'M SANDY!

CONNIE! PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

MY PLEASURE! MY... *FRIEND* AND I MUST BE GOING NOW! TA-TA!

SOON...

CHARMING YOUNG LADIES, EH, HORNHEAD?

DO YOU GENERALLY TAKE TIME OUT DURING FIGHTS TO FLIRT WITH GIRLS?

NATURALLY! I NEVER LET BUSINESS INTERFERE WITH PLEASURE!

HMM! HE'S *UP* TO SOMETHING! HIS PULSE RATE IS RISING...

JUST WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?

WINNING, OF COURSE!

I'M *SURPRISED* AT YOU, D.D.! YOU SHOULD HAVE *REMEMBERED* THAT MY BLASTER WAS STILL LYING HERE ON THE ROOF!

GUESS WHAT, PALADIN!

I DID REMEMBER!

HOW THE DEVIL--?!

THAT-- THAT ISN'T FAIR!

THWOK!

VOOT!

I DID IT WITH MY WIDDLE BILLY CLUB CABLE... AND IT'S AS "FAIR" AS ALL OF YOUR SNEAKY TRICKS!

NICE GUN!

THANKS! IT ONLY WORKS FOR ME!

REALLY?

MAYBE I'LL HAVE IT MADE INTO A LAMP!

WANT TO TALK?

I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH--I'VE BEEN HIRED TO HUNT DOWN THE PURPLE MAN!

MY UNDER-WORLD CONTACTS TELL ME YOU'RE ON HIS TRAIL, TOO!

SO... YOU THOUGHT I MIGHT LEAD YOU TO HIM, HUH? FAT CHANCE! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE TO HIS WHEREABOUTS!

BUT... WHO HIRED YOU? WHO BESIDES ME BELIEVES THE PURPLE MAN IS STILL ALIVE?

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, D.D. -- BUT PROFESSIONAL ETHICS STRICTLY PROHIBIT BREACH OF CONFIDENCE!

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!

TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR OUR FAVORITE VIOLET VERMIN?

IT'S... A LONG STORY!

AND ONE I CAN'T TELL IN FULL WITH-OUT SPILLING MY REAL IDENTITY!

CATCH!

WHAT? YOU'RE RETURNING MY GUN?

WHY NOT? I DON'T REALLY NEED A LAMP!

SEE YOU AROUND!

YES?

HOLD IT RIGHT *THERE*, DAREDEVIL!

JUST WANTED TO SAY... YOU'RE A HELL OF A MAN!

THANKS!

HE'S GOT MORE COOL THAN *DRY ICE!* HE *KNEW* I WASN'T GOING TO FIRE!

IT'S AS IF HE *SENSED* IT SOMEHOW! THERE'S MORE TO THAT MAN THAN MEETS THE EYE!

I GET THE FEELING THIS IS FATE'S WAY OF *LAUGHING* AT ME!

SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEWHERE KNOWS THE PURPLE MAN IS ALIVE! THAT PERSON COULD BE THE WITNESS I NEED TO SUPPORT MY TESTIMONY AT MAXWELL GLENN'S TRIAL!

BUT UNLESS I KNOW *WHO*, IT'S JUST A CRUEL *JOKE*-- A LURE DANGLING JUST OUT OF REACH!

I HAVE NO MORE CHANCE OF FINDING *HIM*... THAN I HAVE OF FINDING THE *PURPLE MAN*--

--AND I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THAT'S *ZERO!* HE'S HOLED UP BUT *GOOD!*

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME I *FACED* THE TRUTH!

NEXT QUESTION: WHERE DOES *THAT* LEAVE ME?

DAWN FOLLOWS EVEN THE DARKEST OF NIGHTS--

--AND NEXT MORNING, AT RYKER'S ISLAND PRISON...

HELLO, DADDY! IT'S ME, HEATHER!

YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'TCHA? YOUR OWN DING-A-LING DAUGHTER?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ALL THE DUMB THINGS I'VE BEEN UP TO! EVEN I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW SILLY I AM SOMETIMES!

DADDY--?

I--I WENT SHOPPING YESTERDAY, AND I S-SAW THIS SWEATER I L-LIKED... AND I BOUGHT IT... BUT IT TURNED OUT ALREADY... H-HAVE ONE JUST L-LIKE--

OH, DADDY, WHY DO SHUT ME OUT THIS WAY?

I--I WANT TO HELP YOU!

HEATHER, PLEASE... LEAVE ME **ALONE**! I'M NOT **WORTH** WASTING YOUR TIME! I'M NO **GOOD**! I'M A CRIMINAL! I **DESERVE** TO SUFFER FOR WHAT I DID!

NO, DADDY, DON'T **SAY** THAT! YOU'RE A **GOOD** MAN! YOU MADE A MISTAKE--

--BUT I STILL **LOVE** YOU!

DADDY? DADDY I--I CAN FEEL YOU GROWING **COLD** AGAIN... DRAWING AWAY FROM ME! P-PLEASE... DON'T!

I, CAN'T BEAR IT IF YOU **REJECT** ME! I'M NOT THAT **STRONG**!

PLEASE!

HEARTBROKEN, HEATHER TURNS TO LEAVE, BLINDED BY TEARS--

--WHILE SOMETHING STIRS DEEP WITHIN MAXWELL GLENN'S SOUL-- A DESPERATE CONSUMING **NEED** GONE UNFULFILLED. HIS HEART REACHES OUT TO HER, BEGGING HER TO COME BACK-- BUT THE PLEA ON HIS LIPS IS SILENCED BY HIS GUILT.

SOON AT HEATHER GLENN'S APARTMENT...

I HOPE HEATHER GETS BACK SOON... BEFORE I LOSE MY NERVE!

HMMPH! NO... I'VE GOT TO REVEAL TO HER MATT IS D.D.! IT'LL BE BETTER THIS WAY--

-- ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M CERTAIN DAREDEVIL WILL BE FORCED TO UNMASK IN COURT-- JUST LIKE IN MY NIGHTMARE!

BETTER FOR HEATHER TO LEARN NOW, BEFORE ALL THAT. BETTER TO TELL HER THE WHOLE STORY! FOGGY, TOO! I CAN'T LET HIM TEAR HIMSELF APART WITH HATE FOR GLENN ANY LONGER. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND! I SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED HIM LONG AGO!

HMM! I SENSE A CAB PULLING UP! MUST BE HEATHER!

LATER, I'LL GO OUT TO RYKER'S ISLAND AS D.D. AND EXPLAIN TO MAXWELL GLENN HIMSELF THAT HE WAS BEING USED BY THE PURPLE MAN! IT'LL BE HARD TO CONVINCE HIM-- BUT I'LL HAVE TO! HE'S SUFFERED TOO LONG WITH HIS "GUILT" ALREADY!

RING RING

RING RING

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY VERY DETERMINED IS TRYING TO PHONE HEATHER!

ON IMPULSE, MATT ANSWERS THE PERSISTENT CALL--

"--AND HIS GREETING IS RETURNED BY A DEEP BUT SLIGHTLY SUBDUED VOICE: "HELLO, THIS IS THE WARDEN OF THE RYKER'S ISLAND CORRECTIONAL FACILITY! MAY I SPEAK TO HEATHER GLENN?"

"UH, HEATHER GLENN ISN'T HERE AT THE MOMENT! THIS IS MATT MURDOCK..."

DARN KEYS!

"OH! I'VE HEARD OF YOU MR. MURDOCK! YOU'RE MS. GLENN'S ATTORNEY I-- I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU..."

"TELL ME WHAT?"

WELL... YOU SEE, SIR... HEATHER'S FATHER MAXWELL GLENN COMMITTED SUICIDE THIS MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER SHE LEFT! HE'S... DEAD!

CLICK!

MATT? IS THAT YOU?

WE WARN YOU-- DO NOT MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!

DAREDEVIL®

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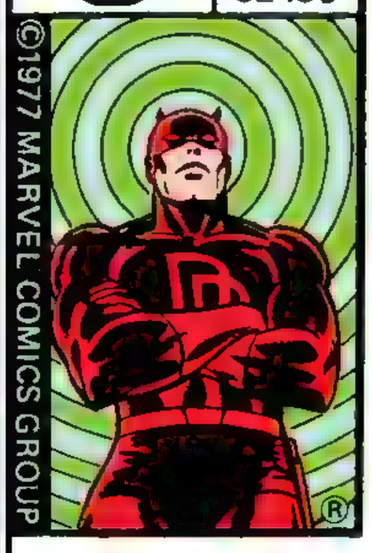

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MY FATHER'S BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS!

HE'S DEAD! AND YOU KILLED HIM!

DAREDEVIL UNMASKED! YOU DARE NOT MISS-- CRISIS!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

GIL KANE & JIM SHOOTER - PLOT * ROGER McKENZIE - SCRIPT * GIL KANE & KLAUS JANSON - ART * BRUCE-LETTERS KLAUS-COLORS * ARCHIE GOODWIN - EDITING

CRISIS!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: UNDER THE UNCANNY INFLUENCE OF **KILLGRAVE**--**THE PURPLE MAN**--MAXWELL GLENN ARRANGED THE **KIDNAPPING** OF DEBBIE HARRIS...

...HOWEVER, WHEN **DAREDEVIL** RESCUED THE HAPLESS GIRL, KILLGRAVE FLED--LEAVING BEHIND AN **INNOCENT** MAXWELL GLENN FULLY BELIEVING IN HIS OWN **GUILT**.

MATT? IS THAT **YOU**--

--MATT?

SO MATT MURDOCK CAME HERE--TO **HEATHER GLENN'S** APARTMENT--TO PROVE TO THE WOMAN HE **LOVES** THAT HER FATHER HAS BEEN WRONGLY IMPRISONED. EVEN IF, BY DOING SO, HE MUST **REVEAL** THAT DAREDEVIL AND HE ARE **ONE** AND THE **SAME**.

BUT A TERSE **PHONE CALL** HAS JUST ALTERED MATTERS... **TRAGICALLY!**

DID YOU **HEAR** ME, MR. MURDOCK? MAXWELL GLENN COMMITTED **SUICIDE**-- H-HE'S DEAD!

MATT--THAT COSTUME?! I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

Y-YOU'RE NOT...YOU COULDN'T BE!

HEATHER, PLEASE, LET ME EXPLAIN!

EXPLAIN? HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY EXPLAIN THAT MATT MURDOCK, THE MAN I THOUGHT I KNEW... AND LOVED...

...IS DAREDEVIL--

--THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF MY FATHER?!

THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO...TO HELP ME...WHEN I NEEDED HIS HELP MOST!

IT ISN'T LIKE THAT, HEATHER...

...YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME.

H-HOW, MATT? TELL ME, AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, HOW CAN I?

SURE, MURDOCK, GO AHEAD. ANSWER HER

YOU'RE A LAWYER. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW ALL THE RIGHT WORDS.

TELL HER YOU FAILED HER...AND MAXWELL GLENN... AND JUST ABOUT EVERY-ONE WHO'S EVER MEANT ANYTHING TO YOU!

TELL HER HOW YOU LET THE PURPLE MAN SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. YOU BLEW IT, HERO, BUT GOOD. AND WORSE, YOU'VE CAUSED INNOCENT PEOPLE TO SUFFER NEEDLESSLY BECAUSE OF IT.

FOR UNBEARABLY LONG MINUTES A YOUNG WOMAN'S TORTURED SOBBING FILLS HER APARTMENT. AND WHEN MATT FINALLY SPEAKS HIS VOICE IS COLD.

COLD...AND LIFELESS...

HEATHER...

...I DISCOVERED THAT YOUR FATHER WAS *INNOCENT.* GIVEN ENOUGH TIME, I COULD HAVE *PROVEN* IT.

I-INNOCENT?

TH-THEN THERE'S STILL *HOPE* ISN'T THERE, MATT?

DAD'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T HE?

I WISH THERE WERE SOME *EASY* WAY TO SAY THIS, DARLING, BUT THERE ISN'T.

THERE WAS A PHONE CALL...FROM THE *WARDEN* AT RYKER'S ISLAND...

...AND HE TOLD ME THAT... THAT YOUR FATHER...COMMITTED *SUICIDE* THIS MORNING. HEATHER, I'M SORRY...

S-SUI-- OH, NO... OH, NO... OH, NO...

HEATHER... I KNOW...HOW YOU MUST FEEL, I--

DON'T TOUCH ME!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

AND DON'T YOU EVER...EVER... TOUCH ME AGAIN! THIS'S YOUR FAULT... ALL...YOUR FAULT! MY FATHER'S DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU!

BUT--BUT--

I HATE YOU, MATT! DO YOU HEAR? I HATE YOU!!

GET OUT OF HERE, MISTER! JUST... GET OUT!

"GET OUT!"

H-HEATHER--?

KA-SLAM!

WHY, MATT... WHY?

WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?

BUT MS. GLENN ISN'T THE ONLY ONE ASKING THAT QUESTION...

...IT'S ALSO FOREMOST IN THE PAIN-WRACKED MIND OF A CERTAIN BLIND ADVENTURER...

WHY? WHY DID IT HAVE TO TURN OUT THIS WAY?

GOT TO GO HOME... THINK THIS OUT!

M-MY WHOLE WORLD'S FALLING APART...

...AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP IT!

KA-TWANGGG

NOTHING!

NOTHING!

NOTHING!

I'VE...HAD IT! I JUST CAN'T GO ON!

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL!

DAREDEVIL-- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! WHAT A LAUGH...

...WHAT A LOUSY, STINKING JOKE!

I'VE RISKED MY LIFE MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO REMEMBER. BUT FOR WHAT?

I LOST EVERY-THING... AND EVERY-ONE...THAT EVER MEANT ANYTHING AT ALL TO ME!

I--I'M THROUGH-- I SWEAR IT...

...DAREDEVIL IS NO MORE!

BLAST IT! THIS'S ALL YOUR FAULT, MURDOCK!

KER SMASH

YOU WANTED TO PLAY THE HERO...

...AND IT'S COST YOU DEARLY!

MAXWELL GLENN IS DEAD, BECAUSE OF YOU!

I-- ONLY WANTED TO HELP, BUT INSTEAD, I FAILED EVERYONE WHO EVER MEANT ANYTHING AT ALL TO ME!

HEATHER... FOGGY... EVEN DEBBIE HARRIS... I FAILED THEM ALL! AND I'VE NO ONE TO BLAME... EXCEPT MYSELF...

AND SO...

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS THE WHOLE BLAMED WORLD'S GONE *BANANAS*--

--FIRST GLENN *KIDNAPS* MY FIANCEE FOR NO APPARENT REASON ...IS FINALLY *CAPTURED* BY DD... AND THEN, TWO DAYS AGO, COMMITS *SUICIDE!*

BUT TO TOP IT ALL OFF, I HAVEN'T *HEARD* FROM MATT IN DAYS--NOT EVEN SO MUCH AS A *PHONE CALL!*

AFTERNOON, MR. NELSON.

I JUST CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING SOMETHING'S *WRONG...*

...AND I FULLY INTEND TO FIND OUT *WHAT!*

NOK

NOK

MAYBE MATT AND ME HAVEN'T BEEN ON THE *BEST* OF TERMS LATELY, BUT WE'VE STILL BEEN *FRIENDS* NEARLY AS LONG AS I CAN *REMEMBER.*

THAT *HAS* TO COUNT FOR *SOMETHING!*

NOK

NOK

OH, IT'S *YOU*, MR. NELSON. I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE HE--HE WAS *AT IT* AGAIN!

"HE"? "AT IT"?

WHO-WEE! SUCH *SCREAMIN'* AND *SHOUTIN'* YOU NEVER HEARD! AND MATTHEW WAS ALWAYS SUCH A *QUIET* YOUNG MAN!

I KNEW IT! I JUST *KNEW* IT! C'MON, MATT...

BAM

BAM

...OPEN...

...THE...

...D-DOOR.

MATT!

I-IT'S ME... FOGGY! CAN I COME...

...IN?

WHAT THE DEVIL--? I SEE IT...

...B-BUT I SURE DON'T BELIEVE IT! THIS APARTMENT'S A SHAMBLES--

--AND MATT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE IN MUCH BETTER SHAPE! H-HE LOOKS LIKE HE HASN'T SLEPT IN DAYS!

O.K., MATT-- DON'T YOU THINK YOU OWE ME AN EXPLANATION? IF THERE'S SOME KIND OF TROUBLE...AS YOUR PARTNER ... I FEEL I HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW!

MATT, WHAT I'M *TRYING* TO SAY IS YOU'VE GOT *FRIENDS*...PEOPLE WHO *CARE* ABOUT YOU.

WE COULD *HELP*--IF YOU'D LET US.

AND, MATT, THE FUNERAL'S *TOMORROW.*

I'LL BE THERE... EVEN AFTER WHAT HE'S *DONE* TO DEBBIE...AND TO *ME!* I DON'T THINK I COULD EVER *FORGIVE* HIM THAT...

...BUT AT LEAST I CAN TRY TO PUT IT ALL *BEHIND* ME. I MEAN WE HAVE TO GO ON *LIVING*, RIGHT?

MATT? HAVE YOU *HEARD* A WORD I'VE SAID?

WHAT? UH... *RIGHT*, FOGGY.

GOOD! THEN I'LL SEE YOU LATER--AT THE *STOREFRONT.* A LITTLE *WORK* OUGHT TO BE JUST WHAT YOU *NEED.*

I'LL BE *EXPECTING* YOU, MATT, SO DON'T LET ME DOWN, BUDDY...

...NOT AGAIN!

THE WORDS ARE **WHISPERED**, BUT EVEN THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR THEY BOOM LIKE **SHOTGUN** BLASTS TO MATT MURDOCK'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS.

THE WORDS ARE **WHISPERED**, BUT STILL THEY **HURT!**

AND SO, A FEW HOURS **LATER**, AT STOREFRONT LEGAL SERVICES, A TROUBLED MAN MERELY GOES THROUGH THE **MOTIONS**...

WONDER WHAT'S EATIN' **MR. MURDOCK?**

MATT! LOOK OUT!

THWACK

YOU ALL RIGHT, BUDDY? MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO **SIT DOWN**--

I DIDN'T MENTION IT **BEFORE**, MATT... BUT I GUESS YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO **KNOW** SOONER OR LATER.

HEATHER'S **GONE**... VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE.

H-HEATHER? BUT **HOW**? **WHEN**?

I'M **SORRY**, MATT... BUT I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING **SERIOUS**.

SHE'S BOUND TO SHOW... FOR THE **FUNERAL**. LOOK, MATT, IT'S GETTING **LATE**. WHAT SAY YOU PACK IT IN?

--MEANWHILE POLICE HAVE CORDONED OFF THE **HIJACKED BUS**, BUT ARE UNABLE TO HALT ITS MAD FLIGHT THROUGH DOWNTOWN **MANHATTAN**...

...FOR FEAR OF **ENDANGERING** THE HOSTAGES!

GO HOME... GET SOME **REST**. I'LL DROP BY AFTER I'VE WRAPPED THINGS UP HERE.

AND MATT... BE **CAREFUL**.

I'VE **NEVER** SEEN MATT LIKE **THIS** BEFORE. HE SEEMS SO... SO **DEFEATED**, ALMOST AS IF HE'D LOST THE WILL TO **LIVE**

MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, A DIFFERENT SORT OF **DRAMA** UNFOLDS.

THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN **NOW**... DURING **RUSH HOUR**! WE'LL NEVER GET THIS **TRAFFIC** CLEARED OUTTA HERE!

IT DON'T SEEM WE GOT MUCH **CHOICE**, BURKETT--

'CAUSE THAT BUS **AIN'T STOPPIN'** FOR NOTHIN'!

MISTER, KEEP THAT **PEDAL** TO THE FLOOR--AND THIS BUS POINTED TOWARD **LA GUARDIA**...

... AND YOU MIGHT JUST GET OUTTA THIS IN **ONE** PIECE!

C'MON! **MOVE** IT UP THERE AWREADY!

HONK HONK

AFTER **THIS** LITTLE CAPER, THE WHOLE BLAMED WORLD'S GONNA HAVE TO TAKE NOTICE OF OUR **PROBLEMS** ...AND LISTEN TO OUR **DEMANDS**!

PERHAPS...

...IF ONLY THE **WORLD** IN GENERAL--AND A CERTAIN BLIND **ADVENTURER** IN PARTICULAR--DIDN'T ALREADY HAVE **PROBLEMS** ENOUGH.

OH, MY--! T-THAT KID! WE'RE GONNA **HIT** THAT KID!

YOU SO MUCH AS **SLOW** THIS CRATE DOWN, PAL, AND I GUARANTEE YOU'RE **DEAD MEAT**! YOU GOT THAT?

THUMP

THWUMP

WHITEFACED...

...THE DRIVER OF THE COMMANDEERED BUS MAKES NO REPLY. OR, IF HE DOES, IT IS **LOST** FOREVER IN THE SICKENING, HOLLOW **CRUSH** OF STEEL AGAINST FLESH AND BONE...

HUH?

AND, FOR THE **FIRST TIME** IN DAYS, MATT MURDOCK ASKS HIMSELF...

"...**WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?**"

THO SIGHTLESS, MATT IS MOMENTARILY OVERWHELMED BY THE SUDDEN, TOTAL **INPUT** OF HIS REMAINING, HYPERACTIVE **SENSES**...

...DARK IMAGES OF A **RUNAWAY BUS**... A SMALL FIGURE SPRAWLED **BROKENLY** IN THE STREET... THE THROB OF A POWERFUL **ENGINE** AND THE PUNGENT STENCH OF **DIESEL FUEL**...

...THEN IT ALL HITS **HOME!**

IT'S A CHILD--AND HE'S BEEN **HURT**--BAD! HEART BEAT'S **FAINT** AND ERRATIC... BODY HEAT'S **DROP**. **PING** FAST... HE'S GOING INTO **SHOCK!**

BUT EVEN AS MATT SPRINTS **FORWARD** HE HEARS, FROM THE GATHERING CROWD BEHIND HIM, A SINGLE MURMURED **WORD**: "HIJACKERS"! AND HIS BLOOD RUNS **COLD**...

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO **BLIND!?**

HOW?

BACK **OFF**, MISTER! GIVE THAT KID SOME **AIR!**

I'LL TAKE **OVER** NOW!

BLIND. THE WORD TAKES HIM BACK. BACK TO **ANOTHER** STREET YEARS BEFORE...

...BACK TO A SCENE MUCH THE **SAME** AS THIS. ONLY THEN IT HAD BEEN A **TRUCK**, RUMBLING OUT OF CONTROL. A TRUCK TRANSPORTING **RADIOACTIVE** MATERIALS...

...A DEADLY, BURNING **CANNISTER** THAT STRUCK HIM AND SEARED THE **SIGHT** FROM HIS EYES...

...LEAVING, IN ITS STEAD, AN AMAZING RADAR SENSE...

SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!

...AND IT IS THAT WHICH GUIDES HIM UNERRINGLY AWAY FROM THE MILLING CROWD...

...AROUND... OR OVER... ALL OBSTACLES...

...UNTIL HE REACHES THIS DARK, SECLUDED ALLEYWAY WHERE HE QUICKLY SHEDS HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS...

...TO REVEAL AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR COSTUME. ONE HE SWORE ONCE, IN ANGER, NEVER TO WEAR AGAIN...

...BUT IT IS AN ANGER THAT HAS NOW COME FULL CIRCLE...

...AND IT IS NOT MATT MURDOCK WHO VAULTS EFFORTLESSLY TO THE SOOTY ROOFTOPS...

...RATHER, IT IS...

DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

...WHO, ALMOST WITHOUT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, FOLLOWS THE WAFTING SCENT OF A PARTICULAR DIESEL EXHAUST ACROSS MANHATTAN'S SPRAWUNG SKYLINE...

... UNTIL, FAR BELOW, HE HEARS THE MOURNFUL DIRGE OF POLICE SIRENS... THE BONE-RATTLING THUMP OF RUBBER AGAINST POTHOLED ASPHALT...

...AND SENSES -- RATHER THAN SEES -- TWENTY TONS OF STREET DIRTIED CHROME AND STEEL POUNDING UP MADISON AVENUE.

TWENTY TONS OF FLASHING, CRUSHING DEATH THAT A BLIND MAN SILENTLY VOWS TO HALT...

...WITH AN ARMLOAD OF...

...DAMP LAUNDRY?

ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS, HE COULD HAVE JOKED ABOUT THE APPARENT ABSURDITY OF HIS HASTILY FORMED PLAN OF ATTACK...

...ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS. BUT NOT NOW. THERE IS NO HUMOR LEFT HIM...

...FOR IT WAS CRUSHED... AND FOR ALL HE KNOWS... KILLED, SOME TEN BLOCKS BACK...

...AND A LIFETIME AGO...

4802

HIS AIM IS PERFECT. GIVEN HIS UNIQUE RADAR SENSE, IT COULD BE NO LESS.

THE SOUND OF A SUDDENLY SHATTERED WINDSHIELD RINGS LOUDLY IN HIS EARS...

...AS SMOULDERING CLOTHING RAPIDLY FILLS THE RUMBLING BUS WITH CLOUDS OF CHOKING EYE-STINGING SMOKE...

KAFF! KOFF! MARCO, DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT ONE A' US!

...SMOKE THAT QUICKLY FORCES THE LUMBERING VEHICLE TO A GRINDING...BUT HARMLESS... HALT. AND DARE-DEVIL CROUCHES ATOP THE BUS, WAITING GRIM-FACED...

...FOR THE PNEUMATIC HISS OF OPENING DOORS.

WAITING FOR THE RATS TO DESERT THE SINKING SHIP!

KAFF! RUN FOR IT! EVER'THING'S GONE WRONG!

THEN, ASSURING HIMSELF THAT THE HARRIED PASSENGERS ARE SAFE, HE SWINGS TO THE ATTACK...

...WITH A VENGEANCE!

KLANGG

LOOK OUT! IT'S DAREDEVIL! HE'S--UNGHH!

EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! H-HOW KIN HE DO IT? HOW?

SPLIT UP! NO WAY HE CAN CATCH US BO--

--THHHHHHH*

KASMASSH

N-NO! STAY BACK, YA BLASTED SPOOK, OR I'LL--!

BLAM

THE SHARP CLICK OF A HAMMER. THE GENTLE WHIRL OF A CYLINDER. HE HEARS BOTH, EVEN BEFORE THE GUN IS FIRED...

...AND SO, IS PREPARED TO DO, SEEMINGLY, THE IMPOSSIBLE!

THAKK

THE REST IS ALL TOO EASY.

IT ALMOST SEEMS HE CAN HEAR THE MAN'S EYES WIDEN IN FRIGHT BEFORE A SCARLET-GLOVED FIST CLOSES THEM... ROUGHLY... PAINFULLY...

...AND QUICKLY...

HEY, IT'S DD!

...BECAUSE, THIS NIGHT, HE'S NEEDED ELSE-WHERE. THE BOY'S IN SURGERY UNTIL WELL AFTER DAWN, BUT HE'LL--

--BE JUST FINE, MR. MURDOCK! THANK GOD!

"AND, THANK GOD, NO ONE ELSE WAS HURT! WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, MR. MURDOCK...

"...IF NOT FOR DAREDEVIL!"

YEAH, MAYBE I HAVE MADE MY SHARE OF MISTAKES -- BOTH AS MATT MURDOCK...

... AND DAREDEVIL...

...BUT I'VE DONE A LOT OF GOOD, TOO!

THAT MAY NOT JUSTIFY THE MISTAKES...

...BUT IT DOES MAKE THEM A BIT EASIER TO LIVE WITH!

NEXT: PRISONER! DD'S MOST OFF-BEAT ADVENTURE EVER!

DAREDEVIL®

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

PALADIN IS BACK-- WITH A VENGEANCE!

KANE • JANSON

RAGE IN CENTRAL PARK!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

SCRIPTING *McKENZIE* * PENCILING *INFANTINO* * INKING *JANSON* * LETTERING *PATTERSON* * COLORING *ROUSSOS* * EDITING *GOODWIN*

PRISONER!

THE GRAVESIDE RITES ARE MERCIFULLY **BRIEF** THIS COLD AND RAIN-SWEPT AFTERNOON. JUST A FEW SOLEMN... AND FOR THE MOST PART... **MEANINGLESS** WORDS.

...AND SO, WE COMMIT THE EVERLASTING **SOUL** OF MAXWELL GLENN TO...

FOR ONCE, MATTHEW MURDOCK IS ALMOST GLAD HE'S BLIND, GLAD THE BONE-CHILLING STORM PLAYS HAVOC WITH HIS UNIQUE RADAR-SENSE, BLUNTING THE DARK IMAGES OF THIS, HIS MOST TRAGIC FAILLIRE.

MAXWELL GLENN 1929 - 1977 REST IN PEACE

MAXWELL GLENN, ONCE THE UNKNOWING PAWN OF KILLGRAVE, THE INSIDIOUS PURPLE MAN, NOW LIES **DEAD**. DEAD AND ALL BUT **BURIED**.

MATT STILL LIVES... LIVES WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT **HE** IS PARTIALLY TO BLAME. LIVES, CONSUMED WITH A FIERY, GROWING NEED FOR **VENGEANCE** THAT EVEN THE POUNDING DOWNPOUR FAILS TO QUENCH.

COUNSELOR-- IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE GLENN *KIDNAPPED* YOUR FIANCEE, DEBORAH HARRIS. TELL ME, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW THAT HE'S *DEAD*?

NO COMMENT. JUST GET THE HELL OUTTA MY *WAY!*

IS THERE ANY *TRUTH* TO THE RUMOR THAT HE WAS SOMEHOW CONNECTED WITH HER *CRIMINAL PAST*?

WHOOPS! MISTER, I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WAS THE *WRONGGGG* THING TO SAY-- ESPECIALLY NOW!

FOGGY'S HEARTBEAT JUST TOOK OFF LIKE A *TRIP-HAMMER.* I CAN SENSE HIM *TENSING.*

I'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF ARM'S REACH OF THESE *NEWSHOUNDS* BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING WE'LL *ALL REGRET!*

JUST ONE MORE, NELSON. BEAUTIFUL! YA GOT A PAGE-ONE *SNARL!*

PAL, I TOLD YOU *ONCE* TO LEAVE ME ALONE--

--AND I DAMN WELL *MEANT* IT!

KATHAKK

UNGHH!

FOGGY? *WAIT UP!*

OHHHH, BOY! IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF *THOSE DAYS!*

NO, COME TO THINK OF IT, IT ALREADY *IS!*

FOGGY, OLD FRIEND, I *KNOW* WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH. IF THERE'S *ANYTHING* I CAN DO TO *HELP*...

FRANKLY, MURDOCK, I'M GETTING *SICK* AND *TIRED* OF CARRYING YOU ON MY *BACK!*

HELP? SURRRRE, MURDOCK, I'VE HEARD *THAT* OLD SONG *BEFORE!* YEAH, YOU'VE BEEN A *BIG HELP* THESE LAST FEW WEEKS, HAVEN'T YOU?

:*WHEW*: NELSON'S GOT A *CHIP* ON HIS SHOULDER THE SIZE OF A *BATTLESHIP!*

WONDER IF THERE'S A *STORY* BREWING?

FOGGY?

DO ME A FAVOR, MURDOCK-- *DON'T* DO ME ANY FAVORS!

GUESS I *DESERVED* THAT. I *HAVE* BEEN A BURDEN TO HIM LATELY.*

*SPECIFICALLY *LAST* ISSUE-- ARCHIE.

BETWEEN *ME*, AND THE FACT THAT DEBBIE HAS REFUSED TO *SEE* HIM... OR EVEN SO MUCH AS *TALK* TO HIM SINCE I RESCUED HER AS *DAREDEVIL*...

FOGGY'S JUST ABOUT HIT *ROCK BOTTOM.*

COUNSELOR, WOULD YOU CARE TO *COMMENT* ON--

I--I'M AFRAID MY *BEST FRIEND'S* DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO A *NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.*

DID YOU *HEAR ME*, COUNSEL-OR? I ASKED YOU...

HUMPHH! I MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO TALK TO *GLENN!* BUT SOMETHING'S *WRONG*... THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS. COULD THERE BE SOME SORT OF *CONNECTION* BETWEEN GLENN'S SUICIDE...

...AND THE APPARENT *DISAPPEARANCE* OF HIS DAUGHTER-- WHAT'S HER NAME--? *HEATHER?*

SHE DIDN'T EVEN SHOW FOR HER OLD MAN'S *FUNERAL.*

I'VE GOT TO *HELP* FOGGY... AND I THINK I KNOW JUST THE WAY!

BY EIGHT O'CLOCK THE RAIN HAS ABATED, LEAVING THE BIG APPLE A GREAT DEAL WETTER, IF NOT SUBSTANTIALLY CLEANER...

OF COURSE, I DO MY BEST WORK AS OL' HORNHEAD-- THE COSTUMED ADVENTURER WITHOUT FEAR!

I'D BETTER GET CRACKING AND TRY TO FIND FOGGY. HE WASN'T AT HIS APARTMENT...

...SO THAT LEAVES THE STOREFRONT. NOW, THERE'S AN ESTABLISHMENT THAT'S BEEN LIKE A MORGUE LATELY...

...EVER SINCE HEATHER CUT OUT.* CAN'T BLAME HER FOR THAT, THOUGH.

SHE HELD DD RESPONSIBLE --AND RIGHTLY SO-- FOR THE ARREST OF HER FATHER AND HIS SUBSEQUENT SUICIDE...

*DD#148-- ARCHIE.

--AND IT BROKE HER HEART--BUT GOOD-- WHEN I CONFESSED THAT MATT MURDOCK, THE MAN SHE LOVED, IS DAREDEVIL!*

SERVES ME RIGHT, PLAYING GAMES WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES BUT NEVER AGAIN. I--HUH--?

SHWIPP

*LAST ISH-- ME, AGAIN.

I--I SLIPPED! WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION TO WHAT I WAS DOING...AND THAT'S A GREAT WAY TO RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD REP...

...NOT TO MENTION A PERFECTLY GOOD BODY!

'CAUSE IT'S A LOOOONG WAY DOWN!

ZWIN-NING!

'COURSE IT'S NOT THE *FALL* THAT HURTS... IT'S THE BLASTED *SUDDEN STOP* THAT DOES IT!

BUT THEN, I DON'T *PLAN* ON STOPPING! NOT SO LONG AS I'VE GOT MY TRUSTY *BILLY-CLUB*...

...MY UNERRING *RADAR-SENSE*...

...AND MY IRREPRESSIBLE *WIT!*

OF COURSE, A LITTLE *LUCK* DOESN'T HURT, EITHER...

...NOT WHEN YOU MIX IT WITH *YEARS* OF TRAINING...

...AND ON-THE-JOB *EXPERIENCE!*

AFTER ALL, THIS'S STILL A HECK OF A LOT *SAFER* THAN TAKING A *TAXI!* QUICKER, TOO!

THERE'S THE STORE FRONT NOW-- AND I'M IN LUCK! FOGGY'S INSIDE...I'D RECOGNIZE THAT HEARTBEAT ANYWHERE. HE'S ALONE--

"--BUT WHAT'S HE UP TO? I CAN HEAR HIM OPENING A DRAWER... THE RATTLE OF A GLASS AGAINST A BOTTLE...

"...AND NOW THAT I'M CLOSER, I CAN SMELL THE WHISKEY! HE'S AT IT AGAIN--"

NO! I DON'T NEED THIS STUFF!

NOT NOW... NOT EVER AGAIN! I PROMISED MYSELF THAT! THIS STUFF WON'T SOLVE MY PROBLEMS!

THAT'S SOMETHING I'M GONNA HAVE TO DO MYSELF. IF ONLY I COULD TALK TO DEBBIE!

T-THIS... UH...THIS'S FOGGY AGAIN AND I--

YOU ARE BECOMING A NUISANCE, MR. NELSON! MISS HARRIS HAS LEFT INSTRUCTIONS THAT SHE DOES NOT WISH TO SEE OR SPEAK WITH ANYONE--INCLUDING YOU!

B-BUT--BUT...

...WHY, DEBBIE?

WHY?

HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR, MR. NELSON? GOODBYE!

÷KLIK÷ hmmmmmmmm

WHY? THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, FOGGY.

ONE I FULLY INTEND TO ANSWER.

IN A WAY IT'S *MY FAULT* DEBBIE HARRIS WAS HELD HOSTAGE SO LONG. MAYBE IF I HAD DEVOTED *FULL TIME* TO FINDING HER KIDNAPPERS, I MIGHT HAVE RESCUED HER *SOONER!*

AND IF I *HAD*, MAYBE SHE WOULDN'T HAVE BECOME A TOTAL, PARANOID *RECLUSE* WHO NEVER LEAVES HER ROOM!

I LET HER DOWN. I LET *EVERYONE* DOWN.

HONKABEEP

YEOWLL! FIFTY YEARS I'VE LIVED IN THIS *MADHOUSE* AN' I NEVER SEE NOTHIN' LIKE --LIKE THIS BEFORE!

A LOT HAS *CHANGED* SINCE THEN. IN SOME WAYS I'M A DIFFERENT MAN...

"...ONE WHO'S NOT *ABOUT* TO LET HIS FRIENDS DOWN-- NOT *THIS TIME.*

"SO, MISS HARRIS, WHETHER YOU *WANT* TO OR NOT, YOU'RE *ABOUT* TO HAVE...

"...COMPANY!"

KERSMASHH

WHA--? WHO?

O-OH...IT'S *YOU!*

MISS HARRIS, PLEASE--!

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, I--

N-NO...KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I--I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE...THAT'S ALL...JUST...ALONE.

WELL, WELL, THE SECURITY GUARD... RIGHT ON CUE! I'M NOT SURPRISED, THOUGH, CONSIDERING I COULD HEAR HIM LUMBERING DOWN THE HALLWAY LIKE A BULL ELEPHANT!

YOU HEARD THE LADY, HOTSHOT! STEP BACK AND GIT YOUR HANDS UP!

LET'S "SEE" NOW...HE'S SIX FOOT FOUR... OUT-WEIGHS ME BY A GOOD FIFTY POUNDS OF SOLID MUSCLE...

...AND HE'S GOT A LOADED REVOLVER POINTED RIGHT AT MY HEAD!

OFF HAND, I'D SAY HE'S IN TROUBLE!

C'MON, BILLY CLUB, DO YOUR STUFF.

I'M GOOD...BUT I'M NOT BULLETPROOF!

OWW!

THAKK

KRAKK

WHAKK

THAT DOES IT, LITTLE MAN! I DON'T NEED MY *ROD* TA TAKE YOU APART!

YEAH, YOU'D NEED A *TANK*... AT LEAST!

HEY! IT AIN'T *POSSIBLE!* AIN'T *NOBODY* KIN *MOVE* THAT *FAST!*

MAYBE I *DIDN'T*, MUSCLE-BRAIN-- MAYBE YOU JUST MOVED THAT *SLOW!*

O-OH--!

THWIK!

BUT I DON'T REALLY HAVE TIME TO DISCUSS *SEMANTICS*. MISS HARRIS AND I ARE *LATE*... FOR A VERY *IMPORTANT* DATE!

HOLD *TIGHT*, DEBBIE...

...THIS'LL ALL BE *OVER* BEFORE YOU CAN SAY *FOGGY NELSON*-- FIVE TIMES, FAST.

AND IT WON'T *HURT* A BIT... I PROMISE!

AND BEFORE A SOMEWHAT STARTLED... AND VERY OUTCLASSED... GUARD CAN CLAMBER TO HIS FEET, THEY ARE OVER THE WALL AND GONE...

...UNAWARE OF EVENTS UNFOLDING SOME THREE THOUSAND ODD MILES AWAY, DEEP WITHIN THE GLEAMING **LABORATORIES** OF STARK INTERNATIONAL, LOS ANGELES DIVISION.

EVENTS BEGINNING WITH THE SILENT, UNEXPLICABLE **MATERIALIZATION** OF A BLACK-SHROUDED **STRANGER** THAT SOME CALL **MONSTER**...

THERE! THAT'S GOT IT! I'M...

...F-FINISHEDDDD-!!

HAHAHA! INDEED YOU ARE, FOOL!

OTHERS, IT SHOULD BE NOTED, PREFER TO CALL HIM **DEATH-STALKER***, THOUGH IT HARDLY MAKES A DIFFERENCE. BOTH NAMES ARE CORRECT. AND HIS SLIGHTEST TOUCH CAN BRING DEATH.

*LAST SEEN IN DD#148 -- ARCH.

I HAVE HAD TO **WAIT** FAR TOO LONG FOR THE COMPLETION OF THIS **COMPONENT** WHICH I DO SO DESPERATELY REQUIRE...

... AND I AM NOT A **PATIENT** MAN. I CAN NOT AFFORD TO BE...

...THE END GROWS **NEARER** WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND! YET, SOON, I SHALL HAVE **EVERYTHING** I NEED...

...THEN SHALL I MAKE **DAREDEVIL** PAY! YES, HE WILL PAY DEARLY-- FOR WHAT HE HAS **DONE** TO MEEEE-!!

MEANWHILE...

AND SO, MISS HARRIS, I THINK IT'S TIME YOU FACED FACTS.

FACT ONE: YOU AREN'T A PRISONER ANY LONGER. IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE I FREED YOU FROM THAT KIDNAPPER.*

FACT TWO: I CAN'T FREE YOU FROM YOUR OWN FEAR, MISS HARRIS. I REALIZE THAT YOU'VE SUFFERED A GREAT DEAL THESE PAST WEEKS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PUT ALL THAT BEHIND YOU.

YOU CAN'T REMAIN TRAPPED BY YOUR OWN FEAR FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

WHEW--! I'VE BEEN TALKING PRACTICALLY NON-STOP FOR AN HOUR, BUT I'M NOT GETTING THROUGH TO HER. I NEED HELP--AND PRONTO. I CAN'T KEEP DEBBIE HERE ALL NIGHT.

KLAK KLIK KLEK

*AS SHOWN IN DD #147-- ARCHIE.

BUT THEN, I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO HAVE TO. UNLESS ALL MY HYPER-SENSES HAVE GONE HAYWIRE--'CAUSE HERE COMES THE CAVALRY NOW!

GOOD OLD DEPENDABLE FOGGY. HE ALWAYS WALKS HOME THIS WAY THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.

KLAK KLIK KLEK

"MY FRIEND, IT'S ALL UP TO YOU FROM HERE ON OUT! I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN!"

W-WHA--? DEBBIE!? BUT WHAT ARE--? HOW DID YOU--?

F-FOGGY?

THEN, BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE SPOKEN...

BINGO! LOOKS LIKE FOGGY'S GOT THINGS...UH...WELL IN HAND! IF HE CAN'T PULL DEBBIE OUT OF HER DE-PRESSION NO ONE CAN!

WISH I COULD SOLVE MY OWN TROUBLES AS EASILY. HEATHER'S STILL MISSING AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN LOOKING FOR HER...

...OR EVEN WHAT I'D DO--OR SAY--IF I *FOUND* HER! IT'S A TOSS-UP WHO SHE *HATES* THE MOST... MATT MURDOCK... OR DAREDEVIL! MIKE*, *WHERE* ARE YOU NOW WHEN I *NEED*--HUH?

NNOOOOO

*A **NO-PRIZE** TO THE FIRST OLD-TIMER OUT THERE WHO REMEMBERS **WHO** "MIKE" WAS AND WHEN HE **FIRST APPEARED**--ARCH.

S-STAY BACK!

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A ***MUGGING***-- IN CENTRAL PARK?!

MY, MY! ***HOWWWWW ORIGINAL.***

OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT ***BEATS***--

KATHWAKK!

--TACKLING SOME ***SUPER-VILLAIN*** OR ANOTHER.

S-STEVE? I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D ***BE ALONE*** TONIGHT!

SHEESH, BARBIE--! YOU MADE ME ***MISS*** MY FRIDAY NIGHT POKER GAME -- FOR ***THIS***?!

I DON'T THINK I'M ***UP*** TO THAT SORT OF THING...

...NOT ***NOW.***

UNGHH!

WHA--? ***NO!*** I DON'T ***BELIEVE*** IT! ***YOU!***

PALADIN!

SO, DAREDEVIL, OUR *PATHS* CROSS ONCE AGAIN*

*THEY FIRST MET IN ISSUE #150--ARCHIE.

GUESS I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED-- BEFORE I *LEAPED*. BUT WHAT'S A HIGH-PRICED SUPER SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE DOING *HERE*, CHASING SOME TWO-BIT *PUNK*?

BUT THIS TIME YOU HAVE *INTERFERED* IN MATTERS THAT AREN'T YOUR CONCERN.

AFTER ALL THE TIME AND MONEY I'VE SPENT TRACKING DOWN A *LEAD* ON THE *PURPLE MAN*, I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET *YOU* SPOIL MY EFFORTS. I'M *ALREADY* TAKING A LOSS ON THIS CASE!

WAIT, I--

NO GO! PALADIN'S TOO *ANGRY* TO LISTEN TO REASON! L-LORD, HE RIPPED THAT *BENCH* FROM ITS MOORINGS LIKE IT WAS MADE OF *CARDBOARD!* GOT TO *TRY* AND...

...DODGE! =UNGHH= MY *ARM! AGAIN!*

SO HELP ME, DAREDEVIL, IF YOU'VE ALLOWED THAT MAN TO *ESCAPE* ME NOW, WHEN I WAS SO *CLOSE*--

THIS IS MY *CHANCE!* MAYBE, IF I'M LUCKY, THOSE TWO COSTUMED CREEPS'LL *WASTE* EACH OTHER... WHILE *I'M* MAKIN' TRACKS!

G-GOTTA WARN... THE *BOSS!*

LORD, THAT *HURT!* M-MY WHOLE ARM'S *NUMB!* WAIT! WHAT'S PALADIN UP TO NOW?

I HAVE A *JOB* TO DO...

...AND I'M GOING TO *DO* IT, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER! THE PURPLE MAN IS *MINE* AND I SWEAR I'LL BRING HIM IN...

...OR DIE TRYING!

PAVINGGGGGGGG

YEOWLL! IF I HADN'T *SENSED* THE MOVEMENT OF HIS TRIGGER-FINGER WHEN I DID, I'D BE *AIR CONDITIONED* RIGHT ABOUT NOW--THE ONLY SUPER-HERO ON THE BLOCK WITH A *VIEW*... CLEAR THROUGH HIM!

I CAN'T STAND AROUND, WAITING TO GET BLASTED! GOT TO TAKE THE *OFFENSIVE*-- BRING THE FIGHT TO HIM--EVEN THO IT'S A FIGHT I *DON'T WANT*. WE'RE BOTH ON THE *SAME* SIDE, REALLY.

WE *BOTH* WANT KILL GRAVE, THOUGH FOR VASTLY DIFFERENT REASONS! :UNGHH: FORGOT ABOUT... ARM!

OD, I *ADMIRE* YOUR SPIRIT.

KACHUNKK

GOTTA...FIGHT OFF PAIN... CLEAR MY HEAD... BEFORE...

SKRITTLZZZZZ

TOO BAD I HAVE TO BLAST YOU!

UNGHH!

I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU, DAREDEVIL, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT. INSTEAD, I CHOSE MERELY TO STUN YOU...

...BECAUSE WE HAVE NO REAL QUARREL, YOU AND I.

IT'S THE PURPLE MAN I'M AFTER--

--AND I'LL GET HIM, TOO.

PALADIN ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN. I JUST WANTED TO BE CERTAIN YOU CAN'T FOLLOW ME--BECAUSE I ALREADY KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS.

IT IS SIMPLY A MATTER OF REACHING HIM BEFORE HIS HENCHMAN--THE MAN YOU ALLOWED TO ESCAPE--CAN WARN HIM!

GOOD EVENING, DAREDEVIL...

W-WAIT... WHAT DID... YOU SAY? Y-YOU KNOW?

"...AND PLEASANT DREAMS!"

YOU... KNOWWWW!

IT WILL BE WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT BEFORE THE MAN KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL AWAKENS, STAGGERING STIFFLY TO HIS FEET...

...AND WELL AFTER TWO A.M. BEFORE HE DRAGS HIS BONE-WEARY, ACHING BODY BACK TO HIS TOWNHOUSE...ONLY TO BE GREETED BY...

THE PHONE! BUT WHO WOULD BE CALLING AT THIS HOUR?

BBRINNGGG

MATT? THANK GOD I'VE REACHED YOU--AT LAST! TH-THIS IS... HEATHER... AND I NEED YOUR HELP! MATT--?

I-- I'M HERE, DARLING. I'M HERE!

PLEASE, MATT, WE MUST TALK. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU...AT MY PLACE.

SOON...

OUCHH! I MAY BE THE 'MAN WITHOUT FEAR'...BUT I'M NOT THE MAN WITHOUT ACHES AND PAINS!

GOT TO PUSH MYSELF TO THE LIMIT... AND BEYOND IF NECESSARY!

I NEED REST... AND ABOUT A TON OF SLEEP... BUT I CAN'T STOP NOW... NOT IF HEATHER NEEDS ME!

I'M COMING, MY LOVE.

NEXT ISSUE: "BETRAYAL!"

DAREDEVIL®

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MY BILLY CLUB! I DROPPED IT!

GOOD! I CAN SURVIVE THIS DROP--BUT WITHOUT YOUR CLUB AND ITS CABLE--YOU'LL BE SPLATTERED!

DEATH IS THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE!

SOLAN JAWSON

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

"Near as we can tell," said Lt. Rose, "the fatal confrontation began as the masked vigilante known as DAREDEVIL arrived at the East Side apartment of Miss Heather Glenn."

"BETRAYAL"

ROGER (RAMBLIN') McKENZIE SCRIPTER

TONY (TRAILBLAZIN') DEZUNIGA INKER

PROUDLY WELCOME BACK: GENE (THE DEAN) COLAN, DAREDEVIL PENCILER WITHOUT PEER!

AND JOIN WITH: DENISE WOHL --LETTERER MARY TITUS-- COLORIST to introduce: JIM (TROUBLE) SHOOTER EDITOR-in-CHIEF

ELECTA 400

WHY? WHY?...

CLAKCLAK

AFTER FIFTEEN LONG YEARS COVERING THE NIGHTSIDE POLICE BEAT FOR THE DAILY BUGLE, BEN URICH THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT ALL.

HE WAS WRONG...

WHY DID HE DO IT? I WONDER... WHAT CONNECTION WAS THERE BETWEEN HEATHER GLENN AND DAREDEVIL?

CLAK

"IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. HE HAD TO KNOW HE WAS ENTERING A DEATH-TRAP! SO WHAT DROVE HIM TO IT?"

HEATHER?!

NO! NOT YET! WAIT TILL HE'S CLOSER!

SHUT UP, YOU SLITHERING FOOL! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

KRAK-K-K-K

BAH! I DON'T NEED THIS-- I'LL CRUSH DAREDEVIL WITH MY BARE HANDS!

ONLY IF YOU REACH HIM FIRST!

COBRA AND HYDE!

WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE? HOW DID THEY KNOW I--?

HEATHER!

SHE BLAMES ME FOR THE DEATH OF HER FATHER. DID SHE BETRAY ME? DOES SHE HATE ME THAT MUCH?

NO! I WON'T BELIEVE THAT! I...JUST...CAN'T!

I'LL REACH HIM ALL RIGHT, COBRA-- AND WHEN I DO-- I'LL SMASH HIM!

--WHERE'S MISS GLENN? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?

MISTER, I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK YOU ONCE--

COULD THEY HAVE FORCED HER TO LURE ME HERE?

CRRUNCH!

POSSIBLE... BUT NOT LIKELY!

SOUNDS TOO PAT. JUST SOMEHOW, IT DOESN'T RING TRUE. THAT'S JUST NOT THEIR STYLE. THEY--HUH--?

COBRA!

IT'S POSSIBLE --IF THEY THEY THOUGHT I WAS INVESTIGATING HER FATHER'S DEATH.

PERHAPS YOU ESCAPED MY BUMBLING PARTNER, DAREDEVIL--

--BUT THERE IS *NO ESCAPE* FROM THE RESTRICTING COILS OF THE *COBRA!*

UNGHH! MISJUDGED HIS INHUMAN *SPEED...*

...AND THAT... COULD BE A *FATAL MISTAKE...*? GASP=...! CAN'T *BREATHE...* FEELS LIKE ...RIBS *CRACKING!*

DIE, DAREDEVIL --*DIE!!*

I CAN'T GIVE UP ...I *WON'T...!*

I'VE GOT TO PUT *EVERYTHING* I HAVE ...INTO RICOCHETING MY *BILLY CLUB* OFF THE FLOOR...

...AND PRAY THAT I'VE CALCULATED IT FOR THE *RIGHT RESULT!*

SWAK!

'CAUSE... SO LONG AS HEATHER... MIGHT *NEED* ME... I'LL *NEVER* GIVE UP...

THUNK!

...NO MATTER WHAT THE *ODDS!*

THUD

WHERE IS SHE, COBRA? WHERE IS SHE?

IF YOU'VE HARMED THAT GIRL, SO HELP ME, I'LL--!

OHHH--!

YOU'LL DIE, YOU RED-GARBED CLOWN. NOW RELEASE MY OVER-RATED PARTNER!

NNOOO--!

YOU WANT 'IM, PUG-UGLY...

...YOU GOT 'IM!

BAH! I'M SICK OF YOUR RIDICULOUS REPARTEE--SICK OF YOUR INSUFFERABLE TAUNTS!

LORD--! I'VE NEVER KNOWN HYDE TO BE MORE BESTIAL ...OR MORE DANGEROUS! NO TIME TO DODGE--!

THIS TIME, I'M GOING TO RAM YOUR WORDS RIGHT BACK DOWN THROAT!

THUD

NO! H-HE'S THROWN US OFF BALANCE--WE'RE GOING TO--!

OH...

...MY...

...GOD--!

CRASH!

AND, SOME FIFTEEN STORIES BELOW...

♫ ISH RRAININ' PENNIES ♫... =HIC=... FRUM...=BURP=...

NITRO

...HHHEAVENNN--? ♫

ULP!

G-GLOR!

LEMME...

...OUTTA...

...HERE!

AARGHHH!

HYDE'S SO **EN-RAGED** HE DOESN'T REALIZE WE'RE **FALLING!** I CAN SENSE THE **GROUND** RUSHING AT US FAST--**TOO FAST!** GOT TO TRY AND --NO!

DROPPED MY BILLY CLUB!

UNGHH--! DID IT! I'M **FREE** FROM HYDE'S MURDEROUS GRIP... BUT I'VE STILL GOT TO BREAK MY **FALL**... BEFORE IT BREAKS MY **NECK!**

B-BUT **HOW?** WITHOUT MY **BILLY CLUB** LINE, I--

--WAIT! I CAN HEAR WIND CURRENTS WHIPPING AROUND A FLAGPOLE BELOW ME-- TO THE LEFT!

IF I CAN TWIST MY BODY JUST ENOUGH TO FALL TOWARD--

--NO! I OVERSHOT IT! FALLING SO FAST-- IT'S HARD TO FOCUS RADAR SENSE! BUT I'VE GOT TO GRAB IT! GOT... TO...

=WHEW=

NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW MUCH I DEPEND ON MY BILLY CLUB!

UNGHH--! MY ARM!

FIRST PALADIN* --AND NOW THIS! FEELS LIKE I WRENCHED AN ELBOW!

TWANG

TOO MUCH ...PAIN... CAN'T... HOLD ON--!

*D.D. BATTLED PALADIN LAST ISSUE --JIM.

AT LEAST I SLOWED MYSELF DOWN ENOUGH--

WUMP!

--SO THAT I CAN BOUNCE OFF THIS AWNING--- INSTEAD OF CRASHING RIGHT THROUGH IT!

OWW!

NOT EXACTLY THE MOST GRACEFUL LANDING I'VE EVER MADE--

BUMP!

--BUT FOR A BLIND MAN--- NOT BAD!

WHAT HAPPENED TO HYDE, THOUGH? HE--!

KRUNCH!

KAFF KOFF

DAMN ... YOU ... DAREDEVIL ...

INCREDIBLE! HYDE'S OUT ON HIS FEET-- LUCKY TO EVEN BE ALIVE AFTER THAT FALL-- BUT HE JUST KEEPS RIGHT ON COMING!

WON'T ANYTHING STOP HIM? HE-- WAIT! WHAT'S HE MUMBLING?

... MUST CAPTURE DAREDEVIL ... HE SAID ... MUST CAPTURE ...

... DAREDEVILLLLL--!

"HE"? GOOD LORD, NOW I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT-- HUH?

BEHIND ME! SOUNDS LIKE--!

THUD

STUPID! I WAS SO CONCERNED WITH HYDE--I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT COBRA-- LET HIM STRIKE ME WITH MY OWN BILLY CLUB!

I CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER MISTAKE-- NOT NOW! BECAUSE... IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS TRUE... HEATHER IS IN MORE DANGER THAN I THOUGHT!

GOT TO BUY SOME TIME-- TILL MY HEAD STOPS SPINNING--

--AND TO DO THAT I'LL NEED MY BILLY CLUB!

THERE! I CAN SENSE IT ON THE GROUND--

JUST OUT OF MY REACH!

IF ONLY I COULD FOCUS MY RADAR SENSE PROPERLY-- BUT SO MUCH PAIN-- BLURRING IMAGE!

JUST A FEW INCHES MORE, AND--

OH NO--!

ONE OF COBRA'S VENOM DARTS-- KNOCKED IT OUT OF REACH AGAIN!

Viiip

IT'S OVER, DARE-DEVIL!

OVER!

WE'RE PLAYING BY HIS RULES NOW--

--AND HIS RULES SAY--

-- YOU DIE!

SNAP

ZZZ

PERHAPS MOST MEN WOULD BE **HELPLESS** BEFORE THE COBRA'S LETHAL **VENOM DARTS**, AS THEY CLEAVE THE AIR WITH EYE-BLURRING SPEED.

BUT WHAT IF A MAN HAS **NO VISION** TO BLUR? WHAT IF A MAN'S EVERY REMAINING SENSE HAS BEEN **HEIGHTENED** TO SUPER-HUMAN LEVELS?

VIIP!

HITTING A **MOTIONLESS** BILLY CLUB WITH A FLYING VENOM DART IS **ONE THING**--BUT SCORING A HIT ON A FIGHTING-MAD **DAREDEVIL** IS **ANOTHER** MATTER ENTIRELY!

I REMEMBERED TOUCHING A **TRASH CAN** BEFORE--AND WITH MY ENHANCED SENSE OF SMELL, IT WASN'T **HARD** TO FIND IT AGAIN!

CAN'T HIDE BEHIND HERE **FOREVER**, THOUGH. COBRA'S SLITHERING **CLOSER**-- HEARTBEAT'S SPEEDING UP. HE THINKS I'M **HELPLESS**--

KRUMP!

--BUT THAT'S **HIS** PROBLEM!

MINE'S FINDING HEATHER--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE ALREADY.

NO! CAN'T GIVE UP HOPE --THAT'S ALL THAT'S KEEPING ME GOING!

--BUT THERE'VE BEEN NO REPORTED BREAKOUTS! NOT SINCE MAN-BULL.*

THAT MEANS THEY DIDN'T ESCAPE. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FREED! BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE-- NOT UNLESS--

* SEE DD #144 FOR DETAILS --JIM.

SOCK!

HOPE--

--AND VENGEANCE!

WAIT A MINUTE! LAST I HEARD OF COBRA AND HYDE, THEY WERE BEHIND BARS IN RYKER'S ISLAND PRISON--

--OF COURSE! IT HAS TO BE... HIM!

BUT THAT MADMAN'S PUSHED ME TOO FAR THIS TIME! I WON'T REST UNTIL HE'S BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! I... WON'T...

THUD!

STOP!

YOU MAY BE GOOD AT WHIPPING A SNIVELING COWARD LIKE COBRA--

--BUT I HAVE YOU NOW--AND YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN!

BLAST! HYDE RE-COVERED SOONER THAN I'D HOPED! GOT TO GO LIMP--ROLL WITH THE --UNGHH!

THE DULL CRUNCH OF BONE AGAINST GRANITE...

HEATHERRvvv--=

EEEEEE

...IS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE MOURNFUL WAIL OF POLICE SIRENS!

BAH! WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR!

DON'T SHOOT! YOU MIGHT HIT DAREDEVIL!

COBRA! WHERE ARE YOU?

CRASH!

URICH--GET BACK!

L-LORD! IF DD COULDN'T STOP THESE MANIACS --WHAT CHANCE DO WE HAVE?

THIS WAY, HYDE!

THEY'RE ESCAPING ... WITH DAREDEVIL!

CLICK!

NIKON

HE LOOKS HURT-- BAD! CAN'T EVEN TELL WHETHER HE'S BREATHING --OR NOT!

EPILOGUE:

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

CAN'T WAIT TO TELL MATT THE GOOD NEWS!

DEBBIE AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED!

THANKS TO DD SHE'S FINALLY GOTTEN OVER THE TRAUMA OF HER RECENT KIDNAPPING!* WE'VE BEGUN PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE-- OUR FUTURE --AGAIN!

AND THE FIRST THING I PLAN TO DO IS APOLOGIZE TO MATT FOR THE WAY I'VE TREATED HIM LATELY-- AND ASK HIM TO BE MY BEST MAN!

I HOPE HE FORGIVES ME. HEY--I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET TO THE STOREFRONT THAT I FORGOT TO PICK UP THE MORNING PAPER! OH WELL, IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. NOT TODAY--

I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS IF I'D LOST MY BEST FRIEND!

*AS SHOW LAST ISH-- JIM.

DAILY BUGLE

DAREDEVIL ABDUCTED BY COBRA & HYDE-- FEARED DEAD

SPECIAL TO THE BUGLE BY BEN URICH

ELECTRICAL WAREHOUSE ROBBED-- GUARD MYSTERIOUSLY SLAIN

NEXT ARENA!!

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

JESTER! HYDE! COBRA! GLADIATOR! AT THE COMMAND OF THE *PURPLE MAN*--

SLAY DAREDEVIL!

COLAN AND LEI

ARENA OF NO RETURN!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

ARENA!

SWIRLING, PAIN-FILLED DARKNESS GIVES WAY GRUDGINGLY TO DULL AND FAMILIAR GREY AS **CONSCIOUSNESS** RETURNS TO THE MAN CALLED **DAREDEVIL**...

...AND AS UNIQUE **HYPER-SENSES** ONCE AGAIN COMPENSATE FOR SIGHT-LESS EYES, THE FIRST THING HE **HEARS** IS...

GET **UP**, MATTHEW MURDOCK! GET TO YOUR **FEET**, I SAY!

IT IS A GRIM COMMAND-ING **VOICE**-- COLDER EVEN THAN THE BARREN WALLS OF RYKER'S ISLAND PRISON, WHICH SURROUND HIM...

...FOR IT IS THE VOICE OF **KILLGRAVE** THE DEADLY PURPLE MAN. THE MAN HE **HATES** MOST IN ALL THE WORLD!

YES, THAT IS THE **FIRST** THING HE HEARS. AND PERHAPS THE **LAST**, AS WELL!

C-79 1/2

ROGER McKENZIE SCRIPT | GENE COLAN PENCILS | STEVE LEIALOHA INKS AND COLORS | NOVAK LETTERS | BOB HALL EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DON'T LOOK SO **SHOCKED,** MURDOCK. I KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU NOW.

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN **SEARCHING** FOR ME.

WELL, YOU'VE **FOUND** ME COUNSELOR, FOR ALL THE **GOOD** IT WILL DO YOU--

--BECAUSE YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE!

ISN'T THAT **CORRECT,** MY DEAR MS. GLENN?

Y-YES...

HEATHER!

SO HELP ME KILL-GRAVE, YOU SO MUCH AS LAY A **FINGER** ON HER AND I'LL--!

YOU'LL DO **NOTHING,** MURDOCK!

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

NOT SO LONG AS I CONTROL THE GIRL'S EVERY THOUGHT.

CARE TO TEST MY MINDBENDING POWER, MURDOCK?

NO, KILLGRAVE! IT'S YOUR BALLGAME...

...FOR NOW!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WANT? HAHAHA! THAT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS.

CLANK CLANK

"I WANT TO WATCH YOU DIE!"

HYDE! COBRA! GLADIATOR! YOU HEARD THE DIRECTOR!

THE CURTAIN'S GONE UP--ON DAREDEVIL'S FINAL PERFORMANCE!

BAH! YOU GRATE ON MY NERVES, JESTER!

WE NEED NOTHING, COBRA, SAVE THE SLASHING WRIST BLADES OF THE GLADIATOR!

WAIT, ALL OF YOU! WE NEED A PLAN!

GUESS THIS WAS **BOUND** TO HAPPEN SOME DAY. FOUR OF MY DEADLIEST **FOES**-- CONTROLLED BY THE **PURPLE MAN!**

BUT FOUR--OR **FOUR HUNDRED**-- NO ONE WILL KEEP ME **AWAY** FROM HIM!

NO ONE!

BAH! OUT OF MY **WAY**, FOOLS! I DEFEATED DAREDEVIL AND BROUGHT HIM HERE!* I MUST BE THE ONE TO CRUSH HIM --**FOREVER!**

WE'RE FIGHTING IN **MY** ELEMENT NOW, DAREDEVIL! IN ANY ARENA THE GLADIATOR IS **UNBEATABLE!**

KEEP BACK, YOU GRINNING **JACKAL!** DAREDEVIL'S **MINE!**

THE NAME'S **JESTER**-- AND **NOBODY** STEALS MY LIMELIGHT! I'M DESTINED TO GO DOWN IN **HISTORY** AS THE MAN WHO DESTROYED DAREDEVIL!

*AS SHOWN **LAST ISSUE**-- **BROADWAY BOB.**

DO BE SEATED, MY DEAR. NOW!

I'M PLEASED YOU'RE HERE TO WITNESS THE EVENTUAL DE-STRUCTION OF YOUR BELOVED MATTHEW.

"LATER, PERHAPS, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO PLEASE ME IN-- OTHER WAYS!"

HOLD STILL, BLAST YOU! I'LL SMASH YOU LIKE I SMASHED YOUR BILLY CLUB!*

*AGAIN, LAST ISH-- BOB.

YOUR LINES ARE NEARLY AS DEPLOR-ABLE AS YOUR DELIVERY, COBRA! CLEARLY, YOU LACK THE STYLE-- THE VERVE-- OF THE JESTER!

DIE, HORNHEAD! DIE!

NOW THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE! BUT THEN I AM A GENIUS, AREN'T I?

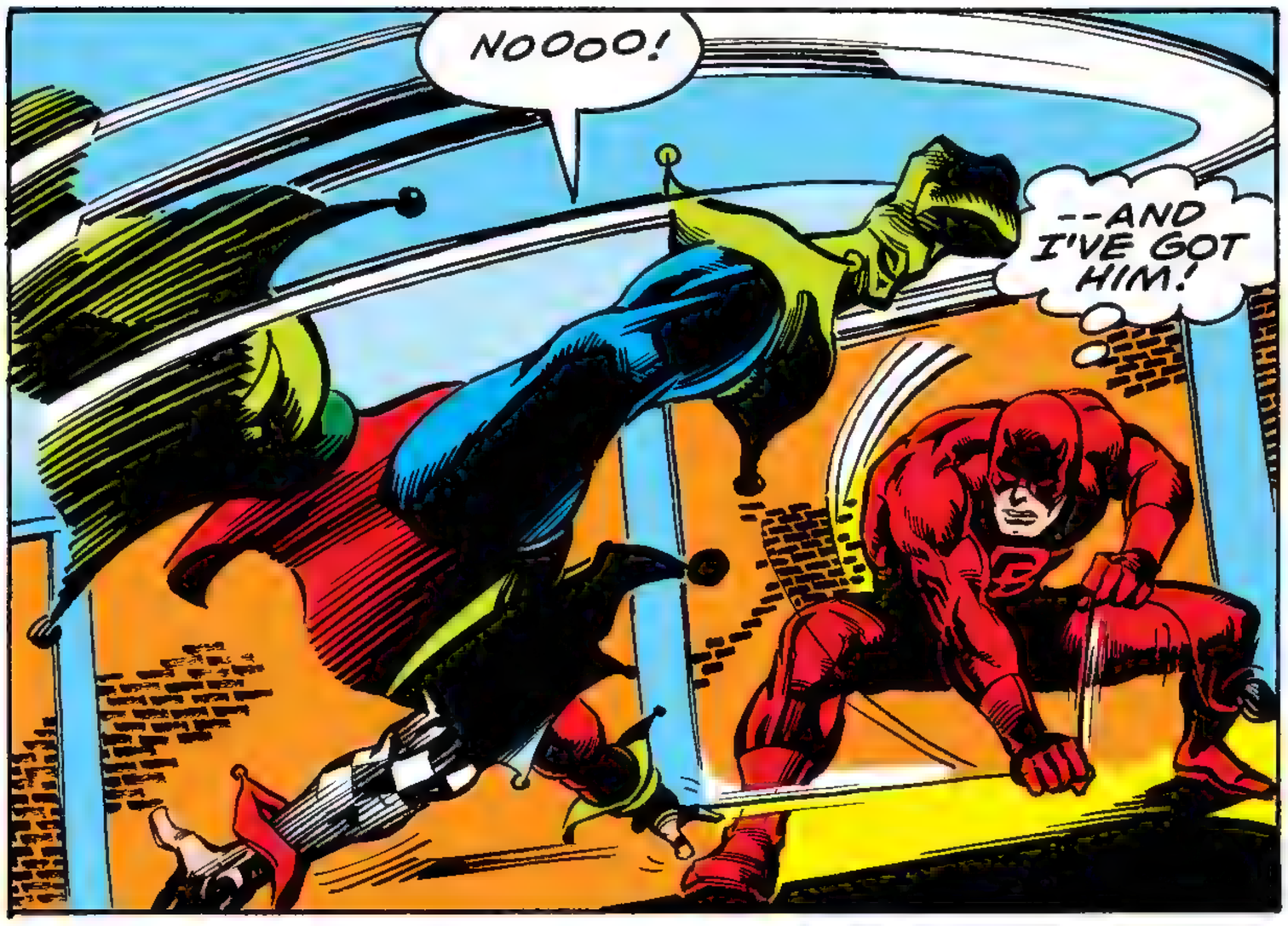
WHHUIT

GOT TO BE CAREFUL! DESPITE HIS ANTICS, JESTER'S EVERY BIT AS DANGEROUS AS THE OTHERS!

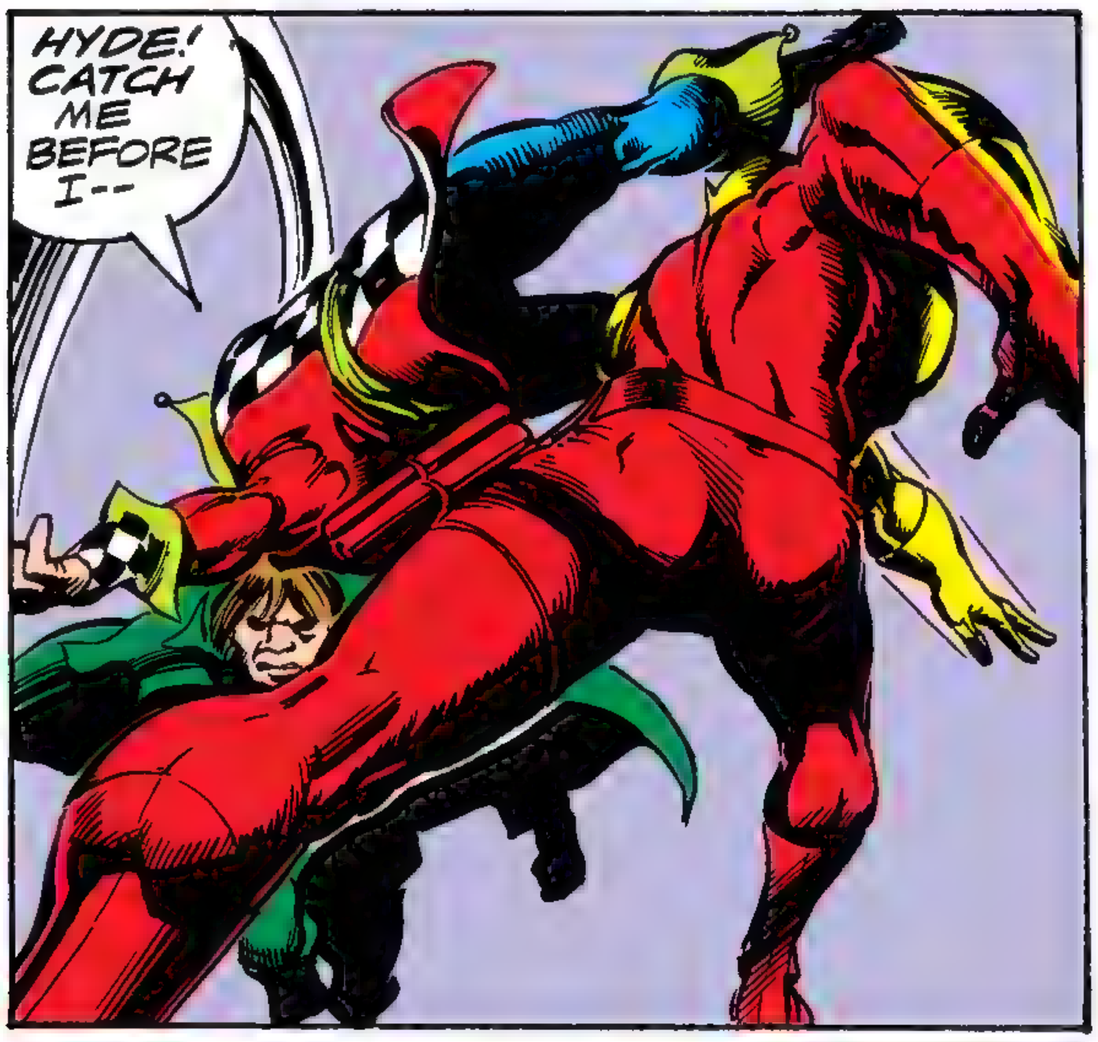
HE'S SO UNPREDICT-ABLE--

--BUT HE'S NOT UNBEAT-ABLE!

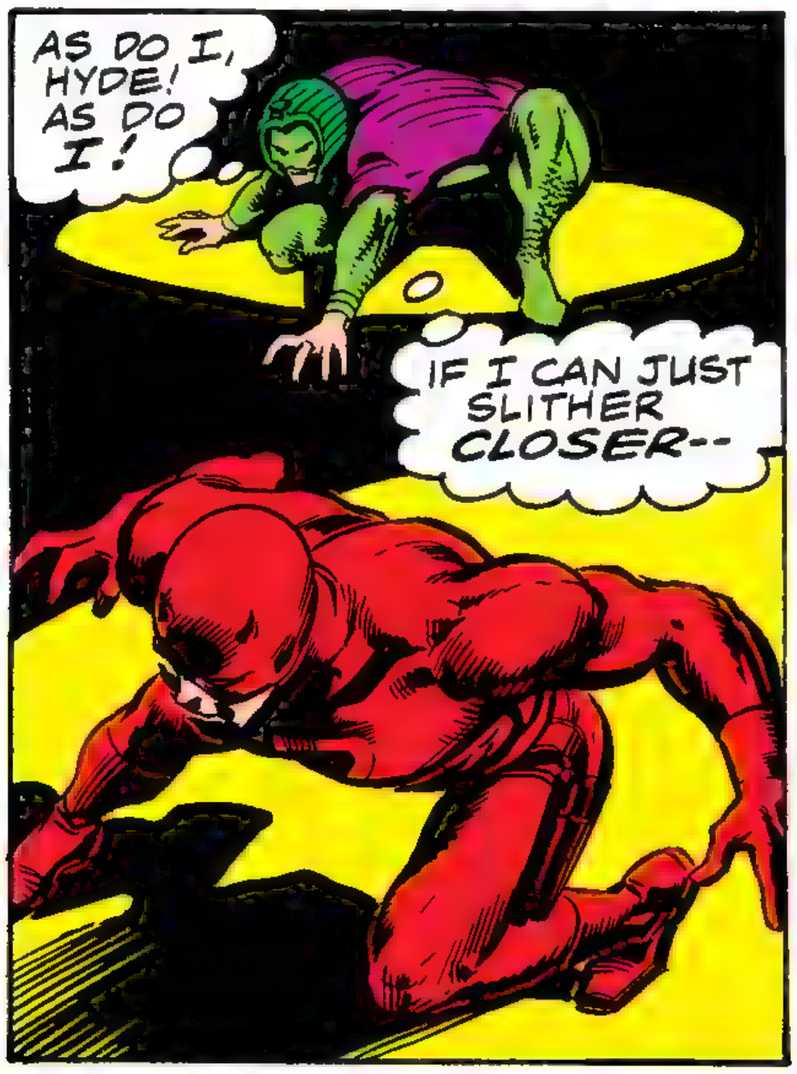
NOT WHEN I CAN SENSE HIS EVERY MOVEMENT! JUST HAVE TO WAIT TILL HE STEPS CLOSER-- GUAGE THE PATH OF HIS SINISTER YO-YO...

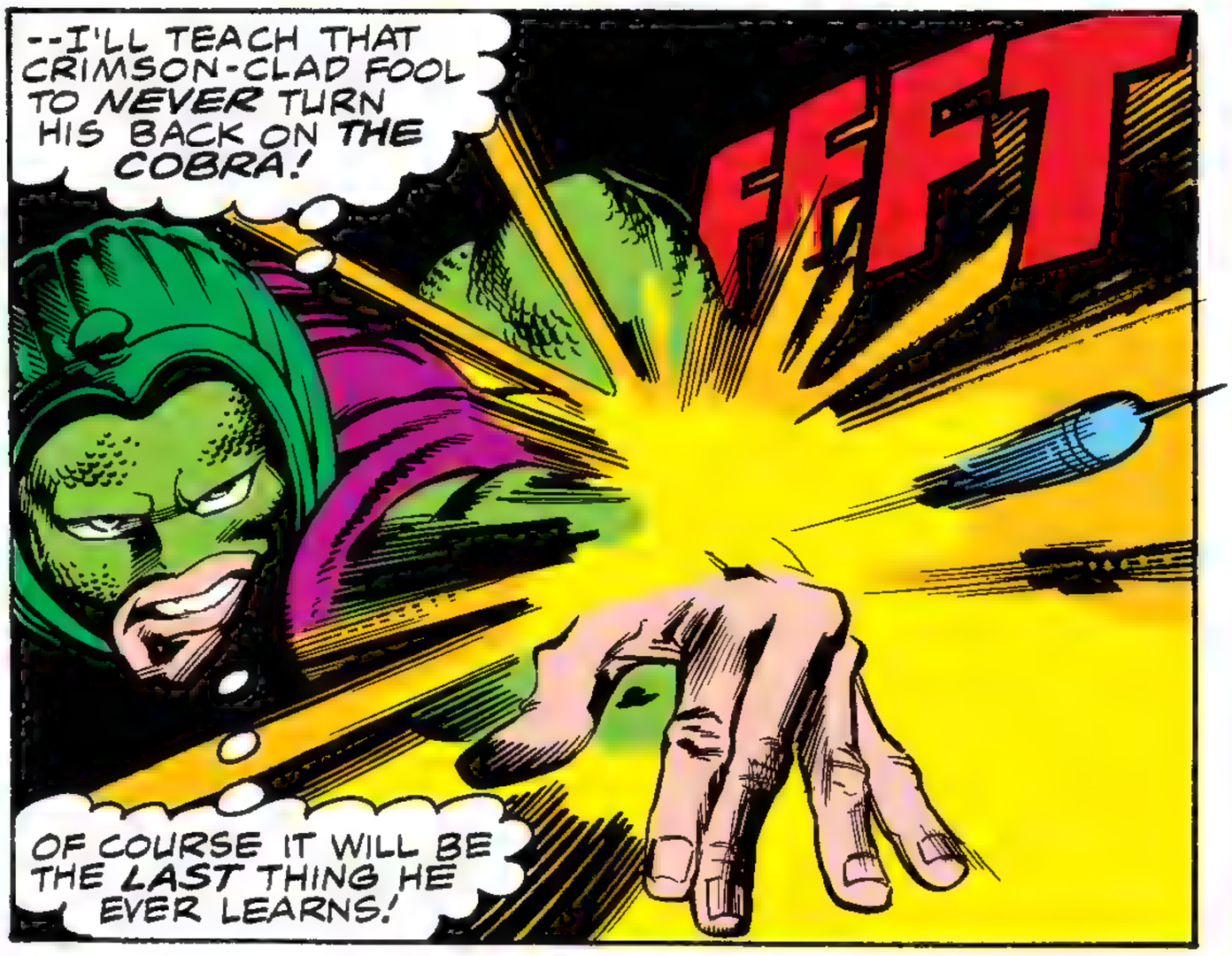

NOOOO!
--AND I'VE GOT HIM!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THIS WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!


HYDE! CATCH ME BEFORE I--

BAH! WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU? IT'S DARE-DEVIL I WANT!


AS DO I, HYDE! AS DO I!
IF I CAN JUST SLITHER CLOSER--


--I'LL TEACH THAT CRIMSON-CLAD FOOL TO NEVER TURN HIS BACK ON THE COBRA!
FFFT
OF COURSE IT WILL BE THE LAST THING HE EVER LEARNS!

VENOM DARTS! COBRA'S RUNNING TRUE TO FORM, JUST AS I'D HOPED--

--BECAUSE WHAT I CAN HEAR, I CAN DODGE--

--THO I DOUBT THE SAME CAN BE SAID OF GLADIATOR! NOT WITH THAT HEAVY ARMOR HE WEARS!

EH? BY THE EMPEROR!

WHRRR

NO!

BLAST YOU COBRA... :KAFF:... YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS...

...SOON AS... :KOFF:... MY WHIRLING BLADES CLEAR AWAY THESE... :CHOKE:...NOXIOUS FUMES!

NO! IT ISN'T FAIR! YOU TRICKED ME!

COBRA, JUST... SHUT... UP! I'VE TAKEN ALL THE GRIEF FROM YOU I CAN STOMACH--

--AND I'LL TAKE NO MORE! DO YOU HEAR? NO MORE!

H-HYDE! FOR GOD'S SAKE, HURRY! HE'S A--MADMAN!

MAD? YOU'RE DAMNED *RIGHT* I'M MAD, I--!

WAIT! THOSE HEAVY FOOT-STEPS BEHIND ME! IT'S...

THUD

EXCELLENT, HYDE! NOW *GRAB* HIM! DON'T LET HIM CATCH HIS *BREATH!*

SLAY HIM, HYDE! SLAY HIM I SAY!

BAH! QUIT STRUGGLING!

N-NO... I'LL... *NEVER*... GIVE ...UP...

...NEVER...

NEVER!

LOOK OUT, HE'S--

HE'S FINISHED, COBRA...

...IF THAT'S THE BEST HE CAN DO! I'LL CRUSH HIM IN MY BARE...

HANNNNDS!

SOMETHING STRUCK HYDE! BUT WHAT-- HOW?

THERE! I CAN SENSE A SILHOUETTED FIGURE CROUCHED ATOP THE PRISON WALL...

...CAN HEAR A CAPE RUSTLING IN THE WIND AND A POWERFUL HEART-BEAT MUFFLED BY A THICK COSTUME!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, IT'S--

PALADIN!

WHO THE--DAREDEVIL!? BUT WE--AH--PARTED COMPANY IN CENTRAL PARK.* HOW'D YOU GET HERE--BEFORE ME?

I'D UNDERSTAND IF YOU WERE A PROFESSIONAL MERCENARY LIKE MYSELF--OUT TO MAKE A BUCK! BUT YOU'RE ONLY A...SUPER-HERO.

AH WELL, NO HARM DONE. JUST LEAVE THE PURPLE MAN TO ME. THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF THE FEE I INTEND TO COLLECT--FOR HIS CAPTURE!

*DD #152--BOB.

THUMP

NO! THIS IS MY FIGHT!

I'M THE ONLY ONE ABLE TO RESIST KILLGRAVE'S DEADLY INFLUENCE! GET BACK BEFORE IT'S--!

TOO LATE, DAREDEVIL!

THE FOOL'S MINE, NOW! LOCK, STOCK--

"--AND MIND!"

N-NO...NO...

SLOWLY...TREMBLINGLY... PALADIN'S GLEAMING WEAPON SWINGS TOWARD DAREDEVIL--FRAMING HIM SQUARELY WITHIN ITS SIGHTS...

THEN...

...WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT, THE FLAMBOYANT HERO-FOR-HIRE MANAGES TO WHEEL AND FIRE!

ZZZZ

BUT DAREDEVIL IS NO LONGER HIS TARGET!

H-HELP ME... TO MY FEET, DOLTS... THEN... DESTROY THEM--

DESTROY THEM BOTH!

PALADIN... YOU OK?

I... THINK SO... FEELS LIKE HE ALL BUT FRIED MY BRAIN! WON'T BE ABLE TO... HOLD OUT... MUCH LONGER...

...UNLESS...

CLUK

SNAP

SNAP

"THERE! I'M COMPLETELY INTERNALIZED NOW!

"AIR FLOW AND TEMPERATURE ARE AUTOMATICALLY REGULATED. RADAR SCREENS ARE IN PLACE AND FUNCTIONING--

--SO LET'S CLEAN HOUSE!

...BUT HOW DOES HORN HEAD DO IT?

I DON'T GET IT. I'M LIKE A LIVING TANK IN HERE-- SHIELDED FROM KILLGRAVE'S POWER...

SOUNDS GOOD!

THEY'RE COMING FOR US!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP... HELP ME...!

SSSSS

THAT HISSING COMING RIGHT AT ME--HAS TO BE--

VENOM DARTS! HEADS UP, PALADIN!

NO PROBLEM, MY FRIEND...

SWACK

THUNK

...NO PROBLEM AT ALL!

THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND ME A MORE WORTHY OPPONENT!

EASY, PALADIN! GLADIATOR'S *DANGEROUS*--

MAYBE, BUSTER, BUT I SORT OF *DOUBT* IT!

RRRRRR

--AND HE'S ALSO *MINE!*

HIS HEARTBEAT IS SPEEDING UP... BREATHING'S SHALLOW! HE'S *LUNGING* AT ME! BUT LUNGING-- AND *CONNECTING*-- ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS!

NOW! HIS MOVEMENTS ARE SLOWED... HE'S *OFF-BALANCE*...

GRRIWD

SAVE YOUR BREATH, GLADIATOR, WE'VE *ALL* HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE!

:WHUFF:

GREAT CEASAR'S--

...SOOOO...

THAT'S IT KILL-GRAVE! GAME'S OVER... YOU'VE LOST...

AND I'M COMING FOR YOU!

YOU DO AND THE DEATH OF THE WOMAN YOU LOVE WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS.

THE GAME, AS YOU CALL IT, IS FAR FROM OVER.

DAMN! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT US!

PALADIN--

--KILLGRAVE'S GOT NOTHING!

HE KID-NAPPED MISS GLENN --USED HER LIKE HE USED HER FATHER! HE AR-RANGED THIS SHOW-DOWN--

--BUT SO HELP ME, HE'LL NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN!

ZIP

NO! STOP THEM!

THANK GOD, HEATHER'S ALRIGHT! THAT WAS THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE! IF I'D MISSED--

--BUT I HAD TO RISK IT! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HER ANYWAY--SOON AS HER USEFULNESS WAS OVER!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING! NOTH-ING THISE SIDE OF HELL'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM YOU!

BLAST YOU, DAREDEVIL--

--I'LL BE RID OF YOU YET!

KILLGRAVE, IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...

...YOU'RE A BIGGER *FOOL* THAN I THOUGHT! THERE'S NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN, KILLGRAVE! IT'S JUST YOU AND *ME*, NOW!

NO! I WON'T LET IT END *THIS* WAY--

I PLANNED TOO WELL... *SUFFERED* TOO MUCH... FOR THAT!

MISTER--

--YOU DON'T KNOW THE *MEANING* OF THE WORD SUFFER! MY WHOLE LIFE'S A *SHAMBLES* BECAUSE OF YOU!

H-HE ISN'T STOPPING! BUT THE SEARCHLIGHT SHOULD HAVE *BLINDED* HIM ... UNLESS...

GOD!

... IT'S *TRUE*! IT WASN'T AN ACT! *MURDOCK'S ALREADY BLIND!*

NO! I WON'T BE BEATEN BY A BLIND MAN! I WON'T!

WHA--? YOU *DUCKED*! I CAN'T STOP! I'M GOING TO--

FALL!

SPLASH

COULDN'T CATCH HIM-- HE WAS MOVING TOO FAST, BUT THEN I DIDN'T REALLY *TRY*, DID I?

CAN'T HONESTLY SAY I'M *SORRY*, EITHER.

UH, HORNHEAD, I HATE TO MENTION IT BUT YOU JUST COST ME CLOSE TO A *HALF-MILLION DOLLARS!* DON'T YOU THINK--!

SEND ME A *BILL*, PALADIN. *ITEMIZED*...

OHH... WHAT HAPPENED? *CAN'T REMEMBER*...

OH, WELL, IT WAS *WORTH* IT...

...ALMOST!

GUESS I'D BETTER HELP ROUND UP THE PRISONERS... 'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE PD'S GOT HIS *HANDS FULL* AT THE MOMENT...

HEATHER...

...LUCKY DOG!

D-DON'T SAY *ANYTHING*--

--PLEASE! JUST TAKE ME *HOME*!

NEXT ISSUE: A SURPRISE *GUEST ARTIST* ...AND THE RETURN OF:

THE WIDOW!

STILL ONLY 35¢

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Featuring: THE AVENGERS! HERCULES! AND THE MOST REQUESTED RETURN OF ALL.. THE BLACK WIDOW!

TO DIE IN DARKNESS!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee presents: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THERE IS **ANOTHER** WORLD HERE, HIGH ABOVE THE ARTIFICIAL NEON GLARE OF A CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS.

A DARK, STALKING WORLD OF BLACK, MOONCAST **SHADOWS** AND SOOT-COVERED ROOFTOPS.

AND THIS COLD AND WIND-SWEPT NIGHT IT IS A WORLD SHATTERED BY THE SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED, PAIN-FILLED **SCREAMS** OF A MAN NAMED MATTHEW MURDOCK!

A MAN PERHAPS BETTER KNOWN AS THE **BLIND** ADVENTURER CALLED...

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR?

YES, THERE **IS** ANOTHER WORLD HERE. SOME SAY IT IS A WORLD OF **DEATH**...

R. McKENZIE / SCRIPT | F. ROBBINS / PENCILS & F. SPRINGER / INKS | D. WOHL / LETTERS | B. SHAREN / COLORS | B. HALL / EDITOR | J. SHOOTER / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

...AND THEY ARE RIGHT!

FALLING... HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... ANYTHING!

BUT MY HEAD'S POUNDING ...CAN BARELY FOCUS... RADAR-SENSE!

BUT... I'VE GOT TO TRY... GOT TO --TWIST--

TOWARD THAT LEDGE!

HAVE TO-- HOLD ON... UNTIL I CATCH MY BREATH! UNTIL THE PAIN FADES!

W-WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN--?

GOT IT!

LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL! I THINK HE NEARLY FELL!

BUT... BUT... BUT I DIDN'T THINK STUFF LIKE THAT EVER HAPPENED TO SUPER-HEROES!

HUH? A SUPER-HEEEEROHH? WHERE?

EASY... JUST TAKE THIS... NICE AND SLOW!

HAVE TO... PULL MYSELF UP... TO LEDGE ...BEFORE I PASS OUT!

JUST A LITTLE MORE... JUST...

...OH, NO...

NOOO!

N-NOT... AGAIN...!

WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?

CAN FEEL... ELECTRICAL IMPULSES... FLICKERING ON AND OFF AGAIN...

...MUST BE A NEON SIGN!

SPPRRKK

IF I CAN JUST--!

SPPTTZ

ZZKKK!

SSWARK!

WUUUPPO!

DAREDEVIL! YOU OK?

G-GOODNESS! IT *IS* A SUPER-HEEEEEROHH!

AND WHAT A *HUNK!*

NO... *DON'T!*

RiiT

HEY! WHAT'S EATIN' YOU, *CREEP?!* WE WUZ ONLY TRYIN' TO *HELP!*

OHHH!

GET *BACK,* PLEASE LEAVE ME *ALONE!*

NOW I'VE *DONE* IT!

MUTANT? YEAH THAT MAKES *SENSE!*

MAYBE JAMESON'S *RIGHT!* I READ WHERE YOU CAN'T TRUST *ANY* OF THESE--*VIGILANTES!*

TOO MANY *PEOPLE* CROWDING AROUND! THEIR VOICES--EVEN THEIR HEARTBEATS--ARE *OVER-WHELMING* MY HYPER-SENSES!

YOU SEE *THAT,* HE'S ACTIN' LIKE ONE 'A THEM... EVIL *WHATCHA-MACALLITS*--MUTANTS!

YEAH, CARY, I *KNOW* WHAT YA MEAN... I *THINK...!*

GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE--WHILE I STILL *CAN!*

AND IF THAT'S MY *BILLY CLUB* I SENSE SWINGING FROM THAT BUILDING...

...I'M PRACTICALLY *HOME FREE!*

AND, SOMETIME LATER, IT IS A WEARY AND CONFUSED **DAREDEVIL** WHO FINDS REFUGE ON A NIGHT-SHROUDED, DESERTED **ROOFTOP!**

HEADACHE'S... **BETTER** NOW-- BUT I NEARLY **DIED** BACK THERE... AND I'M **STILL** NOT CERTAIN WHY!

HARD TO **REMEMBER** EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED--

--BUT AT LEAST THAT LITTLE CONFRONTATION PROVED **ONE** THING!

DAREDEVIL **IS**-- AND MUST REMAIN--**A LONER!** OF NECESSITY, I MUST OPERATE FAR... FROM THE MADDING **CROWD!**

MUCH OF MY **EFFECTIVENESS** AS A CRIMEFIGHTER STEMS FROM MY **IMAGE** AS A AS A 'CREATURE OF THE NIGHT'!

AND WHEN PEOPLE BEGIN BEGIN THINKING OF ME AS A... **HUNK**... HOWEVER **FLATTERING** THAT MAY BE...

IT'S TIME FOR DARE DEVIL TO RETURN TO THE SHADOWS ONCE MORE!

AND, SPEAKING OF **TIME**, IT'S TIME I GOT **HOME** -- IF I PLAN ON GETTING ANY **SLEEP** TONIGHT!

I FEEL LIKE I COULD USE ABOUT A **WEEK'S** WORTH--

KLIK!

--BECAUSE MY **NEW** BILLY CLUB--

--MAY WORK JUST **FINE**--

--BUT... MATT MURDOCK'S FALLING TO **PIECES!**

TAP TAP

SOMETIMES... WHEN I THINK OF ALL THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME...

...I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT DARE-DEVIL IS MY OWN WORST ENEMY!

EGA

THOUGH MATT DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, HIS BITTER WORDS WILL PROVE TO BE MORE OMINOUSLY PROPHETIC THAN HE COULD EVER GUESS.

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY -- BEST TOLD ANOTHER TIME...

...AND, HAD THE BROODING LAWYER LINGERED BUT A FEW MOMENTS LONGER...

...HE WOULD HAVE DISCOVERED HE WASN'T THE ONLY CREATURE OF THE NIGHT...

HEHHEHHEH!

MURDOCK, YOU POOR, UNSUSPECTING FOOL!

...STALKING THESE LITTER-STREWN, MIDNIGHT STREETS!

THE NET DRAWS CLOSER AROUND YOU--AND THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE!

SOON YOU WILL PAY FOR THE YEARS OF TORMENT YOU HAVE CAUSED ME!

FOR SOON YOU WILL FEEL THE SOUL-WITHERING TOUCH OF DEATH-STALKER!

THAT NIGHT, MATTHEW MURDOCK WOKE SCREAMING, DRENCHED IN A COLD, CLAMMY SWEAT. HIS HEADACHE RETURNED... BUT SLEEP DID NOT. AND SO, EARLY NEXT MORNING...

HUH? OH... RIGHT...

HERE, Y'ARE, MAC. FARE'S SEVEN-FIFTY!

JIFFY CAB

...AND KEEP THE CHANGE. THAT IS A TEN-SPOT, ISN'T IT?

WELL, AT LEAST HE'S HONEST-- EVEN IF HE IS A ROTTEN DRIVER!

SURE IS, PAL. THANKS.

BET HE'D NEVER BE-LIEVE I KNEW I GAVE HIM A TEN, JUST BY FEELING THE INK IMPRES-SION ON-- EH?

JIFFY

THAT BABBLE OF VOICES... LITERALLY DOZENS OF HEART-BEATS! A CROWD'S GATHERED BY THE STOREFRONT... BUT... BUT-- WHY?

--SO THEN I TOLD HIM, HARRY, IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR PAWS OFF MY...

WHEW! SO MUCH PERFUME! FOR SOMEONE WITH MY SENSE OF SMELL IT'S NEARLY OVERPOWERING!

UH, EXCUSE ME, LADIES! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE...

HUMMF! I WILL NOT! I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE SIX-THIRTY, YOUNG MAN! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

THAT'S HOW AMERICA WORKS!

NEWS 7

BUT, LADY... IF YOU DON'T LET ME BY...

...WHO'S GOING TO OPEN UP?

UH... I WILL, MATT...

FOGGY! WHAT IN THE WORLD'S GOING ON?

WELL, MATT, UH... IT'S LIKE THIS... I... I MEAN WE...

THAT IS, THE FIRM...

IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE, YOUNG MAN, IN THE BUGLE ... UNDER 'HELP WANTED', BUT IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF JOKE, BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL HEAR FROM MY LAWYER!

LADY-- I AM A LAWYER!

A-AND AN OVERWORKED ONE, TOO, MATT! WITH YOUR HEAVY CASELOAD, I THOUGHT...

...I... THOUGHT ...THAT... YOU...

UH, GUESS I SHOULDA CHECKED WITH YOU FIRST, THOUGH, HUH, PARTNER?

YES, I GUESS SO... PARTNER...

...BUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, I SUPPOSE. AND I COULD USE THE HELP! IT'S JUST THAT, RIGHT NOW, I'M...

MATT... IS SOMETHING WRONG? IF YOU'D RATHER NOT BOTHER WITH THIS TODAY, I CAN...

=HUMMMF= WELL, I NEVER!

NO, FOGGY, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT... REALLY... I--!

MATT!

=UNGHH= MY... HEAD!

MATT, YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET! ARE YOU SICK? WANT ME TO CALL A DOCTOR?

NO! I-- I'M FINE, FOGGY, JUST FINE. I... TRIPPED. IT'S AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD...

SO, FOR A TROUBLED MATT MURDOCK, IT IS THE BEGINNING OF A LONG, GRUELING DAY...

DID YOU HEAR ME, MR. MURDOCK? I WAS ASKING ABOUT RETIREMENT BENEFITS, I...

WHAT--? OH YES, OF COURSE, RETIREMENT...

'DON'T CALL US... WE'LL CALL YOU'? HUMME WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT!

I HAVE MY RESUME RIGHT HERE, MR. MURDOCK. I'M VERY EFFICIENT! IF YOU'D CARE TO LOOK IT OVER, I--I--

I'M SURE YOU DIDN'T, MISS WILLIAMS...

--OH, I'M SO SORRY, MR. MURDOCK! I... DIDN'T MEAN...

--AND WHILE I HATE TO SOUND CHAUVINISTIC, MISS BARNEY, WE ARE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN TYPE--AT LEAST A LITTLE...

BUT... MR. MURDOCK... I DO MAKE A GREAT POT OF COFFEE...

...IF YOU... PREFER INSTANT, THAT IS...

BUT EVENTUALLY EVEN THE LONGEST OF DAYS MUST WIND TO A CLOSE...

...MUCH TO MATT'S EVERLASTING RELIEF.

OH, MAN! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO SPLIT WIDE OPEN!

I DON'T THINK I COULD'VE FACED ANOTHER...

MR. MURDOCK? I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE, BUT...

OH, NO!

P-PLEASE... I'M SORRY... BUT COULD YOU JUST GO AWAY?

JUST... GO AWAY? SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, HUH, MR. MURDOCK?

WHA--?

SURE, I'LL GO! I'LL BE GLAD TO! AND DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP, COUNSELOR! I GOT IN HERE BY MYSELF... I CAN LEAVE THE SAME WAY!

YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT THAN THE REST! YOU THINK I'M HELPLESS! THAT I CAN'T DO A FULL DAY'S WORK... JUST BECAUSE I'M HANDI-CAPPED!

AND IF YOU SEE THINGS THAT WAY, MISTER, I'M SORRY FOR YOU! I REALLY AM SORRY!

M- MY GOD! THE SOUND OF HER VOICE... EVEN HER HEARTBEAT... SHE MUST BE SITTING DOWN! AND I CAN HEAR RUBBER WHEELS SQUEAKING AGAINST THE FLOOR!

THEN SHE'S ... SHE'S...

MISS, PLEASE! WAIT!

I... I DIDN'T SEE...

...I... DIDN'T SEE... AT ALL...

TAP!

TAP!

AND ONE ANIMATED CONVERSATION LATER...

...COLLEGE --AND TWO YEARS OF LAW SCHOOL? MISS BLAKE... BECKY... I THINK YOU'D BE PERFECT FOR THE JOB!

DO YOU REALLY... MATT? I MEAN YOU'RE NOT JUST FEELING SORRY FOR A...?

UH, MATT, COULD I SEE YOU A SEC?

I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD GET HER HOPES TOO HIGH. I MEAN...

MEAN WHAT, FOGGY?

THAT SHE'S HANDICAPPED?

WELL, UH, MATT, I DIDN'T QUITE MEAN IT TO SOUND THAT WAY, I--

--I GUESS I JUST INSERTED MY FOOTPIECE RIGHT SMACK DAB IN MY MOUTHPIECE, DIDN'T I?

SORRY, BUDDY, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

MISS BLAKE... WELCOME ABOARD!

TELL YOU WHAT-- LET ME GRAB A QUICK SHAVE AND WE'LL CELEBRATE BECKY'S NEW JOB!

HOW'S THAT SOUND?

SOUNDS GREAT... MATT!

M.MURDOC

OWW! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS WAS A MISTAKE... HEADACHE'S COMING BACK!

MAYBE FOGGY'S RIGHT-- MAYBE I SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR!

HERE, BECKY, LET ME HELP YOU.

NO!

IF I'M GOING TO WORK FOR YOU, MR. NELSON, WE'D BETTER GET ONE THING STRAIGHT! I DO THINGS FOR MYSELF! YOU GOT THAT? FOR... MYSELF!

BESIDES, I DON'T SEE YOU HOLDING MATT'S HAND!

=ULP=

OH, I'M SORRY, FOGGY. I KNOW YOU MEANT WELL.

IT'S JUST... WELL, I DON'T EVER WANT THIS DAMNED CHAIR TO TURN INTO A--

H-HUH? WHAT WAS THAT?

--CRUTCH, NOW C'MON, LET'S EAT-- I'M STARVED!

NATASHA?!

EXTERR! WIDDER RETURNS TO BIG APPLE --STAYS WITH AVENGERS!

UH, MATT, SINCE WE'RE CELEBRATING, I'VE GOT SOME GREAT NEWS ABOUT DEBBIE AND ME!

I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL YOU EARLIER, BUT WE'VE DECIDED TO GO AHEAD AND TIE THE KN-- MATT?

THAT'S GREAT, FOGGY. IT REALLY IS. BUT I CAN'T TALK NOW...

MATT?

"YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THAT, BECKY. MATT MURDOCK MAY BE THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE MAN AT ALL."

NATASHA!

FRAGILE!

HATED RUNNING OUT ON THOSE TWO LIKE *THAT*, BUT... NATASHA ...THE BLACK WIDOW...

...MY LORD, HOW *LONG* HAS IT BEEN? GOT TO SEE HER AGAIN... IF *ONLY* TO TO SAY--!

=UNNNH= MY *HEAD*!

P-PAIN'S *WORSE*... THAN EVER... I...

...CAN'T BE-LIEVE THE CHAMPIONS HAVE ACTUALLY *DISBANDED*, HERCULES!

AYE, CAPTAIN, TIS A *SAD* STATE OF AFFAIRS -- BUT *TRUE*!

STILL, IT'S *GOOD* TO SEE YOU AND NATASHA AGAIN-- AND, OF COURSE, YOU'RE *BOTH* WELCOME TO STAY AT AVENGERS' MANSION AS *LONG* AS YOU LIKE!

WE HAD *HOPED* AS MUCH, CAPTAIN, FOR VERILY WE HAVE *NO* PLACE LEFT TO TURN!

LOTS OF US DANCE TO *THAT*, TUNE, HERC!

SAY, 'TASH, SPEAKING OF DANCING THERE'S A GREAT *DISCO* DOWN ON 59th...

GOTTA *WARN* YA, THO, I DO A MEAN *HUSTLE*-- USUALLY FROM THE *CEILING*!

IT'S TOO BAD THE *OTHERS* AREN'T HERE NOW-- BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN RATHER *HECTIC* LATELY!

UH, THANKS BEAST, BUT I'M *NOT*--!

BREEOOOHHH OOOGGAH BR EOGGAA BREE OGA

BY ZEUS!

THE INTRUDER ALARM!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *LIGHTS*?

BY-CYCLE! AN' BROTHER, I'M PEDDLIN'!

INTRUDERS, EH? THEN I GUESS IT'S *TIME* FOR YOURS TRULY--

--TO *STRUT* HIS STUFF AN' LET IT ALL *HANG* LOOSE!

AN' BABY, I *DO* MEAN HANG! WITH *TOES* LIKE MINE IT'S ONLY *NAT-HRAL!*

HANK! BE CARE-FUL!

CAREFUL? *ME?*

AN' *RUIN* MY HEROIC IMAGE? *OWWW!*

KRAK!

M-MOMMA... *BELIEVE* ME... FROM NOW ON I'LL BE *CAREFUL!* SCOUT'S HONOR!

F'RINSTANCE, I'M GONNA *CAREFULLY* TAKE THIS GOON APART!

HEY! WATCH THE MER-CHANDISE!

THIS BLUE, FURRY BOD MAY NOT *LOOK* LIKE MUCH-- BUT *I* CALL IT HOME...

≠UNGHH≠

CHOK!

LOOK OUT! THE BEAST'S DOWN!

BUT WHOEVER THAT IS, LURKING IN THE SHADOWS---

"--WILL ANSWER TO CAPTAIN AMERICA!"

WWHHIIZZ WW

KLANG!

SHIRK!

=UNGHH=

NO! HE GRABBED ME ALMOST AS IF HE KNEW ...SENSED SOMEHOW... THAT I WAS ABOUT TO LEAP!

BUT THAT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE--! =NNNH=

YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT, WITCH... IT'S DAREDEVIL! AND... YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE ME... AGAIN!

THIS TIME... YOU'LL PAY... FOR THE PAIN... AND THE SUFFERING... YOU BROUGHT ME! AND... YOU'LL PAY DEARLY!

B-BUT... BUT...

BY THE GODS OF OLYMPUS! CAN THIS BE DAREDEVIL? IN TRUTH, HE RANTS LIKE UNTO--A MADMAN!

NEXT ISSUE: "IN THIS CORNER... BATTLING MURDOCK!" BE HERE AT RINGSIDE WITH RAMBLIN' ROGER MCKENZIE & GENE (THE DEAN) COLAN AS THEY PRESENT POSSIBLY THE MOST OFF-BEAT DAREDEVIL EPIC EVER!

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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THE WILDEST SAGA OF THE YEAR! D.D. BATTLES THE ORIGINAL DAREDEVIL!

THE RING OF NO RETURN!

COLAN/RUBINSTEIN

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

SLOWLY, MENACINGLY, HE STEPS FROM THE STALKING SHADOWS. BUT HE DOES NOT LEAVE THE DARKNESS. HE CANNOT. HE IS BLIND...

WIDOW! I'VE COME FOR YOU! AND NOT EVEN THE AVENGERS CAN STOP ME!

...AS NATASHA ROMANOFF, THE BLACK WIDOW, KNOWS ALL TOO WELL. FOR SHE KNOWS HIM NOT ONLY AS THE SOFT-SPOKEN LAWYER NAMED MATTHEW MURDOCK, BUT ALSO AS THE SWASHBUCKLING HERO WITHOUT FEAR CALLED... DAREDEVIL!

C-COME FOR--?! MATT, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU CAN'T MEAN--!

O-OH, NO! I'VE NEVER SEEN MATT LIKE THIS BEFORE! SO COLD--SO FULL OF HATE!!

BY ZEUS! DAREDEVIL DOTH RANT LIKE UNTO A-- MADMAN!

RING OF DEATH!

AN EPIC ADVENTURE IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL TRADITION-- PROUDLY PRESENTED BY:
RAMBLIN' ROGER McKENZIE & GENE (THE DEAN) COLAN

KINKY KLAUS JANSON • INKING
ELAINE HEINL • LETTERING
FRANCOISE M. • COLORING
BROADWAY BOB HALL EDITING
JIM (TROUBLE) SHOOTER EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LG126

MATT! NO!

TWANG

HIS BILLY CLUB CABLE-- STRANGLING ME--GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP!

S-STOP IT...MATT... PLEASE! YOU'RE **HURTING** ME!

FOR... GOD'S SAKE...

...LISTEN TO **REASON!**

D-DON'T **PUSH** ME... MATT...

...DON'T **FORCE** ME... TO **FIGHT** YOU! I DON'T WANT **THAT,** MATT!

SHUT UP, WITCH! JUST ...**SHUT UP!**

THIS IS **ALL** YOUR FAULT! YOU **DESTROY** EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH!

PERHAPS I *DO*, MATT. PERHAPS IT IS A *CURSE* I CAN NEVER ESCAPE. BUT TELL ME, CAN *YOU* ESCAPE--

ZZZZ

--THE WIDOW'S BITE?!

WE MEANT SO VERY *MUCH* TO EACH OTHER ONCE, MATT. *WHY* ARE YOU *DOING* THIS?

ZZZZ

BECAUSE, WITCH, I WANT YOU!

WHY?

DO YOU HEAR ME?

SPRAK

DAREDEVIL WANTS YOU--

--DEAD!

THUNK

MATT--!

Y-YOU'RE GOING TO PAY, WIDOW!

I SWEAR YOU'LL P-PAY... FOR ALL... ALL... THE...

...PAIN!

N-NO--! I--I CAN'T... BEAR IT... ANY LONGER... I--

--DEAR GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE? FORGIVE ME...

NATASHA... PLEASE... FORGIVE--!

M-MATT--?

MATT!

SOMEONE HELP ME, PLEASE! IT'S DAREDEVIL, HE--!

EASY, NATASHA, I'VE GOT HIM!

CAP! HE'S SO STILL--BARELY BREATHING NOW! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

WE WILL, NATASHA, BELIEVE ME. WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN!

HUH--? NOW JUST A COTTON-PICKING MINUTE! IN CASE YOU ALL FORGOT, HE ATTACKED US!*

I DON'T SEE--!

*LAST ISH--BROADWAY BOB.

NO BEAST, YOU DON'T! YOU DON'T SEE AT ALL!

THE WIDOW'S RIGHT, HANK! DAREDEVIL'S NO VILLAIN!

AND ANOTHER THING, MR. McCOY: YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN AVENGER! THAT MEANS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HELP!

MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT --BUT I HAVEN'T!

BUT...BUT ...BUT... BUT...

AYE, WIDOW! WELL SPOKEN! BUT HOLD NOT THE BEAST TO BLAME! 'TIS NOT HIS FAULT THAT HIS TONGUE OFTTIMES FAR OUTSTRIDES HIS BRAIN! HE MEANS WELL, NONETHELESS!

BUT, ENOW! IF THE DAREDEVIL DOTH TRULY REQUIRE OUR AID--

-- THEN, BY THE ALL-FATHER, HE SHALL HAVE IT!
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO MATT, I -- NO!
I CAN'T GIVE UP HOPE...BECAUSE GOD HELP ME, HOPE'S ALL I HAVE LEFT!
CRASH!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

SORRY ABOUT THE *WINDOW*, JARVIS, BUT THIS...

SMASH

...IS AN *EMERGENCY*?! I UNDERSTAND, MASTER BEAST. AND GOD-SPEED. I ONLY HOPE *DAREDEVIL* IS--!

WELL, I WON'T MINCE WORDS. THE PROGNOSIS *ISN'T* GOOD. HE'S SLIPPED INTO A *COMA*--BROUGHT ON BY A SEVERE *CONCUSSION!*

IF HE DOESN'T RALLY *SOON* I'M AFRAID HE NEVER WILL! I--I'M SORRY...

A--A *COMA*--? OH, NO...NO!

I'VE GOT TO *GO* TO HIM! HE *NEEDS* ME, HE--!

WAIT? WHO ART *THOU* TO SAY US NAY WHILST A COMRADE LIES GREVIOUSLY STRICKEN?! DOST THOU *KNOW* TO WHOM THOU SPEAK?

WHAT HE NEEDS IS *REST!* YOU'LL HAVE TO *WAIT*--

--ALL OF YOU!

L-L-LISTEN, YOU M-M-MAY BE A...*GOD*, BUT D-DAREDEVIL'S *MY* PATIENT! N-N-NOW PUT ME D-DOWN!

P-PLEASE...

EASY, HERCULES! I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU **FEEL**, BUT I'M SURE THE DOCTOR KNOWS WHAT'S **BEST**!

PHYSICIANS --**BAH**! I TRUST THEM **NOT**!

BUT WE DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY **CHOICE**, DO WE?

IT'S BEEN **HOURS**, NOW! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO **HEAR** SOMETHING? I FEEL SO--SO DAMNED **HELPLESS**, I--!

THOU MUST TRY TO BE **BRAVE**!

THAT'S **EASY** FOR YOU TO SAY! DEATH HAS NO MEANING FOR YOU!

NOT SO! HERCULES HATH LOST MANY COMPANIONS TO **PLUTO'S** COLD TOUCH.

SNAP

HEY! KNOCK IT OFF, WILL YA?!

HORNHEAD'S NOT DEAD YET--THIS ISN'T A FUNERAL! BESIDES--

--HOW MANY OF US CAN SAY WE'VE TRULY LIVED?

SMAK!

O-OH, MY--!

THAT'S THE **REAL** CHALLENGE, FOLKS!

TO LIVE! LIVE! **LIVE**!

H-HUH?

WAIT! **YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE**!

SURE I CAN! ALL I GOTTA DO IS OPEN THE **DOOR** AND--

--UH, HOW **DO**, MA'AM. I--

--OOPS!

EEEK! THERE'S A-- A SOMETHING IN MY ROOM!

AH, HA! **HERE'S** WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR! PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT--?

THIEF! SCOUNDREL! OUT! GET OUT! YOU...BEAST!

BY THE GOLDEN SPIRES OF OLYMPUS, WHAT--?

GANGWAY, GUYS!

AND IF YOU SEE A LITTLE OLD LADY WITH A CANE HEADING THIS WAY--

--YOU DIDN'T SEE ME! OK? OK!

HEY, TASHA!

EH--? WHA--?

FOR YOU, FAIR MAIDEN!

OH!

AND--WHAT I SAID BEFORE--ABOUT HORNHEAD. I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN--!

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T, HANK. I GUESS WE'RE ALL UPSET!

YEAH. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH, D'D'S GONNA BE JUST FINE! HE'S A REAL...

...FIGHTER... REAL... FIGHTER ...REAL...

HE'S DELIRIOUS! B-BUT WHAT DOES HE KEEP MUMBLING? SOMETHING ABOUT A...

...FIGHT... GOT TO... FIGHT... ... GOT TO--!

DELIRIUM-- FOR MATT MURDOCK IT TAKES THE SHAPE OF A DARK AND SHADOWED **RING** SOMEWHERE WITHIN HIS MIND'S EYE!

--AND THE SOUND OF HIS FATHER'S GRUFF, DETERMINED **VOICE,** A VOICE STILLED YEARS BEFORE BY A **GANGSTER'S BULLET!***

--**REMEMBER** EVERYTHING I'VE TOLD YOU, MATT! THIS WON'T BE AN EASY FIGHT! YOUR **OPPONENT** IS--!

UNBEATABLE, YOU OLD FOOL. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD **KNOW** THAT!

HE DEFEATED **YOU,** MURDOCK, AND HE WILL DEFEAT YOUR **SON** AS WELL!

BATTLING MURDOCK

*SEE *DD#1*--BROADWAY BOB.

NO! DON'T **LISTEN** TO HIM, MATT! I WAS WASHED UP... **FINISHED!** I NEVER HAD A **CHANCE**--

--BUT **YOU** DO! PROMISE ME YOU **WON'T** GIVE UP--NO MATTER WHAT! PROMISE ME THAT, SON! **PROMISE!**

KLANG

I--I PROMISE...

...**DAD!**

THERE IS THE **BELL!** I CAN'T LET DAD DOWN --NOT NOW!

BUT MY OPPONENT-- I CAN SENSE HIM RE-MOVING HIS **ROBE**--SLOWLY TURNING TO FACE ME! H-HE SEEMS SO **CONFIDENT**--SO SURE OF HIMSELF! HE--

--**NO!** TH-THAT **SILHOUETTE!** IT... CAN'T BE!

GOD HELP ME, IT CAN'T BE--!

DAREDEVIL!

OF COURSE, YOU BLIND FOOL! WHO DID YOU EXPECT?

KRAKK

I AM THE ONE FOE WHO KNOWS YOUR EVERY THOUGHT--YOUR EVERY MOVE!

AND I AM THE ONE FOE YOU CAN NEVER DEFEAT!

NO!

TWANG

T-HUMP

GIVE UP, MURDOCK! MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF!

DID YOU HEAR ME, MURDOCK?

GIVE IT UP, I SAY!

LIFE JUST ISNIT WORTH ALL THIS PAIN--ALL THIS SUFFERING!

NO! NEVER!

NEVER!

N-NEVER...

I NEED **DISGUISE** MYSELF NO LONGER, MATTHEW MURDOCK.

YOU ARE **MINE!** MINE, EVEN AS YOUR **FATHER**--AND BEFORE HIM, YOUR **MOTHER**--WERE MINE!

--HAVE BEEN MINE FOR--HOW MANY **YEARS** HAS IT BEEN, MATTHEW? HOW MANY?

--BUT THEN **EVERYONE** IS MINE SOONER OR LATER! EVERYONE BELONGS TO--!

DEATH! N-NO --NO!

I-IT... ISN'T **TIME** YET...ISN'T...

...TIME! THERE'S STILL **TIME**, SON! TIME TO GET UP--TO **FIGHT!** YOU HAVEN'T BEEN COUNTED **OUT** YET!

MATT! PLEASE! YOU PROMISED ME! YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D LIVE!

Y-YES, I--I--**DID**--

EVERLAST

--AND I WILL!

I WILL!

WUH

I WILL!

I'LL **NEVER** GIVE UP! NEVER!

THEN I **PITY** YOU, MATTHEW MURDOCK, FOR DEATH LURKS IN EVERY **SHADOW** THIS NIGHT! IN **EVERY** COLD AND SILENT **SHADOW!**

AND YET, BIT BY BIT-- BLOW BY SHATTERING BLOW-- A MAN **TRULY** WITHOUT FEAR BATTLES HIS WAY FROM DARKNESS AND **DELIRIUM**--

--INTO SWIRLING, ANTISEPTIC **GRAY**--

--AND...**LIFE!**

NO! WH-WHERE AM I--? HOW--?

DOCTOR! DOCTOR WILLIAMS! IT'S DAREDEVIL, HE--!

HE SLIPS INTO A DEEP AND MUCH NEEDED **SLEEP**, FOR HE HAS FOUGHT DEATH, AND HE BELIEVES HE HAS **WON!**

BUT HE IS **WRONG**...

..BECAUSE HE FAILS TO HEAR THE SUDDEN, HARSH **LAUGHTER!**

HAHAHAHA

LAUGHTER FILLED WITH **PAIN** AND VERY **LITTLE HUMOR**--

--LAUGHTER AS UNEXPECTED AS THE BLACK-CLAD STRANGER WHO STEPS SLOWLY FROM THE DARKNESS.

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL! AS I SWORE I WOULD THAT FATEFUL DAY SO VERY LONG AGO! THE DAY YOU STOLE MY HUMANITY FROM ME AND LEFT ME ONLY TORMENT!

BUT NOW MY PLANS ARE COMPLETE! AND NOW YOU WILL SHARE MY ETERNAL SUFFERING!

FOR NOW YOU WILL KNOW THE TOUCH OF DEATH-STALKER!

THE TOUCH OF DEATH ITSELF!

NEXT

WHO IS--DEATH-STALKER?

THE ANSWER WILL STARTLE YOU!

STILL ONLY 35¢

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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DEATH STALKS THE SHADOWS!

STAY BACK, AVENGERS! HIS TOUCH MEANS CERTAIN DOOM!

COLAN • MILGROM

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD

LAST ISSUE, WHILE IN A **COMA**, DAREDEVIL, THE SIGHTLESS MAN WITHOUT FEAR, FACED AND DEFEATED A VISION OF **DEATH**.

AS HE SLIPPED FROM HIS DELIRIUM INTO NORMAL SLEEP, HIS NURSE RACED OFF TO TELL THE DOCTOR THAT THEIR PATIENT WAS OUT OF **DANGER**.

HAD SHE STAYED A MOMENT LONGER, SHE MIGHT HAVE SEEN THE MENACING FORM THAT MATERIALIZED AMID THE SHADOWS OF THE HOSPITAL ROOM, AND REALIZED HOW **WRONG** SHE WAS.

AT LONG LAST, DAREDEVIL, I'VE COME FOR MY REVENGE! AND NOW, WITH A TOUCH OF OF MY HAND-- YOUR DEATH!!

LG-120

ROGER MAC PLOT | MARY JO DUFFY SCRIPT | GENE COLAN & KLAUS JANSON ART | G. WEIN COLORS | JOE ROSEN LETTERS | ALLEN MILGROM EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER CHIEF

CLANG

NOT TODAY, DEATH STALKER!

WHAT--? WHO DARES?!

THE AVENGERS DARE!

HEROES, ALL SWORN TO DEFEND OUR COMRADE AT THE *RISK* OF OUR OWN *LIVES!*

BE *CAREFUL*. DEATH STALKER IS ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN WE'VE EVER FACED!

AND WHAT CAN ONE GUY IN AN OVERCOAT DO TO FOUR AVENGERS?

SORRY, BUT I'M WITH HERCULES. I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO PICK ON SICK FOLKS.

FOOL! YOU'D HAVE DONE WELL TO LISTEN TO CAPTAIN AMERICA.

BEAST, *NO!* IF HE TOUCHES YOU, HE'LL *KILL* YOU--

ROUSED BY THE COMMOTION, DAREDEVIL ACTS...

...SNATCHING A SHEET FROM THE BED...

HEY!!

--UNLESS I PULL YOU TO SAFETY FIRST

ER...THANKS FOR THE SAVE, D.D. NOW COULD YOU HELP ME UNWRAP THIS THING? NO KIDDING, I'M TANGLED UP IN IT!

UUNNH

NOW I HAVE YOU BOTH!

THE ONLY THING YOU'LL GET, STALKER, IS A TASTE OF--

-- THE WIDOW'S BITE!

VERY GOOD, MY DEAR, BUT YOU CAN'T INJURE WHAT YOU CANNOT TOUCH.

HEY, WHOEVER THAT IS, CUT IT OUT! IT TICKLES!

'TIS WELL, BEAST. THE SON OF ZEUS HATH BORNE YOU BOTH TO SAFETY.

SO! THE BLACK WIDOW'S ATTACK WAS NO MORE THAN A DIVERSION, EH?

VERY WELL, AVENGERS, YOU'VE STOPPED ME FOR NOW. MY QUARREL IS NOT WITH YOU-- TODAY.

BUT I'LL BE BACK FOR DAREDEVIL!

HE'S... FADING AWAY!

JUST LIKE ALWAYS...

...UNLESS I CAN USE MY BILLY CLUB TO--!

SWAK

NICE TRY, HORNHEAD, BUT IT'S TOO LATE. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT A *CHESHIRE HAT.*

ZOUNDS, BEAST, THOU DOST JEST ABOUT A MOST UNSETTLING TRICK!

WHAT MATTERS IS THAT DEATH STALKER WAS DRIVEN OFF BEFORE ANYBODY WAS HURT.

HE'S **YOUR** FOE, DAREDEVIL. WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE--?

YOU **ARE** ALL RIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

I'M FINE, TASHA. DEATH STALKER NEVER GOT NEAR ME... YOU?

YES, I'M...

...FINE.

HEY, CAP, I **KNOW** DAREDEVIL AND THE WIDOW GO BACK A LONG WAY, BUT I THOUGHT SHE AND HERC WERE--!

GREAT ZEUS!

''TIS BEYOND ENDURING.

CRRUNNCH

MAYBE THAT'S THE PROBLEM, HANK. THEY **WERE.**

CAN IT BE SO, THAT A FEW HASTILY SPOKEN WORDS* HAVE ENDED MY DALLIANCE WITH THE BEAUTEOUS WIDOW BEFORE IT HAS FAIR BEGUN?

GO ON, GODLING, BRUSH PAST ME AS THOUGH I DON'T EXIST.

*SEE AVENGERS #173-- AL.

KRAK

BECAUSE NOW THAT I HAVE THE **POWER**, I CAN MAKE YOU ALL **PAY!**

THE NEXT DAY, AT AVENGERS' MANSION.

WELL, WELL, I GUESS WE FURRY BLUE MUTANTS HAVEN'T CORNERED THE MARKET ON AGILITY AFTER ALL.

FROM WHAT DR. WILLIAMS CAN GUESS, I GOT A CONCUSSION WHEN MR. HYDE SLAMMED ME INTO THE WALL*--

--AND *THAT'S* WHAT WAS CAUSING MY HEADACHES AND IR-RATIONAL BEHAVIOR.

STOP TALKING AND START CONCENTRATING ON THESE EXERCISES.

*SEE ISSUE*153 --AL.

IT ALL COMES NATURALLY WHEN I'M WORKING WITH YOU.

HAH! WE BOTH NEED THE PRACTICE.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT... IT DOES FEEL NATURAL BEING TOGETHER AGAIN.

WE'RE STILL A GOOD TEAM, AREN'T WE?

NO!

ZZZZLIPPP

THAT WAS DELIBERATE! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME CATCH YOU?

BECAUSE I WANTED TO MAKE A POINT.

OH? AND WHAT POINT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU'D RISK YOUR LIFE PROVING IT?

TWONG

THAT I CAN MAKE IT ON MY *OWN* NOW, NATASHA...

...AND SO CAN YOU.

NICELY DONE, D.D.

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE ***STILL*** ONE OF THE MOST ***MADDENING,*** FRUSTRATING MEN I'VE EVER KNOWN.

THANKS! SEE YOU.

I HOPE TASHA DIDN'T TAKE MY REBUFF TOO HARD, BUT SHE WAS ***RIGHT.*** BEING WITH HER AGAIN AFTER ALL THIS TIME FEELS VERY, ***VERY*** GOOD...

...BUT I DON'T WANT TO REAWAKEN THE PAST. NOT WHEN I'M STILL TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT WITH HEATHER.

WHILE ON THE STREET BELOW...

B-BUT I ALREADY ***TOLD*** YOU I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY.

TOUGH LUCK, OLD MAN. I GOTTA WASTE YOU SO THAT THE NEIGHBORHOOD'LL KNOW TO BE *PROSPEROUS* WHEN I'M--

-- WHAT'S THAT?!

OH, JEEZ, IT'S *DAREDEVIL.* HE MUSTA SEEN ME.

I GOTTA GET *OUTTA* HERE!

BLESS THAT YOUNG MAN, WHOEVER HE WAS, FOR HAPPENING BY WHEN HE DID.

IT'S BEEN A PRETTY QUIET NIGHT SO FAR, AND I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY.

I NEEDED TIME TO THINK ABOUT HEATHER.

SO DAREDEVIL IS GETTING CARELESS, PASSING WITHIN YARDS OF A MUGGING AND WITHIN FEET OF ME WITHOUT NOTICING ANYTHING WRONG.

WELL, THAT SUITS ME. THAT SUITS ME *JUST FINE.*

ACCORDING TO MY RADAR SENSE, THIS IS HEATHER'S ROOF, SO --

WHUD

--EXIT *DAREDEVIL* AND HIS HANDY-DANDY, ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB --

--AND ENTER *MATT MURDOCK*, BLIND LAWYER--

ZZZZ

--COMPLETE WITH CANE.

FUNNY, I'M STILL PRETTY NERVOUS ABOUT KNOCKING ON HEATHER'S DOOR.

RAP RAP

I ONLY WISH I KNEW WHETHER IT'S BECAUSE OF THE RECEPTION THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE GAVE ME THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE*...

...OR BECAUSE I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE RECEPTION *HEATHER* WILL GIVE ME.

COME ON, HONEY, *OPEN UP.*

*SEE DD#153--AL.

YES, WHAT--? OH... IT'S *YOU.* COME IN, MATT.

HELLO, DARLING.

PLEASE, MATT-- *DON'T.*

WHY NOT, HEATHER? WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL. IT'S...I...I KNOW DAREDEVIL WASN'T REALLY TO BLAME FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH...

...AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY *HEAD* KEEPS TELLING ME, BUT MY *HEART*...

...I...I CAN'T HELP THINKING HE *CONTRIBUTED* TO IT.

AND I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO BE WITH A MAN WHO DID THAT, NO MATTER HOW GOOD HIS *INTENTIONS* WERE.

AARROOO AARROOOO

LOOK AT YOURSELF... YOU CAN'T GIVE IT UP... CAN'T STOP PLAYING THE GAME, EVEN WITH ME... *EVEN* FOR A MINUTE.

WHY ARE YOU CARRYING THAT CANE?

HEATHER, I *AM BLIND*, AND DAREDEVIL DOES HAVE *RESPONSIBILITIES.*

AARROOO

OH, MATT, I CAN'T *STAND* THIS!

I'M TRYING TO *TALK* TO YOU, AND ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS EDGING CLOSER TO THAT WINDOW...

...LISTENING TO THE SIRENS AND WONDERING WHETHER DAREDEVIL MIGHT BE NEEDED.

WELL, GO ON, MR. SUPER-HERO, *GET OUT OF HERE!*

GO *FIND* YOUR BIG EMERGENCY AND *SAVE* THE DAY AGAIN.

NO.

CLICK

NOT WHEN I'M NEEDED RIGHT HERE.

WHILE JUST OUTSIDE THE OPEN WINDOW...

FLAP FLAP

...A SILENT FIGURE WATCHES AND WAITS.

FLAP FLAP FLAP

NEXT EVENING, AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE...

QUITTING TIME, PEOPLE. WE HAVEN'T DONE A BAD DAY'S WORK.

DEBBIE AND I ARE GOING OUT TO DINNER, MATT. WHY DON'T YOU AND BECKY JOIN US?

I JUST HAVE TO FINISH FILING THESE DEPOSITIONS, AND...

I'M AFRAID I ALREADY HAVE A DATE, FOGGY. IN FACT, I THINK I HEAR --

--GOOD LORD! MY RADAR SENSE IS PICKING UP *TWO* HEARTBEATS. HEATHER AND...

...NATASHA?

HELLO, MATT. I'M GLAD YOU HAVEN'T *FORGOTTEN* OUR DATE TO ATTEND THE BOLSHOI BALLET TONIGHT.

BUT... I...

DON'T WORRY, I'VE ALREADY *EXPLAINED* TO MS. ROMANOFF THAT SHE *MUST* BE MISTAKEN, SINCE YOU'RE TAKING *ME* OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT.

TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF *THIS* ONE, MR. SLIPPERY TONGUE!

I... I... I...

GIVE IT UP, BECKY.

MATT WILL NEVER CARE FOR YOU WHILE HE CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN AN HEIRESS AND ONE OF THE MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

SUDDENLY...

MATT MURDOCK, WE'VE COME FOR YOU!

GRRAAAASH

FOGGY... OH, MY GOD-- IT'S THE ANI-MEN!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE ANI-MEN ARE DEAD--

--KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION*. *IRON MAN* SAW THEIR BODIES.

YOU FIGURE IT OUT, LADY. ALL WE WANT IS THE BLIND GUY...

...AND IF WE DON'T GET HIM SOON, SOMEONE'S GONNA GET HURT.

N-NO... STAY *AWAY* FROM HIM!

*SEE IRON MAN #116 --AL.

MY HYPER-SENSES CONFIRM THAT THESE ARE THE ANI-MEN, OR SOMETHING VERY SIMILAR.

BUT WITH HEATHER IN MY ARMS I'M *HELPLESS.*

DAREDEVIL CAN'T MAKE A MOVE WHILE THEIR ATTENTION IS ON HIM. I'LL HAVE TO PROVIDE MY OLD PARTNER WITH A DIVERSION.

UNLESS THIS BLASTED *DRESS* TRIPS ME UP.

YOU *THUGS* ARE VERY BRAVE AGAINST A *BLIND* MAN.

FAP

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WHEN YOU FACE THE BLACK WIDOW!

OKAY, SISTER... IT'S *YOUR* FUNERAL.

=AAHRR=

SKRAK

NATASHA!

ANYBODY *ELSE* FEELING LUCKY?

WITH THE *WIDOW* DOWN, THERE'S NOBODY TO PROTECT MATT OR THE GIRLS, IT'S UP TO ME.

WHA-?

SMAASHH

YOU *STUPID* FOOL.

YOU'VE MADE ME ANGRY.

AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!

=UNNNGH=

KRUNCH

FOGGY!

MATT, HE'S BADLY HURT! I THINK HE'S DYING! *DO* SOMETHING!

THERE'S *NOTHING* HE CAN DO.

NEXT

ROGER WELCOMES A NEW PENCILER TO THE BOOK AS DEATH STALKER MAKES--

A GRAVE MISTAKE!

40¢
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DAREDEVIL
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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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REST IN PEACE DAREDEVIL

MILLER+RUBINSTEIN

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

A GRAVE MISTAKE!

THE UNHOLY THREE HAVE MATT! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM, SOMEHOW!

O-OH, NO--! IT NEVER ENDS... NEVER...

KEEP BACK, ALL OF YOU! THIS IS THE *BLACK WIDOW'S* FIGHT, NOW!

FOGGY--? *F-FOGGY?* HE... TRIED TO STOP THEM... BUT... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE...

FROM TIME TO TIME A TRULY GREAT NEW ARTIST WILL EXPLODE UPON THE **MARVEL** *SCENE LIKE A BOMBSHELL!*

RAMBLIN' **ROGER McKENZIE,** KINKY **KLAUS JANSON,** **JOE ROSEN, GEO. ROUSSOS,** AMIABLE **AL MILGROM** & **JIM** (TROUBLE) **SHOOTER** *CONFIDENTLY PREDICT NEWCOMER--* LANKY **FRANK MILLER** *IS JUST SUCH AN ARTIST!*

LAST ISSUE THE UNHOLY THREE STORMED THE LOWER EAST SIDE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK! THEIR OBJECTIVE: CAPTURE MATT MURDOCK! AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHERE WE STAND, ACTION-LOVERS, LET'S GO!!

LG281

BLAST IT, MURDOCK, QUIT STRUGGLING!

HURRY, BIRDBRAIN! WE DON'T WANNA KEEP THE BOSS WAITIN'! I DUNNO WHAT HE WANTS WITH A BLIND LAWYER, BUT HE'S PAYIN' US PLENTY TO--*WATCH IT!*

CHOK

SURE... MY FIGHT...! SOMETIMES IT SEEMS MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT ONE LONG, MEANINGLESS FIGHT! IT'S AS IF I DRAW DEATH TO ME AND EVERYONE I DARE LOVE!

BUT WHY? WHY?! WHY IS THE BLACK WIDOW A *CURSE* I CAN NEVER SEEM TO--

--ESCAPE?

SISTER, THAT WAS DUMB! REAL DUMB! NOBODY CROSSES THE UNHOLY THREE! NOT YOU... NOT THAT FAT FOOL, NELSON... NOT NOBODY!

UNGHH--! NEVER DREAMED THAT LUMBERING BRUTE... COULD MOVE SO FAST...

WE GOT TOO MUCH RIDIN' ON MURDOCK TO BE STOPPED NOW!

...I'VE GOT TO... PULL MYSELF TOGETHER... FOR MATT'S SAKE... AND MY OWN--!

THERE'RE TOO MANY IMAGES FLOODING MY RADAR-SENSE-- CAN'T BEGIN TO SORT THEM OUT! I NEED TIME TO THINK-- ROOM TO MANEUVER! AND I'VE GOT TO BLUFF THE UNHOLY THREE FROM THE STOREFRONT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT!

C'MON! WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR!

PLEASE-- I'LL GO WITH YOU, DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! JUST... JUST DON'T HARM THE OTHERS!

POOR MATT LOOKS SO... SO *HELPLESS!* I'VE GOT TO DO SOME-THING!

UNGHH!

KATHOK

OHHHHH, MY HEAD! WH-WHAT HIT-- *NO!* WAIT... YOU CAN'T, JUST... LEAVE ME! WE'RE... SUPPOSED TO BE... A TEAM...

A TEAM! MATT AND I WERE A TEAM ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO. MAYBE TOO LONG. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I RETURNED TO NEW YORK.

MAYBE I ACTUALLY BELIEVED I... WE... COULD START OVER, THAT THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT THIS TIME.

WHA--?! NO! STAY BACK!

BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE, I GUESS...

RIIIP

N-NOT MY WINGS! YOU... CAN'T...

THE BLACK WIDOW STILL DESTROYS EVERYTHING... AND EVERYONE... SHE TOUCHES!

STOREFRON

FREE LEGAL SERVICE

HEY! OUR PARTNER'S DOWN! WE'D BETTER--

LEAVE HIM! WE DON'T NEED THAT BUMBLING FOOL! WE NEVER DID!

OH, GREAT! JUST GREAT! I DOWNED BIRD MAN, BUT THE OTHERS ARE GETTING AWAY... AND THEY HAVE...

...MURDOCK! HE'S ALL WE NEED NOW! HIM...AND OUR COMMISSION! ONLY NOW WE SPLIT IT TWO WAYS... INSTEAD OF THREE!

Y'KNOW, MORRIS, I'M BEGINNIN' TO LIKE YOUR STYLE--

--NOT TO MENTION YOUR ARITHMETIC!

I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! IF I CAN JUST--

NATASHA, WAIT! FOGGY'S HURT...HE NEEDS YOUR HELP!

BESIDES... WE BOTH KNOW...MATT CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF...

...IF ANYONE CAN...

MATT CAN--?! BY LENIN'S BEARD, DOES HEATHER KNOW--?

OH, FOGGY, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO PLAY THE HERO? YOU'RE NOT A HERO... YOU'RE THE MAN I LOVE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU...

ALL RIGHT, JUST WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?

DO? SOMETHING! ANYTHING! OH, I DON'T KNOW!

OPERATOR, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! GET ME THE POLICE!

OH, MATT, IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO YOU...

MEANWHILE...

MURDOCK, YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT YOU'RE GONNA MAKE US RICH MEN! VERY RICH MEN! AND THIS'S ONLY THE BEGINNIN'! WITH THESE ***SPECIAL OUTFITS*** THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WE CAN'T DO--

--NOWHERE WE CAN'T GO! IN FACT, IF YOU COULD SEE THIS LITTLE STUNT, YOU'D PROBABLY DIE OF FRIGHT!

I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT, LOUDMOUTH!

THE SMELL OF HEMP--THIS SUDDEN, RAPID SWAYING-- WE MUST BE CROSSING BETWEEN ROOFTOPS ON A ROPE!

AND THAT DISTINCTIVE SHAPE I SENSE BELOW ME--THE PECULIAR SOUND THE WIND MAKES AS IT WHIPS PAST IT! THERE'S NO DOUBT IT'S THE FLATIRON BUILDING! THAT MEANS WE'RE MOVING UPTOWN!

YEAH, WELL IF YOU DON'T HOLD STILL I'M JUST LIABLE TO DROP YOU! DEATH-STALKER NEVER SAID HE WANTED YOU ALIVE, ANYHOW!

FFFT

DEATH-STALKER--?!

YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! DEATH-STALKER'S A KILLER! A COLD-BLOODED, INHUMAN KILLER! HE'S JUST USING YOU! AND WHEN YOU'VE SERVED HIS PURPOSE, HE'LL--!

NICE TRY, SHYSTER, BUT IT WON'T WASH! WHAT COULD A STUFFED SHIRT LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM ANYWAY? BESIDES...

WE'RE HERE!

PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU, DON'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS! DEATH-STALKER IS...

... LATE, THAT'S WHAT HE IS! LATE! WHERE THE BLAZES IS HE? WE CAN'T WAIT HERE ALL NIGHT!

WE CAN IF WE HAVE TO! AND QUIT THAT INFERNAL PACING! YOU'RE GETTIN' ON MY NERVES!

I'M NOT PACING! I'M STALKING! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M STALKING, MURDOCK? WELL, DO YOU?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MURDOCK? CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

OH, THE CAT WILL GET MORE THAN THAT! MUCH, MUCH MORE!

HEY! IT'S HIM! DEATH-STALKER!

IN FACT, YOU WILL BOTH GET EVERY-THING THAT IS COMING TO YOU!

AND SO WILL YOUR MISSING PARTNER!

BUT ENOUGH OF BUSINESS! I BID YOU WELCOME, MATTHEW MURDOCK--

--I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU WITH, SHALL WE SAY, OPEN ARMS!

MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK MAY HE BURN IN HELL

THEN, HIS GLOVED HANDS DEADLY WHITE-HOT TALONS, DEATH-STALKER GLIDES FORWARD--

--BUT HIS DARK THOUGHTS CURL **BACKWARD** TO ANOTHER PLACE AND TIME!

MEN CALL ME A MONSTER, MURDOCK, AND PERHAPS THEY ARE CORRECT! IF THEY ARE, IT IS **YOUR** FAULT!

BECAUSE, ONCE, I WAS AS HUMAN AS YOU! ONCE I WAS KNOWN AS... THE EXTERMINATOR!

"TELL ME, MURDOCK, DO YOU STILL REMEMBER OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER?"*

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR FLEA-BITTEN PARTNERS, EXTERMINATOR! AND NOW...

*DD #41, JUNE, '68 -- AL.

"HOW MANY LONG AND EMPTY YEARS HAS IT BEEN, MURDOCK? HOW MANY...

O-OH, NO! YOU CAN'T... DON'T...

"...SINCE YOU SO CALLOUSLY DESTROYED MY AWESOME TIME-DISPLACEMENT RAY...

NNOOOOOOOO

"...CATCHING ME FULLY IN THE TIME-SHATTERING EXPLOSION?!

"HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE I WAS HURLED THROUGH THE FABRIC OF TIME?

"BUT WHAT YOU BELIEVED TO BE MY DEATH PROVED INSTEAD A MACABRE REBIRTH! I FOUND MYSELF IN A TIMELESS LIMBO! UNOBSERVED, I COULD GO ANYWHERE! DO ANYTHING!

"SECRETS WERE MINE FOR THE TAKING, AND SO, I TOOK! IT WAS CHILD'S-PLAY TO STEAL AIM* BLUEPRINTS FOR A PROTOTYPE CYBERNETIC DEATH-GRIP...

*ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS -- AL.

"...WHICH I LINKED, ELECTRONICALLY, TO MY GLOVES! BUT IT WAS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY TO ESCAPE THE TORMENT OF MY TIMELESS EXISTENCE!

"MORE THAN ONCE I ATTEMPTED TO RE-CONSTRUCT MY T-RAY FROM BITS AND PIECES OF STOLEN EQUIPMENT... AND MORE THAN ONCE I WAS THWARTED!

"BUT NEVER AGAIN, MURDOCK! DO YOU HEAR ME? NEVER AGAIN!

"FREEDOM MAY BE BEYOND MY GRASP, MURDOCK, BUT **YOU** ARE NOT! AND NEITHER IS THE INSUFFERABLE AVENGER CALLED IRON MAN! BECAUSE OF HIM, MY FORMER HENCHMEN, THE ORIGINAL UNHOLY THREE, PERISHED IN A MOST...UNTIMELY...MANNER!" *

*SEE IRON MAN #116 -- AL.

AND ALL WE HAFTA DO IS KIDNAP A BLIND LAWYER? PAL, FOR WHAT YOU'RE WILLIN' TO PAY, WE'D KIDNAP DAREDEVIL HISSELF!

"THEY WERE FOOLS, THE LOT OF THEM! BUT THEY WERE **LOYAL** FOOLS --

--QUITE UNLIKE THEIR MORE MERCENARY REPLACE-MENTS!

THAT'S IT, MADMAN, KEEP RANTING! ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND I'LL HAVE THESE ROPES UNTIED!

MISTER, YOU'RE SICK! YOU NEED HELP--

...NINETY-NINE... ONE HUNDRED THOU! IT'S ALL HERE, JUST LIKE HE PROMISED!

THEN FORK OVER MY HALF, TABBY! I GOT ME A LOT A' LIVIN' TO DO!

--BUT HE TURNED AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND! I CAN SENSE HIM HEADING TOWARD THE OTHERS... RAISING HIS ARMS! HE'S GOING TO--TO-- OH, MY GOD--!

CAT MAN! APE MAN! **LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!**

HEY, WHAT'S MURDOCK YAPPIN' ABOUUUUT--

GENTLEMEN... IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE!

SILENCE, COUNSELOR! THIS IS NOT A COURT OF LAW! DO NOT SEEK TO BAIT ME WITH WORDS!

WHAT THE--?! DEATH-STALKER **HAD** ME--

I'M TOO LATE! HE MURDERED THEM IN COLD BLOOD! BUT WHY? HE HAD NOTHING TO GAIN BY THEIR DEATHS... EXCEPT...

DEATH-STALKER! YOU GAVE ME THE TIME I NEEDED TO FREE MYSELF! BUT YOU KNEW I WOULD! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED ALL ALONG!

NO, MURDOCK! I WANT DAREDEVIL!

I... SEE...

IT HAD TO COME DOWN TO THIS SOONER OR LATER, DIDN'T IT?

POW

TAK

YES...!

I'VE GOT TO BE CARE-FUL! DEATH-STALKER IS A FRACTION OF A SECOND OUT OF TIME! HE'S JUST A BLUR TO MY RADAR-SENSE!

NO-- WAIT! HIS IMAGE IS BECOMING SHARPER! I'M STARTING TO PICK UP A HEARTBEAT! OF COURSE! TO USE HIS DEATH-GRIP HE HAS TO ENTER MY TIME-PLANE--

THUMP

THUMP

--AND, IF HE CAN TOUCH ME, THAT MEANS *I* CAN TOUCH HIM! THAT MAY BE THE EDGE I NEED!

NOW--! HIS PULSE RATE JUST INCREASED! HE'S LUNGING AT ME! BUT IF I CAN GRAB HIS ARMS WELL *ABOVE* THOSE DEADLY GLOVES--

--AND THEN HOLD ON LONG ENOUGH--

--I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET IN SOME KICKS OF MY--

--HUH--? HE PULLED ANOTHER FADE-OUT! I'VE LOST HIM! THERE'S NOTHING BUT A STONE WALL IN FRONT OF ME!

AND I DON'T SENSE HIM BEHIND ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING! HE COULD BE ANYWHERE--

--ANY-WHERE AT ALL!

THEN, THE NEXT MOMENT...

THE RUSTLING OF A HEAVY CAPE OVERHEAD...THAT HARSH, RAGGED BREATHING...DEATH-STALKER MUST BE ABOVE ME! I HAVE TO MOVE--

--NOW!

AND I'D BETTER KEEP MOVING--

--IF I WANT TO KEEP ALIVE!

BUT, HIS EVERY HYPER-SENSE FOCUSED ON THE DEATH-DEALING FIGURE BEFORE HIM, DAREDEVIL DOESN'T NOTICE THE PUNGENT SCENT OF FRESHLY TURNED EARTH **BEHIND** HIM--

OOH!

MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK MAY HE BURN IN HELL!

--UNTIL IT IS FAR TOO LATE!

HAHAHAHA

HA HA HA HA HA

THAT WAS CLOSE-- TOO CLOSE!

KACHOK

BUT IF DEATH-STALKER THINKS I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN--

--HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

BLAST IT--! HE PHASED OUT OF TIME AGAIN BEFORE I COULD TOUCH HIM--!

I CAN'T KEEP THIS PACE UP MUCH LONGER! MY FIRST MISTAKE--

--WILL BE MY LAST! I HAVE TO EVEN THE ODDS SOMEHOW, BUT--!

I WILL SEE YOU DEAD, MURDOCK! DEAD!

AND I WILL DANCE ON YOUR GRAVE!

WAIT-- I CAN HEAR A SLIGHT ELECTRICAL HUM OVERHEAD... FAINT WARMTH! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF STREET LIGHT!

MURDOCK, YOU ARE AN EVEN BIGGER FOOL THAN I THOUGHT! YOUR ACCURSED STICK IS NO THREAT TO ME!

NOT DIRECTLY, MADMAN--

SPAK

PTOK

"--BUT, THEN, YOU AREN'T MY REAL TARGET, EITHER!"

KRESSH

WHAT SORT OF GAME IS THIS, DAREDEVIL?

I CANNOT SEE YOU IN THE DARKNESS!

WHERE ARE YOU, DAREDEVIL? WHERE ARE YOU?!

RIGHT HERE, DEATH-STALKER!

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! NOW *HE'S* FIGHTING BLIND!

SPAK

UNGHH--! NO!

YOU CAN-NOT HIDE FROM ME FOR-EVER!

SO LONG AS HE STAYS IN THIS TIME, HIS HEARTBEAT... BREATHING...AND EVEN HIS DEADLY, CRACKLING GLOVES... ARE LIKE BEACONS GUIDING ME TO HIM!

TH

MISTER, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU...I'M *NOT* HIDING!

YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!

YES! I HAVE YOU NOW, DAREDEVIL!

WHAT? THIS IS NOT DAREDEVIL! I HAVE BEEN TRICKED! BUT WHERE--?

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT?! MY PLAN WORKED!

AARRGHHH!

THWAK

SPAKOW

M-MY HANDS--!

NNNOOOO--!

GIVE IT UP, DEATH-STALKER. IT'S OVER. PERHAPS IN TIME, WITH THE PROPER HELP, YOU--!

DAMN YOU, MURDOCK!

AND DAMN YOUR HELP!

DEATH-STALKER! NO! DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND WITH ANGER! HE'S LEAPING AT ME... BECOMING SOLID...

...BUT THE... CHOKE... TOMBSTONE...

AARRGHH

HE WAS A MADMAN! AN INSANE, INHUMAN MURDERER!

HE BROUGHT DEATH TO EVERYONE HE TOUCHED... AND IT FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...

...MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL...

EPILOGUE-- LATER, AT THE STOREFRONT...

MATT, STILL NO WORD FROM NATASHA SINCE SHE LEFT TO SEARCH FOR YOU. SHE WAS WORRIED, MATT. WE ALL WERE...

AND LUCKY, TOO! ESPECIALLY ME! DOC SAYS I'LL BE GOOD AS NEW WITH A FEW DAYS' REST!

YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MATT?

I--I'M FINE, HEATHER. JUST A LITTLE TIRED.

IT HAS BEEN A LONG DAY! WHY DON'T YOU CALL IT QUITS?

AREN'T YOU COMING, MATT?

IN A WHILE, LIKE IT OR NOT, I'VE STILL GOT SOME WORK TO DO. I'LL...UH...SEE YOU IN THE MORNING...

WHEW! I'M EXHAUSTED! SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS HARDER... FIGHTING CRIME AS DAREDEVIL OR WRESTLING WITH LEGAL PRECEPTS AS-- EH...?

KREAK

THOUGHT I HEARD...

NATASHA?

NO...MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGI-NATION. I'M SO TIRED... SO...

NATASHA--?

OH, MATT, I KNOW I'M NOT HALF THE WOMAN SHE IS...

...BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE, MATT. ALWAYS...

NEXT ISSUE: PANIC ON THE PIER!

PALADIN

After crossing paths with Daredevil, Paul Denning, the mercenary known as Paladin, notched his own solo adventure in *Marvel Premiere* #43.

Marvel Premiere #43, August 1978
"In Manhattan, They Play for Keeps"

Writer: Don McGregor

Artist: Tom Sutton

Letterer: Bruce Patterson

Colorist: Uncredited

Editor: Jim Shooter

Art & Color Reconstruction: Tom Mullin

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MARVEL PREMIERE™

FEATURING

PALADIN™

FROM THE PAGES OF DAREDEVIL LEAPS THE SUPER-SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY!

ONE MAN--ONE GUN--
STANDS BETWEEN
THE CITY AND THE
FURY OF PHANTASM!

Stan Lee presents: PALADIN -- SUPER SOLDIER OF FORTUNE!

DON McGREGOR WRITER / TOM SUTTON ARTIST / PATTERSON LETTERER / M. HANDS COLORIST / JIM SHOOTER EDITOR

IN MANHATTAN, THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS

IT IS THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR OF THE SNAKE, THE END OF THE CHINESE CALENDAR YEAR 4675.

MARSHA CONNORS LOOKS OUT OVER MANHATTAN FROM HER LOWER EAST SIDE TERRACE.

SHE DOES NOT HAVE ANY DELUSIONS ABOUT THIS CITY. SHE HAS SURVIVED HERE TOO LONG FOR THAT.

A SHADOW ANNOUNCES AN IMPOSSIBLE PRESENCE.

THE ARM GLOWS, AND IT BURNS AWAY THE NIGHT!

DARLING, I TURN MY BACK ON YOU FOR ONE MOMENT, AND WHAT DO I FIND?

TROUBLE!

C 900

HE'S EVERY INCH A PRO-FESSIONAL, THIS GUNMAN-- ONLY THREE GOALS OCCUPY HIS MIND:

GET THE CLIENT OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!

KNOCK THE MAJOR OPPONENT-- THIS RADIANT CORPSE, OR WHATEVER HE IS -- OFF-BALANCE!

AND LESSEN THE NUMBER OF OPPONENTS!

DON'T KILL HIM! I DIDN'T HIRE YOU TO KILL HIM... I ONLY WANT PROTECTION!

THE CLIENT DOESN'T ALWAYS KNOW BEST, MARSHA!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'RE NOT PART OF THIS!

THIS IS BETWEEN MARSHA AND PHANTASM! LEAVE NOW, AND I'LL ALLOW YOU TO LIVE!

WELL, ISN'T THAT KIND OF YOU!

DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S KIND OF HIM, MARSHA?

THE NAME IS PALADIN, MISTER--

-- AND I'M ABOUT TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER FORGET IT!

SCOPE-SIGHT--

--AN INFRA-RED PROPHECY OF SHATTERED BONE!

IN ONE MOTION, PALADIN SWIRLS--

--AIMS--

--AND FIRES, DISPROVING THE PROPHECY OF THE SCOPE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, HE HURLS HIMSELF INTO ...WHAT DID HE CALL HIMSELF? PHANTASM?

THIS TIME THE HERO'S GOING TO HAVE TO EARN HIS FEE.

THERE IS A SUDDEN, FRIGHTENING SENSE OF THE NIGHT... AND HEIGHT!

THIRTY STORIES BELOW, THE CITY STREETS WAIT TO RECEIVE THEM!

I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE TO LEAVE! YOU CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T!

I DIDN'T WANT TO INVOLVE INNOCENTS IN THIS, BUT YOU... YOU'VE CHOSEN SIDES!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE ALONGSIDE MARSHA!

THE BUILDINGS SEEM TO LURCH BENEATH THEM.

SPACE--

--DEEP--

--AND TERRIFYING!

YOUR PARAMOUR WANTS TO SURVIVE, MARSHA!

LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T HELP HIM.

PALADIN LOOKS UP INTO THE DEATH'S HEAD SMILE, AND HE KNOWS THIS PHANTASM IS INSANE!

DID YOU TOUCH MARSHA WITH THESE HANDS? Hmm?

WELL, YOU WON'T TOUCH HER AGAIN!

IT'S CRAZY, THE KIND OF THOUGHTS A MAN HAS WHILE HANGING BY HIS FINGERS THIRTY STORIES UP!

HE BRIEFLY WONDERS WHAT THE SOCIOLOGISTS WILL BLAME PHANTASM'S MADNESS ON... TELEVISION? VIOLENT MOVIES?

AND HE WONDERS WHAT THEY WOULD BLAME FOR HITLER... OR ATTILA THE HUN. WHAT MOVIES DID THEY WATCH?

THIS IS THE TOUCH OF PHANTASM, LOVER. DO YOU LIKE IT?

I KNOW YOU FEEL IT, BURNING INTO YOUR WRISTS LIKE ACID!

SCREAM TO MARSHA! TELL HER HOW LONG YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD ON, LOVER!

NO, DENNIS! I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY ANY-THING ELSE!

KRAK!

YOU TURN ON ME AGAIN, MARSHA?

THAT'S NOT THE WAY YOU ACTED OR TALKED MONTHS AGO!

YOU COME HERE TO KILL ME, AND YOU'RE UPSET BECAUSE I BREAK A LAMP OVER YOUR HEAD?! YOU USED TO SLAP ME AROUND!

YOU'RE SICK! YOU NEED HELP!

YOU'RE RIGHT. I AM SICK! YOU KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE--

--AND YET, YOU DESERTED ME!

YOU FORGET... YOU TOLD ME I WAS A NO-BODY, SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SOCIALIZE WITH ME AGAIN!

YOU'RE NOT ONLY SICK IN BODY... YOU'RE SICK IN MIND!

AND BOTH ILLNESSES ARE EQUALLY TERRIBLE!

YOU'RE A PHONY, MARSHA!

IF YOU WERE SO CON-CERNED ABOUT ME, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN ME HELP!

PHANTASM STRIKES OUT AT HER--ALMOST AS IF TRYING TO KILL HER WORDS!

SHE WAS ALWAYS UNDERMINING HIM, HE THINKS VINDICTIVELY... UNDERMINING HIS MANHOOD.

HE TOLD HER THAT ONCE.

AFTER TO-NIGHT, HE WON'T HAVE TO TELL HER ANYMORE!

THAT'S ENOUGH, GLOWWORM!

YOU'RE THROUGH SCARING THE HELL OUT OF PEOPLE-- AS OF NOW!

YOUR LOVER CAN'T GET TO US BEFORE I REACH MY WEAPON, MARSHA!

HE'S NOT MY LOVER! STOP THIS INSANITY. STOP IT NOW!

DON'T LIE TO ME! IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU'RE ALWAYS LIVING IN SOME IDIOTIC DREAM WORLD... BUT THAT'S ABOUT TO END!

YOUR PRINCE CHARMING CANNOT STOP ME--!

KA-CHOW

WRONG AGAIN, SMART-MOUTH!

YOU MIGHT SAY I JUST SPLIT UP YOUR ACT.

HEY! THAT'S NO WAY TO APPLAUD MY WILLIAM TELL SHOT!

I TOLD YOU, MARSHA--I WOULD NOT BE SCORNED ANY LONGER!

THEY WILL ALL LISTEN TO ME AFTER TOMORROW!

AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, LOVER!

THERE WILL BE A RECKONING, MARSHA! YOUR PROTECTOR ONLY DELAYED IT.

AND YOU WILL BE INCLUDED IN THAT RECKONING, CASANOVA!

THE NAME'S NOT CASANOVA!

IT'S NOT PRINCE CHARMING!

IT'S PALADIN!

SUDDENLY, INEXPLICABLY, PHANTASM'S GLOW IS EXTINGUISHED, LEAVING ONLY MAD LAUGHTER--

--AND THE SIGH OF THE LONELY WIND.

PALADIN TURNS, HIS SENSES STILL ALERT... MARSHA KNEELS, PICKING UP PIECES, AS IF IT WILL RETURN SOME NORMALCY TO HER LIFE.

MARSHA, FORGET THE GLASS. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT LATER.

LOOK, YOU'RE PAYING ME A SMALL FORTUNE TO PROTECT YOU-- AND I'M TRYING TO-- BUT I NEED YOUR HELP.

I NEED TO KNOW WHO'S AFTER YOU AND WHY!

IT DOESN'T MATTER. HE WON'T WANT TO KILL ME ANYMORE... AFTER TOMORROW.

AND WHY SHOULD HE STOP THEN?

THERE AREN'T ANY ANSWERS IN THE GLASS, MARSHA!

WHY WON'T HE TRY AFTER TOMORROW?

KER-RASH!

THIS WHOLE SET-UP **STINKS**, MARSHA! THIS PLACE IS **INDEFENSIBLE!** YOU'RE **VULNERABLE** HERE--AND YET YOU REFUSE TO LEAVE, AS I ADVISE!

ON TOP OF THAT, YOU **KNOW** WHAT HE'S UP TO, BUT YOU **WON'T** TELL ME **OR** THE POLICE! DO YOU **WANT** TO DIE, MARSHA?

I... DON'T KNOW. YOU **SAW** HIM, PALADIN... YOU SAW WHAT HE'S BECOME! WHAT IF IT **WAS** PARTLY MY FAULT, AS HE BELIEVES? I... I USED TO **LOVE** HIM!

LEAVING HERE WOULD BE LIKE... LIKE BETRAYING HIM **AGAIN**, SOMEHOW. I DON'T WANT HIM HURT ANY MORE... OR EVEN **INTERFERED** WITH! JUST STAY HERE WITH ME...PLEASE!

AS THE INTENSE MINUTES PASS IN THE PENTHOUSE--

--PHANTASM RE-**APPEARS**, LIKE A MALEVOLENT, **GLOWING GOD** WITH CORRUPT DISCIPLES, ON THE 59TH STREET **BRIDGE**--

--AND GLARES DOWN IN HARSH **JUDGEMENT** ON THE CON EDISON ELECTRICAL PLANT.

TOMORROW NIGHT, WE **STRIKE BACK** FOR EVERY-ONE WHO WAS EVER **VICTIMIZED** BY THE BUREAUCRATS!

IN **CRIPPLING** THEIR POWER SCOURCE, WE WILL TAKE OVER THIS CITY... HAVE IT AT OUR **MERCY!**

YES, THE WAY I WAS AT **THEIR** MERCY WHEN I WORKED AS A **TRANSIENT HANDLER** AT A GOVERNMENT PLUTONIUM WASTE PLANT.

"THEY LET ME GO INTO THE **HIGH** RISK SECTORS.

"IT WAS SUP-POSED TO BE SAFE, IF YOU HAD LIMITED EXPOSURE TO THE CON-TAMINATION.

"**MERCY!** THEY DIDN'T HAVE **ANY** MERCY WHEN THEY TOLD ME I WAS **DYING**... ONLY CONDOLENCES!

"IT WAS AN **UNFORTUNATE** ACCIDENT, THEY ALL SAID...TERRIBLY SORRY...BUT NO ONE WAS RESPONSIBLE.

"NO ONE EVER IS!

"WHICH THE MAN AT THE SHOP TOLD ME WAS MODELLED AFTER THAT OF A **VILLAIN** CALLED 'MR. FEAR'! * THE IMAGE **SUITED** ME, SUITED WHAT I WOULD **BECOME**--FOR I BEGAN **EXPERIMENTING** WITH **ISOTOPES** AND **NEON GASES** TO GAIN **POWER!**

"THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO BECOME **CHAMPION** OF MY OWN CAUSE. I BOUGHT THIS **COSTUME**--

*SEE ISSUES OF DAREDEVIL -- Jim.

I KNEW MY TRANSFORMATION WAS HASTENING MY INEVITABLE **DEMISE** ...BUT MY JUST VENGEANCE WILL MAKE IT WORTHWHILE!

WE'LL HIT THEM WHERE IT **HURTS**-- IN THE **POCKETBOOK!** TOMORROW, UNDER COVER OF OUR **BLACKOUT** AND THE CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION, WE INVADE **WALL STREET** AND DESTROY THIS NATION'S ECONOMIC **FOUNDATION!**

AND **MARSHA**-- I TREATED HER LIKE A **QUEEN,** BUT SHE NEVER BACKED ME UP... NEVER GAVE ME THE **CONFIDENCE** I NEEDED...

...SO SHE'S GOT TO **DIE!**

MAYBE YOU SHOULD SEE A **DOCTOR** ABOUT YOUR HANDS, PALADIN!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MARSHA. THE PROTECTIVE **PADDING** ON MY GAUNTLETS ABSORBED MOST OF THE HEAT! BY THE WAY, THANKS FOR THE ASSIST! YOU SWING A MEAN LAMP!

YOU KNOW... DENNIS AND I BOUGHT THAT LAMP TOGETHER, DOWN ON BOWERY!

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THERE ARE SO MANY **OPTIONS** FOR PEOPLE IN THIS CITY, IT'S HARD FOR A RELATIONSHIP TO **SURVIVE!**

WELL, MARSHA, IT'S HARD TO KEEP ANYTHING **HONEST** THESE DAYS.

MAYBE IT ALWAYS **WAS!**

EVEN BEFORE HIS... **ACCIDENT...** I WATCHED DENNIS GROW MORE AND MORE **CALLOUS,** PALADIN. ONCE HE WAS QUITE **CHARMING** DESPITE HIS IDEAS OF WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE!

HE'S GOING TO MAKE *HISTORY*, PALADIN.

NO MATTER HOW TO-MORROW NIGHT *ENDS*, IT WILL AFFECT LOVERS, HATERS, POLITICIANS, LONERS... *EVERYONE*.

YOU SEE... PHANTASM ...HE'S PLAYING FOR *KEEPS!*

MARSHA, HAVEN'T YOU *LEARNED* YET?

IN *MANHATTAN* ...NEARLY EVERYONE PLAYS FOR KEEPS.

TOMORROW NIGHT ARRIVES, LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT...

CONSOLIDATED POWER

ROOSEVELT ISLAND IS QUIET.

THE NINJA-LIKE TASK FORCE DOES *NOT* DISRUPT THE QUIET.

THEIR MISSION, HOWEVER, DOES!

NOW!

WHA-BOOM!

AND THE *EXPLODING* QUIET TRANSFORMS THE NIGHT.

THE RESULTS ARE WITNESSED THROUGHOUT THE CITY, AS BLOCK AFTER BLOCK TURNS CORPSE DARK!

THE MOON WATCHES FROM THE BLACK SKY, LIKE AN UNWILLING VOYEUR!

I DIDN'T THINK HE COULD *REALLY* DO IT. SOMEHOW I THOUGHT IT WOULD ALL *FALL THROUGH*, LIKE THE *REST* OF HIS CRAZY NOTIONS.

BUT IT *HASN'T*, PALADIN...IT'S *BEGUN*.

THERE'S *NO* TURNING BACK NOW.

MARSHA, WHAT ARE YOU *TELLING* ME?

ARE YOU SAYING THAT PHANTASM MANAGED TO *BLACK-OUT* MANHATTAN?

AND PROBABLY SEVERAL *SUBURBS*. IT'S A *CHAIN REACTION*, HE SAID. ONE PLANT BREAKS DOWN AND OVERLOADS THE NEXT. IT'S SORT OF LIKE *DOMINOES*.

I'M *SORRY*, PALADIN, BUT DENNIS WAS--!

MARSHA!

YOU *DARE* TALK ABOUT ME TO *HIM*?

PHANTASM, I *DON'T* LIKE TO HAVE TO KILL PEOPLE--

--SO STOP WHERE YOU *ARE*!

HA! HA!

HA! HA!

SHE'S NOT *WORTH* DEFENDING, LOVER! I'LL BET SHE STILL FORGETS TO BUY *MILK*!

"INDEFENSIBLE," HE CALLED THIS PLACE. HE KNOWS PHANTASM'S NINJAS ARE BEHIND HIM --

-- BUT HE MUST FACE THE GREATER THREAT...

... AND HOPE TO SURVIVE THE FIRST ATTACK.

KRAAM!

DON'T KILL HIM! I WANT HIM TO LIVE!

I WANT HIM TO SEE... REMEMBER WHAT I DID TO HER!

GET AWAY FROM HER, DAMN YOU! I--!

WHUK

MARSHA.

MAR--

--SHA!

TEN FINGERPRINTS GLOW HIDEOUSLY ALONG THE SOFT LENGTH OF HER NECK. HER BODY IS LIMP AND COLD TO HIS TOUCH, THE WORDS, THE PULSE, THE LIFE THAT HAD BEEN THERE CRUSHED AWAY.

AND ALL HE CAN REMEMBER ARE HIS OWN WORDS FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE...

"IN MANHATTAN, NEARLY EVERY-ONE PLAYS FOR KEEPS!"

HE STRIDES INTO THE **THREATENING DARKNESS**... AND NEITHER THE DARKNESS NOR THE **CHAOS** THAT IT CAUSES KEEPS HIM FROM THIS **MIDNIGHT STALKING!**

THE FIRST FULL MOON OF WINTER PRESIDES OVER THE **CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION.** FIRECRACKERS SHATTER THE DARKNESS, **EXORCISING** THE EVIL SPIRITS OF THE PAST YEAR.

AND YET, THE **YEAR OF THE HORSE** HAS BEGUN WITH DISPAIR--FOR THE **YEAR OF THE SNAKE** HAS ENDED WITH GLOWING DEATH-PRINTS ON VULNERABLE FLESH!

PALADIN CONTINUES HIS **RELENTLESS** PACE!

I **SEEN** 'EM, I TELL YA! GUY WAS ALL **LIT UP**... AND IT WASN'T FROM NO **THUNDERBIRD WINE**. HAD SOME SUCKERS WITH 'IM, ALL DRESSED IN BLACK.

SUCKERS DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME NO **SPARE CHANGE**, CHEAP SHOW-OFFS!

BUT I **TRIED** 'EM, YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!

THE **FIREFLY**... HE HIT ME AWAY! I TOLD 'IM TO KEEP HIS HANDS TO **HISSELF**... I'M AN AMERICAN... WHATTAYA THINK, I ASK HIM, YOU **OWN** THESE STREETS!?

HELL WITH **THAT!** I FOUGHT INNA **WAR** FOR THESE STREETS ... WHAT'D HIM AN' ALL HIS 'LECTRICITY EVER **DO**, HUH?

HE SPOTS THE **CORRUPT LIGHT** AND THE **FESTIVAL DRAGON** AT THE SAME MOMENT.

ADMIDST THIS **PARADE** OF DRAGONS, WE'LL BE **INCONSPICUOUS** UNTIL WE REACH WALL STREET. WE HAVE A FULL NIGHT AHEAD OF US--

--A NIGHT THAT WILL GIVE THE **MAYOR** AND HIS ODD-BEDFELLOWS, THE FINANCIERS... **MORE** THAN ULCERS!

HEY, VIRGINIA, LOOK AT ***THIS!*** THAT GUY'S CARRYING A PIECE BIGGER'N CLINT EASTWOOD'S ***.44 MAGNUM!***

PHANTASM!

YEAH, I'M CALLING ***YOU,*** MISTER!

I'M COMING ***AFTER*** YOU, PHANTASM!

USE YOUR ***BURNING HANDS,*** YOUR FLUNKIES--

--WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT TO TRY AND ***STOP*** ME! BUT IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU'D BETTER MAKE ***SURE*** YOU KILL ME--

--BECAUSE IF YOU ***DON'T***...I'LL ONLY ***KEEP*** COMING AFTER YOU!

KER-RASH

GET OUT OF MY WAY! IT'S YOUR GLORIOUS ***LEADER*** I WANT!

AND I'LL ***FIND*** YOU WHEREEVER YOU'RE HIDING-- DO YOU ***HEAR*** ME PHANTASM?

PHANTASM!

I HEAR YOU!

WHAT KIND OF MAN *ARE* YOU?

EVEN AFTER MARSHA *BETRAYED* ME FOR YOU... I LEFT YOU YOUR *LIFE*...

...AND YET, YOU *PERSIST!*

YOU SHOULD *REJOICE* IN MY VICTORY-- IT'S REALLY *EVERY-ONE'S* VICTORY ...ANYONE WHO WAS EVER *USED.*

I'M DOING THIS FOR *ALL* OF US, BUT *YOU* CAN'T SEE THAT! *NO,* YOU COME SHOUTING *THREATS!*

P-VING P-VING P-VING

NOT JUST *SHOUTING!*

PALADIN'S THREE *RAPID-FIRE* BLASTS SOUND AS ONE ALL THREE DEAD ON *TARGET!*

AND ALL THREE IMPOSSIBLY *PASS THROUGH* THE FIG-URE THAT SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE DARKNESS AS THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK MASK HIS GLOWING FORM.

THEN, ALMOST MYSTICALLY, THE CLOAK *PARTS* AND PHANTASM *REAPPEARS--*

--BEHIND THE CHARGING PALADIN!

IDIOT! YOU CAN'T STOP ME WITH A *GUN!* MY BODY IS ALREADY *DEAD* BY HUMAN STANDARDS! WHAT MATTER A FEW *HOLES* IN AN ANIMATED, RADIO-ACTIVE *CORPSE?*

MARSHA SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH A *REAL* MAN!

BUT I WON'T HAVE *ANY* TROUBLE KILLING *YOU,* LOVER! THIS CORPSE HAS STRENGTH TO *CRUSH* YOUR NECK!

I'VE HUNTED DOWN A LOT OF **BOUNTIES**... BUT IN **YOUR** CASE, **ONE** OF MUST DIE HERE, PHANTASM! THE ONLY PAYMENT I'LL SETTLE FOR IS **BLOOD!**

YOU **WANT** ME TO KILL YOU!

YOU **HAVE** YOUR WISH!

PALADIN HAS BEEN **TOO CLOSE** TO DEATH THESE PAST TWO DAYS.

HE'S FELT DEATH **WAITING** IN THE GREAT HEIGHTS AND **BURNING** IN THE HANDS THAT SEAR HIS SKIN.

AND HE'S **SEEN** IT IN THE DARKNESS, STARING DOWN AT A WOMAN HE'D ONLY **KNOWN** FOR THOSE TWO DAYS.

NOW HE FEELS IT **TIGHTENING** AT HIS THROAT!

IN **CHINESE LEGEND**, IT IS TOLD THAT **BUDDHA** DIED ON A BLEAK NEW YEAR'S DAY...

ON THAT DYING DAY, BUDDHA SUPPOSEDLY SUMMONED **ALL** LIVING CREATURES TO HIS SIDE. **TWELVE** RESPONDED, AND HE REWARDED EACH WITH A **YEAR OF HOMAGE** ON THE LUNAR CALENDAR.

THE TOWERING FESTIVAL DRAGON BELCHES FIERY **ENVY** AT THIS, THE DAWN OF THE YEAR OF THE HORSE. THE GLOW ILLUMI-NATES HIS PATH-- AND THE TWO FIGURES LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT BEFORE HIM.

THE HUNDREDS WHO BEAR THE DRAGON'S PONDEROUS STEEL, WOOD AND PAPIER MACHE BULK **PAUSE**, FRIGHTENED--

--UNTIL RAPID-FIRE **SHOTS** RIP THROUGH THE DRAGON'S SIDE, JUST OVER THEIR HEADS!

PANIC ERUPTS! THE BEARERS FLEE

THUNDER

THUNDER

THUNDER

THE DRAGON **TREMBLES**... AND **FALLS!**

WITH STARTLING SWIFTNESS AND STRENGTH PALADIN TWISTS FREE --

-- DIVING **CLEAR** AS A HELLISH **HAMMER** THUNDERS DOWN ON HIS FOE.

ARRGHH!

≥ARRH≤ YOU--YOU COULD HAVE ESCAPED **BEFORE**! YOU **PLANNED** THIS... TO TRAP ME!

WHY? WHAT MADE ME SO IMPORTANT ≥UHH≤ TH-THAT YOU'D STALK ME LIKE THIS? YOU RUINED **EVERYTHING**, FOR **ALL** OF US! THIS WAS ≥ARRGH≤ **LARGER** THAN JUST YOU AND I!

YOU **KILLED** MARSHA. SHE WAS SENSITIVE... ALERT... **VIBRANT**.

YOU **ENDED** ALL HER MOODS AND EXCITEMENTS.

YOUR **KILLING** OF SUCH A COMPASSIONATE WOMAN WAS AS **EVIL** AS ANYTHING THE WORLD EVER DID TO YOU!

BUT I *DIDN'T* KILL HER!

I... JUST *DRUGGED* HER... COMA-EFFECT SEDATIVE... KEEP HER QUIET TILL I COMPLETED MY PLAN!

SHE'S NOT--

I *TRIED* TO KILL HER!

BUT I... *COULDN'T!*

NIGHT GUILT.

NIGHT RETREAT.

THE TRANSISTOR RADIO HAS BEEN PLAYING UP YOUR BIG *BROUHAHA* IN CHINATOWN.

THAT WAS SOME *MACHO ACT*, TAKING *VENGEANCE* FOR A SLAIN WOMAN!

LOOK AT IT ANY WAY YOU *WANT*. YOU WILL, ANYHOW.

PEOPLE ALWAYS TRY TO *SIMPLIFY* AND *CATEGORIZE* OTHER PEOPLE. IT MAKES THEM EASIER TO *DEAL* WITH.

BUT THE REASON I *REALLY* WENT OUT THERE WAS THAT YOU WERE A HUMAN BEING...

...ONE WHO HAD BECOME QUITE *SPECIAL* TO ME--

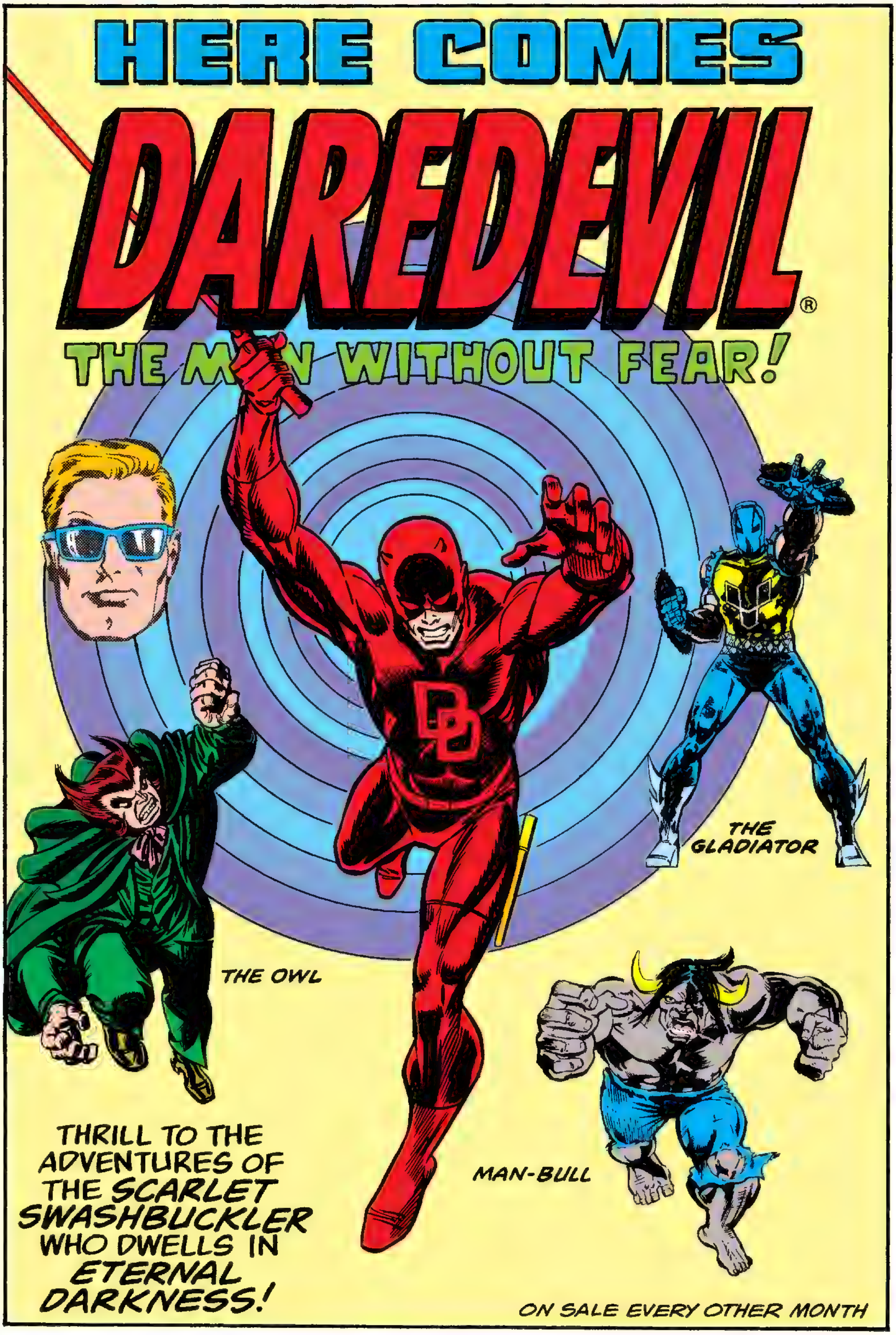
--AND THE WORLD BECAME *DIMMER* WITH THE THOUGHT THAT I'D NEVER SEE OR HEAR YOU AGAIN.

IT WAS AS IF PHANTASM HAD *SHUT OUT* THE LIGHTS NOT ONLY IN MANHATTAN--

--BUT ALSO IN MY *MIND!*

DEDICATED TO *JOHN VERPOORTEN*, BECAUSE THE WORLD IS DIMMER WITHOUT HIM.

Daredevil house ad
from January 1978 titles



Marvel Heroes house ad
from May 1978 titles

BEHOLD THE MARVEL GALAXY OF SUPER STARS!
THE MAN CALLED NOVA™
CAPTAIN MARVEL®
ALL AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOT VERY FAR, FAR, AWAY!
THE INCREDIBLE HULK®
THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI MASTER OF KUNG FU™
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Daredevil #147, page 1 original art
by Gil Kane & Klaus Janson

Issue# 147, JULY MARCH SCHED 1

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

BREAKING POINT!

LET THE MAN THROUGH, BLAST IT! CAN'T YOU FOLKS SEE HE'S WOUNDED?

EVERYBODY SAW YOU BEAT THAT RAT BULLSEYE ON T.V., DAREDEVIL! THAT'S WHY THIS CRAZY CROWD WON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE!

BY THE WAY, MY KIDS'LL KILL ME UNLESS I GET YOUR AUTOGRAPH!

UH... SURE!

COMING THE GH RI

JIM SHOOTER *WRITER*
GIL KANE *ARTIST*
KLAUS JANSON *INKER/COLORIST*
DENISE WOHL *LETTERER*
ARCHIE GOODWIN *EDITOR*

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #150, page 10 original art
by Carmine Infantino & Klaus Janson

HMM! HE DUCKED AROUND THIS CORNER AND NOW HE'S GONE!

CAN HE KNOW I'M FOLLOWING HIM?

HE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN ME-- UNLESS HE HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

THEN AGAIN, IF THE ENEMY ISN'T IN FRONT OF YOU, CHANCES ARE--

WHA--? MISSED! HE LEAPED ASIDE AT THE LAST INSTANT!

SO! HE DID DOUBLE BACK! HE'S NO AMATEUR! GOOD THING I DECIDED TO MOVE JUST THEN!

ALL RIGHT, CLOWN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SNEAKING UP ON ME?

ARE YOU ANOTHER ONE OF DEATH-STALKER'S ASSASSINS?*

MY EMPLOYER'S IDENTITY IS CONFIDENTIAL, OF COURSE

*D.D. BATTLED SUCH AN ASSASSIN, THE SMASHER, LAST ISSUE--ARCH.

I... AM PALADIN!

I BELIEVE YOU MAY HAVE SOME INFORMATION I'LL FIND USEFUL!

I'D PREFER TO HAVE A PLEASANT CHAT OVER DRINKS AT THE PLAZA-- BUT I CAN SEE YOU INTEND TO BE DIFFICULT--

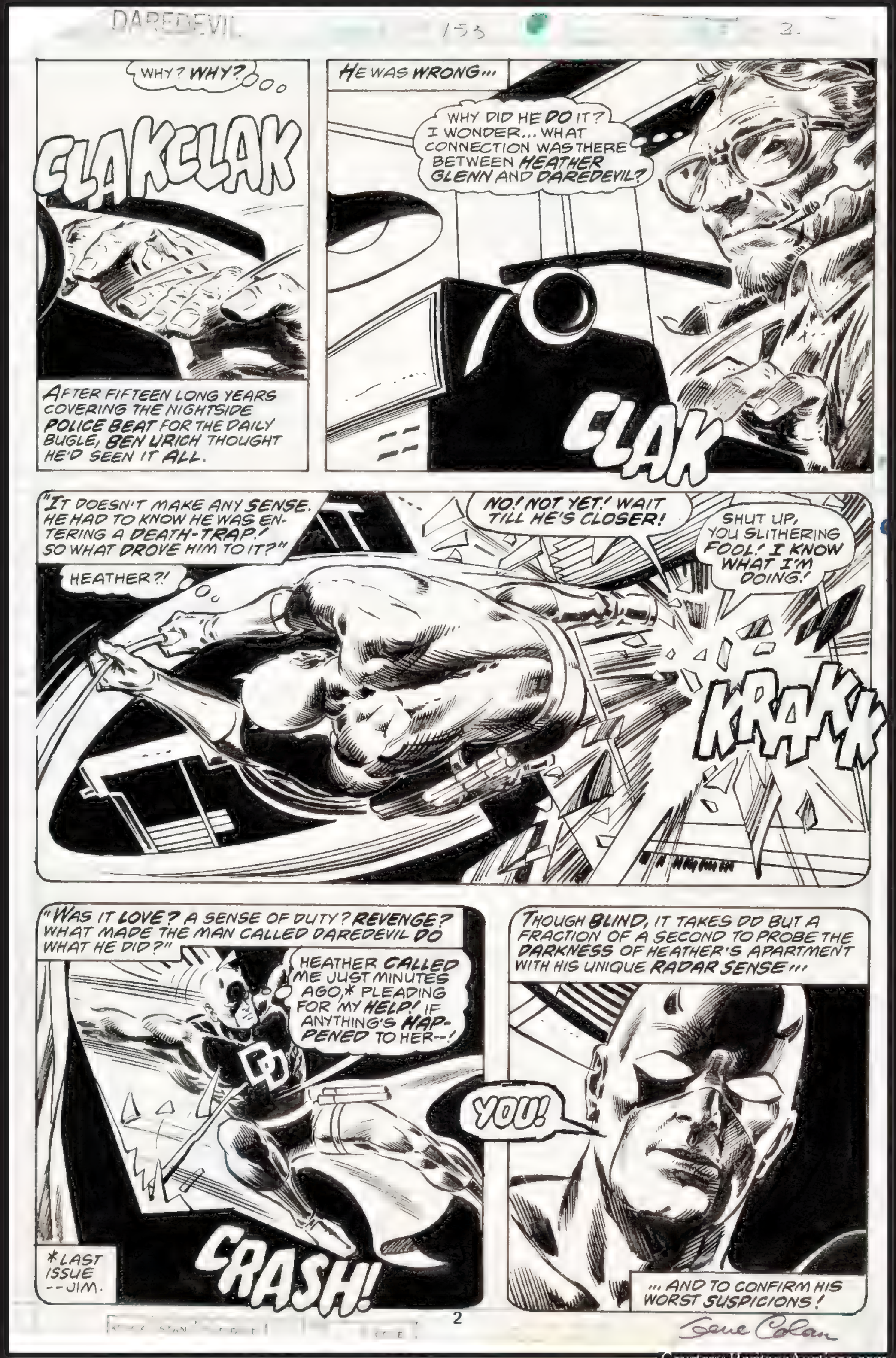
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #150, page 14 original art
by Carmine Infantino & Klaus Janson

I DID REMEMBER!
HOW THE DEVIL--?!
THAT-- THAT ISN'T FAIR!
THWOK!
I DID IT WITH MY WIDDLE BILLY CLUB CABLE... AND IT'S AS "FAIR" AS ALL OF YOUR SNEAKY TRICKS!
NICE GUN!
THANKS! IT ONLY WORKS FOR ME!
MAYBE I'LL HAVE IT MADE INTO A LAMP!
WANT TO TALK?
I SUPPOSE I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH--I'VE BEEN HIRED TO HUNT DOWN THE PURPLE MAN!
MY UNDER-WORLD CON-TACTS TELL ME YOU'RE ON HIS TRAIL, TOO!
SO... YOU THOUGHT I MIGHT LEAD YOU TO HIM, HUH? FAT CHANCE! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE TO HIS WHEREABOUTS!
BUT... WHO HIRED YOU? WHO BESIDES ME BELIEVES THE PURPLE MAN IS STILL ALIVE?
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, D.D. -- BUT PROFESSIONAL ETHICS STRICTLY PROHIBIT BREACH OF CONFIDENCE!
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!
IT'S... A LONG STORY!
AND ONE I CAN'T TELL IN FULL WITH-OUT SPILLING MY REAL IDENTITY!
CATCH!
WHAT? YOU'RE RETURNING MY GUN?

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

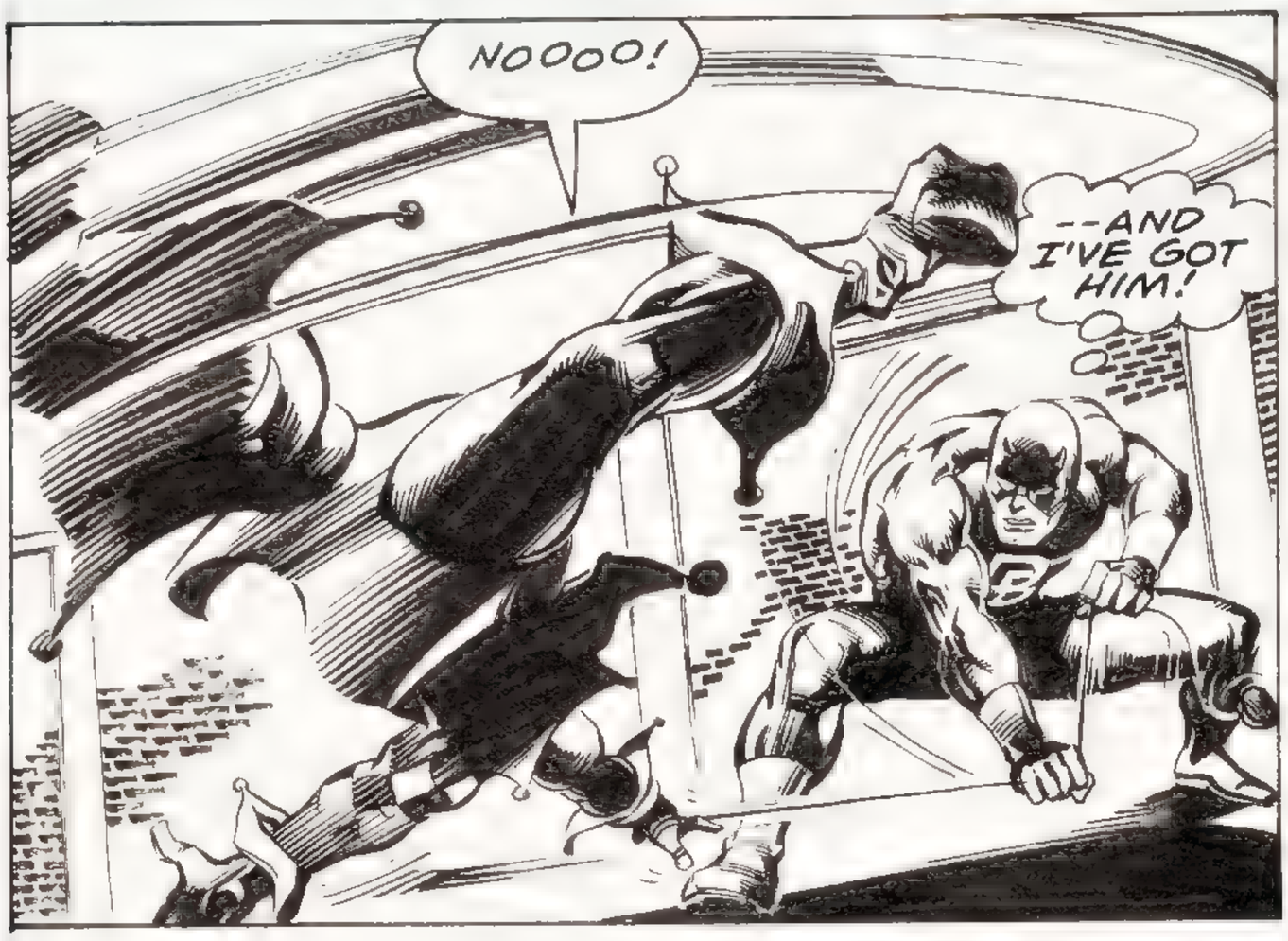
Daredevil #153, page 2 original art
by Gene Colan & Tony DeZuniga

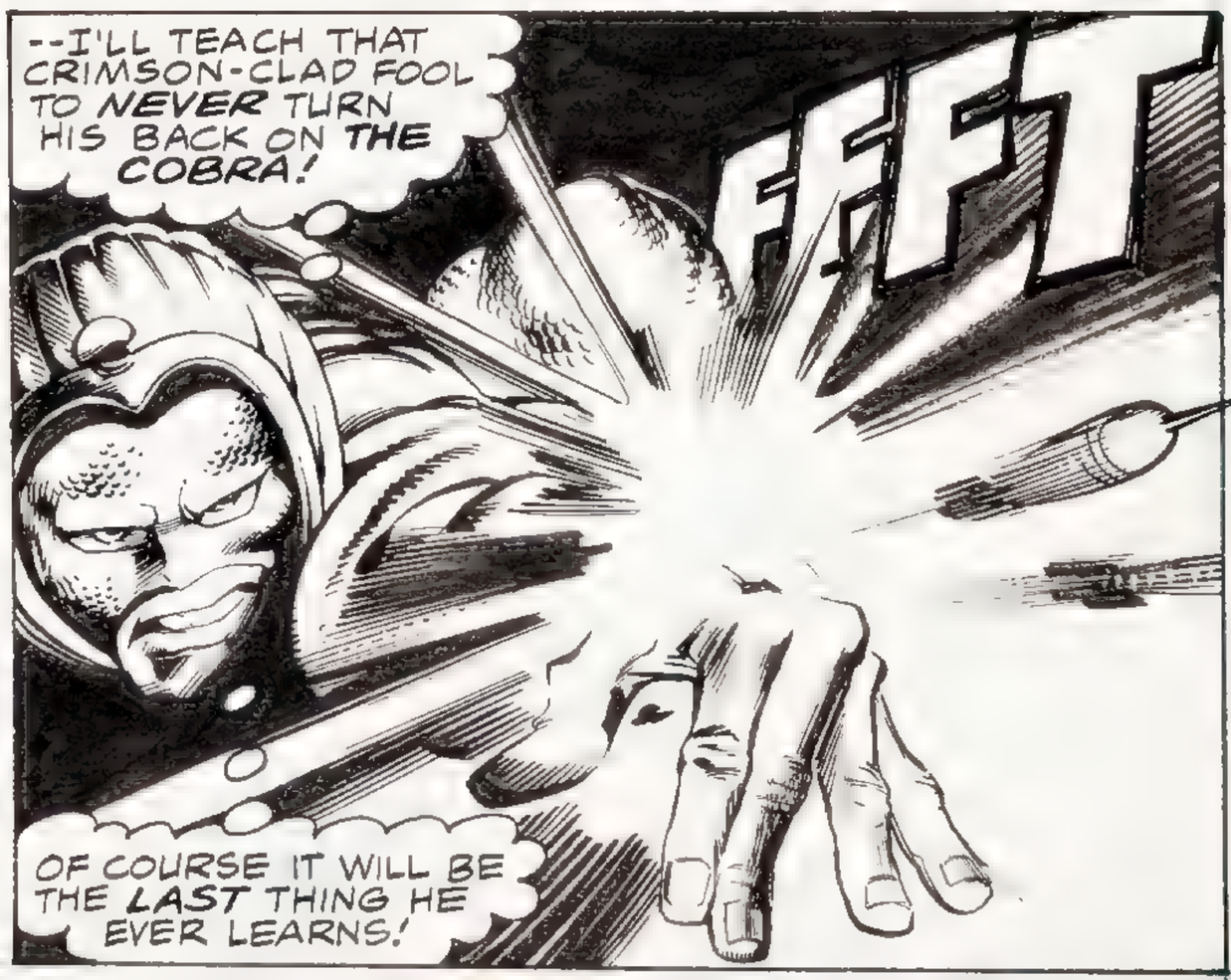

DAREDEVIL 153 2.
WHY? WHY? OOO
FLAKFLAK
AFTER FIFTEEN LONG YEARS COVERING THE NIGHTSIDE POLICE BEAT FOR THE DAILY BUGLE, BEN URICH THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT ALL.
HE WAS WRONG...
WHY DID HE DO IT? I WONDER... WHAT CONNECTION WAS THERE BETWEEN HEATHER GLENN AND DAREDEVIL?
CLAK
"IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. HE HAD TO KNOW HE WAS ENTERING A DEATH-TRAP! SO WHAT DROVE HIM TO IT?"
HEATHER?!
NO! NOT YET! WAIT TILL HE'S CLOSER!
SHUT UP, YOU SLITHERING FOOL! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
KRAKK
"WAS IT LOVE? A SENSE OF DUTY? REVENGE? WHAT MADE THE MAN CALLED DAREDEVIL DO WHAT HE DID?"
HEATHER CALLED ME JUST MINUTES AGO,* PLEADING FOR MY HELP! IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER--!
*LAST ISSUE --JIM.
CRASH!
THOUGH BLIND, IT TAKES DD BUT A FRACTION OF A SECOND TO PROBE THE DARKNESS OF HEATHER'S APARTMENT WITH HIS UNIQUE RADAR SENSE...
YOU!
...AND TO CONFIRM HIS WORST SUSPICIONS!
2
Gene Colan

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #154, page 7 original art
by Gene Colan & Steve Leialoha

154 11





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Daredevil #157, cover original art
by Gene Colan & Al Milgrom

DAREDEVIL #157

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DEATH STALKS THE SHADOWS!

STAY BACK, AVENGERS! HIS TOUCH MEANS CERTAIN DOOM!

COLAN • MILGROM

RED T'S

BLACK T'S

BLUE T'S

COPY AREA

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #158, page 1 original art by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

158

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

A GRAVE MISTAKE!

THE UNHOLY THREE HAVE MATT! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM, SOMEHOW!

O-OH, NO--! IT NEVER ENDS... NEVER...

FOGGY--? *F-FOGGY?* HE... TRIED TO STOP THEM... BUT... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE...

KEEP BACK, ALL OF YOU! THIS IS THE *BLACK WIDOW'S* FIGHT, NOW!

FROM TIME TO TIME A TRULY GREAT NEW ARTIST WILL EXPLODE UPON THE **MARVEL** *SCENE LIKE A BOMBSHELL!*

RAMBLIN' **ROGER McKENZIE**, KINKY **KLAUS JANSON**, **JOE ROSEN**, **GEO. ROUSSOS**, AMIABLE **AL MILGROM** & **JIM** (TROUBLE) **SHOOTER** *CONFIDENTLY PREDICT NEWCOMER--* LANKY **FRANK MILLER** *IS JUST SUCH AN ARTIST!*

LAST ISSUE THE UNHOLY THREE STORMED THE LOWER EAST SIDE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK! THEIR OBJECTIVE: CAPTURE MATT MURDOCK! AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHERE WE STAND, ACTION-LOVERS, LET'S GO!!

LG281

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Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #158, page 2 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

158
BLAST IT, MURDOCK, QUIT STRUGGLING!
HURRY, BIRDBRAIN! WE DON'T WANNA KEEP THE BOSS WAITIN'! I DUNNO WHAT HE WANTS WITH A BLIND LAWYER, BUT HE'S PAYIN' US PLENTY TO--WATCH IT!
CHOK
SURE... MY FIGHT...! SOMETIMES IT SEEMS MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT ONE LONG, MEANINGLESS FIGHT! IT'S AS IF I DRAW DEATH TO ME AND EVERYONE I DARE LOVE!
BUT WHY? WHY?! WHY IS THE BLACK WIDOW A CURSE I CAN NEVER SEEM TO--
--ESCAPE?
SISTER, THAT WAS DUMB! REAL DUMB! NOBODY CROSSES THE UNHOLY THREE! NOT YOU... NOT THAT FAT FOOL, NELSON... NOT NOBODY!
UNGHH--! NEVER DREAMED THAT LUMBERING BRUTE... COULD MOVE SO FAST...
WE GOT TOO MUCH RIDIN' ON MURDOCK TO BE STOPPED NOW!
...I'VE GOT TO... PULL MYSELF TOGETHER... FOR MATT'S SAKE... AND MY OWN--!
THERE'RE TOO MANY IMAGES FLOODING MY RADAR-SENSE-- CAN'T BEGIN TO SORT THEM OUT! I NEED TIME TO THINK-- ROOM TO MANEUVER! AND I'VE GOT TO BLUFF THE UNHOLY THREE FROM THE STOREFRONT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT!
C'MON! WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR!
PLEASE-- I'LL GO WITH YOU, DO WHATEVER YOU WANT! JUST... JUST DON'T HARM THE OTHERS!

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #158, page 3 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

158 3

POOR MATT LOOKS SO... SO **HELPLESS!** I'VE GOT TO DO SOME-THING!

KATHOK

UNGHH!

OKHHHH, MY HEAD! WH-WHAT HIT-- **NO!** WAIT... YOU CAN'T JUST... LEAVE ME! WE'RE... SUPPOSED TO BE... A TEAM...

A TEAM! MATT AND I WERE A TEAM ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO. MAYBE TOO LONG. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I RETURNED TO NEW YORK.

MAYBE I ACTUALLY BELIEVED I... WE... COULD START OVER, THAT THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT THIS TIME.

WHA--?! NO! STAY BACK!

BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE, I GUESS...

RIIP

N-NOT MY WINGS! YOU... CAN'T...

THE BLACK WIDOW STILL DESTROYS EVERYTHING... AND EVERYONE... SHE TOUCHES!

STOREFRONT
FREE LEGAL SERVICE

HEY! OUR PARTNER'S DOWN! WE'D BETTER--

LEAVE HIM! WE DON'T NEED THAT BUMBLING FOOL! WE NEVER DID!

3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #158, page 13 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

158 22

--WILL BE MY LAST! I HAVE TO EVEN THE ODDS SOMEHOW, BUT--!

I WILL SEE YOU DEAD, MURDOCK! DEAD!

AND I WILL DANCE ON YOUR GRAVE!

WAIT-- I CAN HEAR A SLIGHT ELECTRICAL HUM OVERHEAD... FAINT WARMTH! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF STREET LIGHT!

MURDOCK, YOU ARE AN EVEN BIGGER FOOL THAN I THOUGHT! YOUR ACCURSED STICK IS NO THREAT TO ME!

NOT DIRECTLY, MADMAN--

SPAK

PTOK

"--BUT, THEN, YOU AREN'T MY REAL TARGET, EITHER!"

KR-SSH

WHAT SORT OF GAME IS THIS, DAREDEVIL?

I CANNOT SEE YOU IN THE DARKNESS!

WHERE ARE YOU, DAREDEVIL? WHERE ARE YOU?!

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

May 1979's Bullpen Bulletins page heralded Frank Miller's *Daredevil* #158 debut as one of "the best comics ever." If they only knew what Miller had in store…

BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hey, it's too much! You wouldn't believe the way the mail is pouring in with questions and comments about our Marvel-ous TV shows! The one query we're most frequently hit with is "How can we, the Marvel readers, make our opinions known?" Well, culture lovers, even though there are no letter columns or Bullpen Bulletins on TV, there's one foolproof way for you to broadcast your own reactions to our titanic little TV tidbits. Just write a letter or postcard with your comments, criticisms, or congratulations about our live-action shows to CBS-TV 51 West 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019; or, if you wanna yak about the new Fantastic Four Saturday morning cartoon series, mail your missive to NBC-TV 3000 West Alamendt Ave; Burbank, CA 91523.

In other words, all you need do is write to the television network on which the program is presented, and remember—the mail they receive really does make a difference! Y'know, when the Dr. Strange two-hour movie was first shown on CBS a few months ago, dozens of people told me how much they enjoyed it. But when I asked if they had dropped a note to CBS telling how they felt, not one of them had thought to do so, because they hadn't realized that their letters would matter. So, a word to the wise. (And who ever heard of an unwise Marvelite?) Your opinions really do count— but only if you let the network know!

And, speaking of letting people know, if you happen to be in or near Miami, Florida on April 7th, drop by the Holiday Inn, 110th Street and Biscayne Blvd., in North Miami, and say hello. I'll be there, whoopin' it up for ol' Marvel, as usual, at the famous Miamicon 2, which runs from April 6th through the 8th, where it's always great to greet a horde of true believers!

So, till we meet again, let's all ponder the imperishable words of Irving Forbush: "Never hassle a howling Hulk—you wouldn't like him when he's angry!" Or, as we say in the Bullpen: "Never thtrike an ailing Asgardian—you wouldn't like him when he's Thor!" (Forgive me gang— it's been a tough day!)

Excelsior!

Stan

ITEM! In this column we often ramble on shamelessly about how well we're doing on various titles, and how wonderfully we've impressed ourselves with whatever new special project is on the fire at the moment. The fact is, without exception, the hype herein stems from sincere excitement about the creative endeavors we blurb, but sometimes it must seem to you that we're pushing our wares too hard. Now, we were going to start off this month's news with a wowie-kazowie rave about our impending almost-a-shoe-in TV deal for none other than SPIDER-WOMAN, and pat ourselves on the back for the terrific job that we've done with the character, but with our aforementioned worries in mind—well, we just can't! In many ways, we have every right to brag—after all, who can knock success? We've had terrific penciling issue after issue by Carmine Infantino, top-notch scripting by both longtime superstar Marv Wolfman and talented upstart Mark Gruenwald, and nifty inking by recent discovery Al Gordon. Even the coloring's been outstanding. What's more, the mail response has been overwhelmingly enthusiastic and the sales have been pretty good! With a TV deal in the offing, who, you may well inquire, could ask for anything more? Frankly, *we* could. Maybe we're *crazy* to want to tamper with a winner,

but there just seemed to be something *missing* from Spider-Woman. As any pro will tell you, something can be very good without being "right". The best art and the best wordsmithing don't always guarantee that special *magic* in a series—that happy harmony in the creative effort that makes a book a standout. Not being the type of folks to settle for less than perfect, several weeks ago, Jim Shooter, Mark Gruenwald, Marv Wolfman, Jim Salicrup, and Stan the Man himself settled into Stan's office, ordered up lunch (on the company!) and spent the entire afternoon talking things out, analyzing our approach to Spider-Woman, discussing who she is, why she is that way, and how to best portray her. It was a long, exhausting brainsession—but worth it, because a lot of things fell into place! At last, we think we've got it! Spider-Woman #14 ought to be on sale soon after you read this. If you should happen to buy a copy, (and we certainly hope you will) be sure and write in and tell us how we're doing. After all, *you* folks out there have the final word!

ITEM! All humility aside, we'd like to mention that we happened to have produced a few of the best comics ever, anywhere, which are on sale right now! For instance? Well, how about DAREDEVIL #158, which brings you the long-awaited revelation of the secret of *Deathstalker.* Roger McKenzie wrote it, Frank Miller penciled it, Klaus Janson inked it, and, no two ways about it, it's magnificent. Another out-and-out triumph is THOR #283, by Roy Thomas, John Buscema and Chic Stone, featuring a tale entitled, "Suddenly. . .the Celestials!" Still *another* smash is MICRONAUTS #5, "The Prometheus Pit", by Bill Mantlo, Mike Golden and Joe Rubinstein. There are *other* great comics from Marvel this month, of course, but we'll leave for you the joy of discovering them. Check out your local newsstand. We have a hunch you'll love what you find.

ITEM! Just a quick parting note. Many people have written in asking just who it is who writes this crazy column. Most folks presume it's Smilin' Stan, since his is the only signature on the whole bullpen page, but, in fact, Stan writes only the soapbox part of the page. Ye Olde Editor-in-Chief pens these lines, and hereby is declared responsible for all dumb mistakes herein. So, there! The truth, at last, is out. Now can we please lay to rest the rumor that Jim Shooter has fled to Borneo babbling something about schedules?

THE ALL NEW FANTASTIC FOUR IS HERE!
THE BOLDEST, MOST EXCITING ANIMATED ACTION SERIES IS THE SMASH HIT OF THE SEASON!
ALL NEW! HERBIE, THE ROBOT!
CO-PRODUCED BY MARVEL--IT'S MADE SATURDAY MORNINGS ON NBC THE PLACE TO BE!
'NUFF SAID!

BIOGRAPHIES

JIM SHOOTER

Writer/artist/editor/publisher Jim Shooter broke into comics as a precocious 13-year-old after submitting a batch of Legion of Super-Heroes pages he had written and drawn. Impressed by what was going on at Marvel, the teenager brought his "Marvel-style" attitude to bear on Legion, rolling off a three-year run that concluded in 1969. During this time, he introduced several memorable Legionnaires and villains and also wrote several stories in *Superman*.

After a five-year break from comics, Shooter returned to the scene, freelancing for both Marvel and DC. He retook the reins of Legion in *Superboy*, and wrote various Marvel titles, which led to a staff position at Marvel in 1976 and a memorable run on *Avengers*. After two years, he succeeded Archie Goodwin as Marvel's editor in chief. In his view, Marvel at that time was in editorial chaos, not capitalizing on its full potential. Only 27 years old, Shooter forced his will over all aspects of the publishing regime, establishing an incentive system for creators, streamlining the publishing schedule and enforcing his own high editorial standards on all the books. He continued Marvel's success with licensed titles *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers* and the Epic line of creator-owned comics. Creative efforts included writing *Secret Wars* and its sequel, and building the New Universe and writing its flagship title, *Starbrand*.

Forced out of the company in 1987, a bid by Shooter to buy Marvel failed. He then formed a group to start his own company, Valiant, which produced licensed and original comics to great acclaim in the early '90s. Despite Valiant's success, Shooter's tenure there was ended after losing control of the corporation. Short-lived imprints Defiant and Broadway Comics followed but were victims of the mid-'90s industry bust. Since then, Shooter has returned to DC to write a 13-issue run of *Legion*, and overseen a revival of Gold Key characters Magnus, Doctor Solar and Turok for Dark Horse.

ROGER McKENZIE

Kentucky-born Roger McKenzie began scripting comics in 1976 on Warren mags *Vampirella*, *Creepy* and *Eerie*. Influenced by both mystery and sci-fi writers, McKenzie was soon at Marvel adapting Battlestar Galactica for *Marvel Super Special* and picking up the reins of *Daredevil*. Several of his first issues were drawn by legendary *Daredevil* artist Gene Colan, but it was Frank Miller's debut in the title's 158th issue that gave McKenzie his most timeless collaborator. While he wrote the first year of Miller's *Daredevil*, McKenzie was also the ongoing writer of *Battlestar Galactica* and *Captain America*. During his tenure on the latter title, McKenzie and artist collaborator Don Perlin devised the plot of Captain America running for president. Later writer Roger Stern deployed the idea to much acclaim, making sure to credit McKenzie and Perlin for their inspiration. McKenzie's DC credits include *Men of War*, *Weird War Tales* and *House of Mystery*. He also premiered the red-headed gunslinger Cinnamon in the pages of *Weird Western Tales*. In the mid-'80s, McKenzie teamed with artist Pat Broderick on Pacific's *Sun Runners* and launched *Next Man* at Comico. McKenzie left the industry in the late '80s.

GIL KANE

A gentleman and master of the medium, Gil Kane gained elite status as a comic artist through the course of a storied career. The signature smooth and sinuous anatomy of his characters, vertiginous camera angles and dynamic action present in every page gave Kane's work a language all its own.

Born in Latvia in 1926 as Eli Katz, his family moved to Brooklyn, New York, three years later. He studied art in high school but left when he sensed an opportunity was in the offing with MLJ Comics (later Archie Comics). He would also do spot work for the other studios, but with World War II roaring, the young man enlisted in the Army and served in the Pacific.

Upon his return, he permanently adopted the pseudonym Gil Kane and got back to the business of creating comics. By the late '50s, Kane truly began to make his mark, introducing the new Green Lantern, Hal Jordan, in the pages of *Showcase*. To fill in time in his work schedule, he made a pitch to DC Comics to revive the Golden Age character Doll Man, this time updated with the name The Atom, and here, too, he struck gold.

His first work for Marvel included Hulk and Captain America stories, as well as a stint on *Captain Marvel*, which to Kane represented some of his finest work to date. He would gain greater acclaim for his run on *The Amazing Spider-Man* that included the first comics to buck the Comics Code. A few years later, he was also behind the drawing board for the pivotal "Death of Gwen Stacy" story line.

The '70s were a particularly fertile period for Kane, as he became Marvel's top cover artist, delivering dozens of iconic images. Teaming once again with his *Captain Marvel* collaborator, Roy Thomas, Kane gave life to the newly christened hero Adam Warlock and introduced the kung fu action hero Iron Fist.

Always searching to expand the audience, format and sophistication of the medium, Kane conceived and illustrated the independent graphic novel *Blackmark* in 1971. He also created the award-winning daily newspaper strip *Star Hawks* with writer Ron Goulart.

Much to the pleasure of comic-book readers, Kane's work appeared regularly until 2000, with brief stops in the '70s and '80s when he worked in TV animation. He was ushered into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1997 and died three years later at the age of 74, leaving behind a legacy that has inspired generations of fans and artists.

GENE COLAN

Gene "The Dean" Colan spent his life as a comics artist perfecting a unique style that relied on realistic figure drawing and moody shadows. At a time when the norm lent itself to more abstract cartooning, Colan helped broaden the aesthetic range of what comics could look like.

Born in Brooklyn in 1926, Colan always had an interest in drawing, and he took up studies at the Art Students League of New York. Colan served his country during World War II in the Philippines, and though this delayed his art career, it eventually paid off with a solid acumen at drawing realistic scenes of warfare for DC Comics (*Our Army at War*, *All-American Men at War*) and the Atlas/Marvel titles (*Battle*, *Marines in Battle*, *Navy Combat*). Over the next 15 years, Colan would continue to work on war, romance, horror and sci-fi comics, as well as licensed titles like *Hopalong Cassidy*.

But when the super-hero genre broke wide open again in the '60s, Colan was ready to take it on with gusto. Under the pseudonym Adam Austin, he first drew Marvel Comics super heroes, including Namor, the Sub-Mariner in *Tales to Astonish* and Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense*. Colan then moved on to a celebrated run on *Doctor Strange* with Roy Thomas, and a stint on *Captain America*, but the Marvel character he is most often associated with is Daredevil. Colan's *Daredevil* pages were steeped in fluid, athletic grace for nearly every issue across an 80-issue run leading to #100. He also drew a handful of issues right before Frank Miller would come on board, Miller's *Daredevil* naturally owing a great debt to the already established visual precepts of the Colan era.

During the rest of the '70s, Colan displayed the diversity of his talents drawing the satirical *Howard the Duck* and the horror series *Tomb of Dracula*. The latter was drenched in the mysterious and shadowy style that Colan had evolved over the years, which reached its zenith in the service of Marvel's version of Count Dracula. He drew the entire 70-issue run.

Colan worked steadily into the '80s, once again drawing *Doctor Strange* for Marvel and also doing work for DC, including *Night Force*, *Silver Blade* and an extended run drawing Batman. In 2005, Colan was ushered into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame, earning well-deserved acclaim for his life's work. In 2009, Colan returned to the pages of *Captain America* to draw a World War II-based epic that would win the 2010 Eisner Award for Best Single Issue. It would prove to be his last major work in comics, as he passed away in 2011 at the age of 84.

CARMINE INFANTINO

Born and raised in Brooklyn, Carmine Infantino attended the School of Industrial Art in Manhattan, though his best art education would come the summer of his freshman year in what amounted to a paid internship in Harry Chesler's studio. The teenager absorbed the work of the artists around him there. Infantino's first published work in comics was a Stan Lee-written Jack Frost story in *U.S.A. Comics* #1. Emboldened by the thrill of being published, the teenager wanted to quit school and take up art full-time. This idea was quickly put down by his father, but upon his graduation Infantino took up the career that he had been waiting for. He freelanced, drawing for Timely, Fawcett, Hillman and DC. At the latter company, he drew the first Black Canary appearance in *Flash Comics* #86 and became regular artist for *Green Lantern Comics* and *Justice Society of America*. In 1956, Infantino was assigned to give the Flash a makeover in a revival of the Golden Age hero. The new Flash, Barry Allen, came with a new costume to highlight his speedy super-powers and heralded the beginning of the Silver Age of super heroes. Infantino also drew the outer space adventures of Adam Strange in *Mystery In Space*, the macabre super-heroics of Deadman in *Strange Adventures* and designed the "New Look" Batman. By the late '60s, his graphic design sense and art skills emboldened DC to elevate him to editorial director and ultimately publisher—where he set up the editorial regime that would define DC for the next decade. He also recruited Jack Kirby to DC in a bold move against competitor Marvel. Overall, his executive moves provided mixed returns, and he was fired in 1976. A freelancer once more, Infantino drew *Nova*, *Avengers*, *Iron Man* and a long run of *Star Wars* for Marvel. By 1981, he was back drawing at DC, including a long run on *Flash*. Infantino retired from regular work in the early '90s and was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 2000. He passed away in 2013.

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, 16-year-old Gerry Conway was shopping short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books. By 1976, Conway had worked his way up to Marvel's editor in chief. In between, he logged highlight after highlight as writer for both companies.

After establishing a pedigree with horror short stories, Conway quickly became the regular writer of *Daredevil*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Iron Man*. He also began runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor*, picking up both titles from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both for nearly 50 issues, writing controversial and classic tales including "The Death of Gwen Stacy," the first appearance of the Punisher, and the introduction of Harry Osborn as the Green Goblin. Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Conway took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning

line of horror comics, launching *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing*, as well as writing the first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*.

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*. Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy & The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman*. He also introduced Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman*, and continued his run on *Justice League of America*, a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the infamous JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three Spider-Man titles: *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man*.

During this period, Conway was asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer*. By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had expanded, and he left comics to pursue writing and producing for *Matlock*, *Father Dowling Mysteries*, *Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*.

Today, Conway continues writing and producing for television and has recently returned to script the occasional comic. He resides in California with his wife and their daughter.

JO DUFFY

Like a lot of fans who would later turn pro, Jo Duffy first gained notice at Marvel by writing countless letters to her favorite comics. Her ardent fandom was memorialized in a 1977 issue of *Iron Man*, in which she was depicted in a throng of autograph hounds at San Diego Comic-Con. She was hired at Marvel that same year by then-Editor in Chief Archie Goodwin as a proofreader, but would soon work her way up the editorial ranks, presiding over titles including *Doctor Strange*, *ROM*, *Savage She-Hulk* and *Daredevil*, which coincided with the arrival of Frank Miller as penciler. Miller described Duffy as his "guardian angel," mentoring him as an artist and writer. In 1982, Duffy would join Goodwin for the launch of Marvel's creator-owned Epic imprint, where she helped launch Steve Englehart and Steve Leialoha's *Coyote* and Jim Starlin's *Dreadstar*. An ardent fan of manga, Duffy spent years lobbying to bring Japanese titles to Marvel, and in 1988 it paid off with Katsuhiro Otomo's *Akira*. This seminal, long-running series opened the door to the North American market for manga, and Duffy herself adapted the scripts. Among Duffy's other writing credits were long stints on *Star Wars* and *Power Man and Iron Fist*, the mutant miniseries *Fallen Angels*, the toy tie-in series *The Saga of Crystar: Crystal Warrior* and several issues of *Speedball* and *Wolverine*. She also wrote the graphic novel *The Punisher: Assassin's Guild*. At DC, she scripted a pair of Batman stories and wrote the first fourteen issues of the 1993 *Catwoman* series. In 2002, Duffy teamed with Kurt Busiek to script the series *The Order*, which reunited the classic lineup of the Defenders.

LEE ELIAS

Born in 1920 in Manchester, England, Lee Elias immigrated to the United States with his family at the age of six. At 14, the precocious Elias began selling gag cartoons to a liquor trade publication. He received formal art training at Cooper Union and the Art Students League, after which Elias—a Milton Caniff fan—took to the newly established comic book medium in 1943, drawing for Fiction House and, later, Timely Comics, Hillman Periodicals and National Comics Publications. In 1946, at Harvey Comics, he began drawing *Black Cat Comics* and would continue doing so for the next five years; he also took on the comic book iteration of Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*. In the 1950s, Elias shifted his workload primarily to comic strips, assisting Al Capp on *Li'l Abner* and George Wunder on *Terry and the Pirates*, and drawing his own Sunday strip, the sci-fi *Beyond Mars*. In 1959, Elias returned to comic books at DC, drawing Green Arrow in *Adventure Comics* and *World's Finest Comics* and a wealth of stories in DC's horror anthologies. By the mid-'70s, he picked up several jobs with Marvel, drawing *Power Man* and *Daredevil*, and launching *The Human Fly* with writer Bill Mantlo, a series for which Elias drew most of the issues. After drawing for Warren Publishing in the late '70s, Elias largely retired from comics. He passed away in 1998.

FRANK MILLER

One of the boldest voices of a generation that pushed American comics into new creative and literary frontiers, Frank Miller broke into comics in 1978 illustrating stories in *Twilight Zone*, *Weird War Tales* and *John Carter, Warlord of Mars*. A Will Eisner acolyte ready to challenge the mainstream, Miller quickly moved on from short stories and single issues. With only his fifth Marvel credit, he took over as penciler on *Daredevil*. Teamed with inker/colorist Klaus Janson, Miller developed a dark and gritty world that brought the series back to its Hell's Kitchen roots. Miller's *Daredevil* was revolutionary, reintroducing pulp and crime genre elements into comics. Eleven issues into his run, Miller took over as writer and introduced the Greek assassin/love interest Elektra, who grew to become a major character in her own right.

As his *Daredevil* tenure came to a close in 1982, Miller penciled Wolverine's first solo series before moving to DC for the creator-owned *Ronin*. He returned to *Daredevil* in 1986 as writer of the acclaimed "Born Again" with artist David Mazzucchelli.

Meanwhile, Miller was also making history at DC. He reunited with Janson to write and draw the landmark graphic novel *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. Depicting the resurgence of a retired, middle-aged Batman, *Dark Knight* pulled no punches in exploring the character and the era's politics. The resultant acclaim brought new literary regard to the medium and Miller's take still influences the character today. Miller returned to the Daredevil mythos again by scribing the *Daredevil: Love and War* graphic novel and *Elektra: Assassin*, both painted by Bill Sienkiewicz.

After writing the seminal origin story *Batman: Year One*, Miller began a relationship with the upstart independent publisher Dark Horse. There, he wrote *Hard Boiled*, *Give Me Liberty*, *Big Guy and Rusty the Boy Robot* and *RoboCop vs. The Terminator*, which parlayed from his scriptwriting the *RoboCop 2* and *RoboCop 3* movie sequels. He also launched his crime series *Sin City* in *Dark Horse Presents*, which Miller has since co-directed with Robert Rodriguez in two feature film adaptations. In the meantime, Miller again revisited Marvel and Daredevil with the *Elektra Lives Again* graphic novel and the five-issue origin retelling *Daredevil: The Man Without Fear*. Miller's success at the movies with *Sin City* led to his graphic novel *300* being adapted into a blockbuster, and he also directed *The Spirit*. A recent return to DC resulted in *Batman: The Dark Knight Strikes Again* and *All Star Batman & Robin, the Boy Wonder*. At the 2015 Eisner Awards, Miller was inducted into the Comic Book Hall of Fame.

FRANK ROBBINS

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, on September 9, 1917, Frank Robbins developed formidable fine art skills at an early age. By his mid-teens, he received scholarships to the Boston Museum and the National Academy of Design, won himself a prestigious Rockefeller Grant, and apprenticed under New York City muralist Edward Trumbull. At 18, he worked for RKO Pictures on advertising illustrations (Robbins referred to it as "exploitation art" in his self-illustrated bio). His cartooning career began in 1939 when he took over the *Scorchy Smith* newspaper strip. The strip's success under his stewardship gave him the opportunity to launch his own cartoon, *Johnny Hazard*, for King Features; *Johnny Hazard* would enjoy an over-three decade run. Robbins' portfolio flourished with illustration credits in *Life*, *Look* and *Saturday Evening Post*.

In 1968, he turned his talents to comic books. Robbins professed to have never read a DC comic book, but took over the writing of top titles *Batman* and *Detective Comics*, and in several issues assumed the art role as well. Among the many highlights of his horror-tinged Batman run was the introduction of Man-Bat. Robbins' Milton Caniff-inspired style and frenetic storylines seeded with teen angst brought radical change to the formerly staid *Superboy*. He eventually phased out his writing and stuck to illustrating titles like *House of Secrets*, *House of Mystery*, *Plop!* and *The Shadow*. By the mid-'70s, Robbins moved to Marvel where he kicked off the World War II super-hero series *Invaders*. Together with writer/editor Roy Thomas, Robbins co-created Spitfire, Baron Blood and Union Jack and drew most of *Invaders*' first 28 issues. Robbins also drew several issues of *Captain America*, *The Human Fly*, *Power Man* and Morbius in *Fear*. He concluded his life in comics and cartooning in the late '70s, leaving Marvel and bringing *Johnny Hazard* to a conclusion. Robbins retired to Mexico with his family and focused on painting and showing his work at galleries around the world until his death in 1994.

GEORGE TUSKA

His first art lesson was in a hospital bed, a teenager laid low by an appendectomy with nothing to do but draw cowboys and Indians under the tutelage of a fellow patient. But a decade later, George Tuska hit the ground running as part of the famed Eisner/Iger studio, beginning his career in comics. After early success drawing strips like "Spike Marlin" and "Shark Brodie," Tuska departed from Eisner/Iger and the company of fellow artists like Lou Fine and Bob Powell to join Harry "A" Chesler's art studio, where he would draw his first pages of Captain Marvel in *Master Comics* and *Captain Marvel Adventures*.

By the age of 24, Tuska had gone back and forth between Eisner/Iger (where he drew some of Eisner's iconic *Spirit* strips) and Fawcett, and after a stint in World War II, he settled into a run with Lev Gleason on *Crime Does Not Pay* and also worked on various newspaper strips.

As the '50s concluded, he was well entrenched as artist on *Buck Rogers* dailies and Sundays, but he would return to comic books by joining Marvel in a big way in 1968. With *Iron Man* #5, he established himself as regular artist for a two-year stint, helping anchor the identity of the Armored Avenger. After a year away, he would again return to *Iron Man* many times over the rest of the '70s, drawing it along with other Marvel titles like *Hero For Hire*, *Ghost Rider* and *Black Goliath*. In addition to taking on the daily *Superman* strip in 1978, he also worked steadily with DC through the '70s on many of their books. Retiring after a long and solid career as a cartoonist in 1993, Tuska continued to draw commissions for his many fans until his 2009 death at the age of 93.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These trailblazing talents birthed a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

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GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

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ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-21
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CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-11
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-14
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-6
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-9
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-21
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THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
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LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-4
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THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-18
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
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RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-2
SPIDER-WOMAN VOL. 1
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
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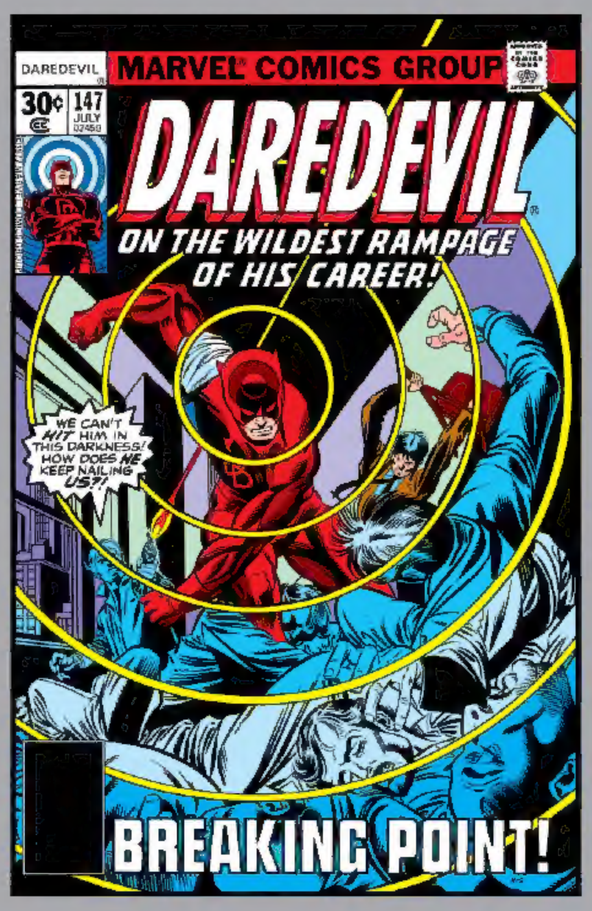
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